

What Smart Sydney Women Are Wearing

• Camera pictures reveal charm of the wearers, and chic and distinction of attire in intimate garden settings



Equal Social Rights For SEXES

Mrs. Littlejohn Outlines Big Issues To Be Fought For

When Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn returned from Adelaide last week, after attending the conference of the Women Voters' Federation, she revealed a greater determination than ever to fight for the establishment of women's social rights.

A full report of the conference will not be available in Sydney for some time, but Mrs. Littlejohn has written for The Australian Women's Weekly the following summary of the proceedings:

By LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN

LEADING women from all States were present at the conference, and the resolutions discussed were varied and interesting.

The conference affirmed—
(1) That all positions and all posts in the Commonwealth and States' Civil Services should be open to women as to men.

(2) That equal pay for the sexes should be established.

(3) That all laws, measures, or regulations dealing with public morals should be framed so as not to differentiate between the sexes.

The evergreen subject of the equal guardianship of children was again on the agenda paper, and it is earnestly hoped that before the next conference this long-looked-for reform will be an accomplished fact.

At present West Australia and Queensland are the only two States which consider a mother a suitable guardian for her own child.

A public meeting one evening concerned itself solely with the question of the prevention of the further multiplication of the unfit.

Mrs. Waterworth and Mrs. Calvert, of Tasmania, together with Dr. Davy, who is attached to the Public Service in Adelaide and deals with this work, were the speakers.

Sterilisation was advocated, but it was realized that public opinion was divided on this question.

The greatest difficulty, however, seems to be that in every State provision is lacking for the care and supervision of border-line cases after the age of 18.

The conference without opposition carried the principle that married women are entitled to be regarded as responsible citizens with a right to choose for themselves whether they will continue in professional or other work.

(Continued on Page 2)

THESE charming pictures, so delightfully presenting the correctness and chic of four interesting members of Sydney society, were taken by The Australian Women's Weekly photographic department.

All were taken in an informal home and garden atmosphere.

*On the left of the page is Mrs. Philip Wilson, who before her marriage was Shirley Dent, and with her parents travelled extensively in the East. After a stay in town, when her husband was at St. Luke's, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson returned to their station home. Mrs. Wilson is seen wearing a face cloth coat with a cinnamon fox fur collar.

*Audrey Connell (circle) is the happy possessor of red gold hair, and with a flair for a smart effect wears black or white, depending on her matt complexion and hair for relief. Audrey is the youngest daughter of Mrs. W. M. Connell, of Ocean Avenue, and a niece of Sir George and Lady Fuller.

*Mrs. David Cohen, on the right, has wrapped her broadtail coat around her, as the day is wintry. At her Darling Point home she dispenses gracious hospitality, and often lends her tennis court for her pet charities.

*Pauline McDonald, in the lower picture, wears her check suit with dash and chic. She is the daughter of Mrs. F. Fraser McDonald, of Gladwood Gardens. Her engagement to Dick Allen, son of Mrs. Herbert Allen, was recently announced. Pauline was presented two years ago at the Court of St. James.

Unique New Jumpers—and A Surprise!

EACH of The Australian Women's Weekly will contain full knitting directions for two unusual jumpers.

We have arranged a special exclusive service from Vienna of jumper designs. This will be supplemented by brilliant Hollywood creations.

Turn to Page 21 and find a lovely picture of Jeanette McDonald, wearing a striking jumper and scarf. On the same page appears the first of our Vienna models.

Full directions for knitting are given in both cases.

A SURPRISE: After looking at these knitting dreams, turn to our brilliant Paris-Vienna fashions on Page 22.

But first of all turn back to Jessie Tait's fashion letter on Page 19.

And yet another surprise: Our free pattern and fashion service on Page 31. It's no use. We could go on this way for ever. There's a surprise on every page. Better turn to Page 2 and work through to Page 44.

We know you'll enjoy them all.

Splendid New Women's Paper



Read — and
You'll be WON!

AUSTRALIAN women meet in this first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly a brilliantly conceived journal dedicated completely to their interests.

The ideals behind The Australian Women's Weekly, which will give a degree of service and interest to Australian women never yet paralleled in this country, are these:—

- (1) To cover adequately and in full detail every field of work, play, or interest for women—especially where women have something at stake.
- (2) To create interests for women.
- (3) To interpret local and foreign events from the point of view of women.
- (4) To be of practical help, by service and guidance, to women in domestic, social, and business life. Women will be helped with home worries, personal worries, social and dress difficulties. They will be told where to find such help as cannot be given through a newspaper.
- (5) To be of interest and fascination to all women. It will be full of news—women's news. It will be full of features—real women's features. Dress, health, sport, hobbies, decoration, cooking, every field where women are and where their eyes turn, will be covered for them by brilliant specialists who understand their work. There will be free patterns from the world's best designers in line with, as well as in anticipation of, every fashion. Each week it will contain the cream of the world's fiction by highly-paid authors, and special feature articles by men and women of distinction.
- (6) To be a treasure-store to which every woman, stay-at-home, gad-about, intellectual, or just nice-average, will turn for everything she wants.

Australian women and their interests have never been given the attention that has become a tradition with brilliant overseas journals. The Australian Women's Weekly will have equal breadth of scope, outlook, and imaginative appeal to these carefully planned productions.

It is sponsored by advertisers who will use its quick printing and lightning circulation to make last-minute adver-

CAMERA ART



is the last word in decoration for the walls of the Modern Home, and it is interesting (but not expensive) to run a collection and change them on occasion.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly are purchasable from the Photography Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

using appeals to women. Printed on Wednesday night, it will be in 100,000 women's hands at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning.

The price will be attractively low—two pence only, for a mammoth, technically brilliant, perfectly produced paper of a size and style which will make it a pleasure to handle.

Above all, its preparation will be in the hands of highly-trained specialists in women's journalism who bring to their work an insight into and understanding of women's affairs.

A special staff has been culled by The Australian Women's Weekly from the best sources in Australia. Such a staff is an essential, for in unimaginative hands the best material withers.

The service this paper will give Australian women will be real service. It will be practical in every aspect. From week to week it will incorporate new features. Women will grow to depend upon it.

Here it is! Do you like it?

COUNTRY SELF-HELP

COOTAMUNDRA, Wed.

Mrs. Matt. Sawyer, recently re-elected State President of the C.W.A., made an earnest appeal in her speech at a meeting, on Friday afternoon last, for decentralisation in all activities of the association.

It is her hope that even the big conference will be eventually held in the country.

She asked particularly that the groups should accomplish as much as possible of their own affairs.



A CHARMING STUDY of Lady Kingsford Smith and her son, Charles Arthur, taken during a recent visit to Melbourne. —Brothorn Studios.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

By Mrs. Littlejohn—continued from page 1

Blacks and Whites

Those States which have considerable aboriginal population, such as West Australia and South Australia, were very concerned at the lack of policy displayed in treating the aboriginal question.

One afternoon a very excellent lecture with lantern slides was given by Professor Harvey Thompson, who has spent many months in the North of Australia.

The difficulties of the aboriginal question are intensified when the aboriginal comes in contact with white population, and it was considered that the time was ripe for a Commissioner to be appointed responsible only to Parliament and assisted by experts.

It was generally felt that the creative and expressive art of "original handicrafts" should be fostered and encouraged by creating a demand for the sale of



LET us take Lord Dawson of Penn's famous saying, "Choice—not chance," in the production of children as our watchword to usher in a happier era when women shall be free from the slavery of enforced maternity.—Dr. Kate Ardill Brice, at the Feminists' Conference.

CLINICS in Victoria deal with what we call the problem child—the child with problems such as truancy, thieving, stealing, lying, and other forms of delinquency. All abnormalities of children and youths can be traced to mental conflict in adolescence, due to the child's nature or its environment.—Dr. R. S. Ellery, psychiatrist.

THE Government should purchase each year the best picture or the best piece of statuary. The judging could be carried out by an independent committee, and the purchases could be distributed among the various towns.—Mrs. E. M. Irvine, at the 23rd exhibition of the Society of Women Painters.

CHEERINESS is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all the genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

NOTHING can exceed the skill, self-confidence, and audacious reliance on sex that woman frequently displays. She has a histrionic sense which is not, as a rule, possessed by the male.—Justice McCardie.

HOMEWORK is of great value in teaching the boy to think and to study, but the average boy, especially these days, does not overwork, and there is no sign of strain as the result of the homework imposed.—Mr. Bee, headmaster of Scots College.

HOUSEWIVES—WATCH THESE PRICES

Dairy Farm Produce: Butter, 1/2 to 1/3 lb.; bacon, 1/3 to 1/4 lb.; eggs, 1/- to 1/8 dozen; cheese, 9d to 1/2 lb.

Vegetables: Apples, 4d to 1/- a dozen; pears, 6d to 1/- a dozen; oranges, 6d to 2/- a dozen; lemons, 6d to 1/- a dozen; bananas, 8d to 2/- a dozen.

Meat: Beef, 6d to 1/2 lb.; mutton, 6d to 1/2 lb.; pork, 6d to 1/2 lb.; lamb, 6d to 1/2 lb.; chicken, 6d to 1/2 lb.; turkey, 6d to 1/2 lb.; duck, 6d to 1/2 lb.; geese, 6d to 1/2 lb.; fish, 6d to 1/2 lb.; shellfish, 6d to 1/2 lb.; bread, 6d to 1/2 lb.; sugar, 6d to 1/2 lb.; tea, 6d to 1/2 lb.; coffee, 6d to 1/2 lb.; spices, 6d to 1/2 lb.; condiments, 6d to 1/2 lb.; preserves, 6d to 1/2 lb.; canned goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; frozen goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; dried goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; pickled goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; bottled goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; boxed goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; wrapped goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.; other goods, 6d to 1/2 lb.



A Typical Gin

their work, and steps taken to prevent the wholesale manufacture of so-called aboriginal work.

South Australia being the stronghold of the supporters of the principle of proportional representation, it was only natural that this should be much discussed and widely approved.

Mrs. Bessie Rischbeth, of West Australia, was elected president for the 13th year in succession. She will shortly be visiting New South Wales.

The delegates from New South Wales were:—Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Mrs. Emily Bennet, Mrs. L. H. Gapp, Mrs. L. M. Blanks, Mrs. R. M. Sharpsham, Mrs. M. Townshend.

Premiers to Discuss

CANBERRA, Wednesday. The aboriginal race problem, which is the subject of attention by the Women Voters' Federation, will be discussed at the Premier's Conference.

The Commonwealth Government has been investigating the view that the problem can be solved by encouraging half-caste girls to marry white settlers. It is admitted that the existing prohibitive measures cannot be enforced, and some measure of controlled marriage would be better.

Our PIANO Prodigy

Truth About Philip Hargrave

Specially written for The Australian Women's Weekly

The musical excitement of the year threatens to be the discovery of Australia's latest infant prodigy, Philip Hargrave. His tour has been a veritable triumph, and women have been to the forefront in acclaiming him at every concert, showing that sentiment is not unmixed with the matter of artistic appreciation.

What is the calm truth about the boy's ability, away from the hysteria of a packed concert hall and cheering crowds?

So far so good. On the other side of the ledger we must put the fact that he does not yet play, in this writer's opinion, as well as a few senior students at the Conservatorium and elsewhere, students of 18 years of age and more. That he may do so in a year or two is quite likely, unless anything unforeseen happens.

The fact must be faced, however much publicity tries to hide it, that any long tour might possibly interrupt the boy's scholastic and even musical career.

He is at the most delicate stage in his whole life, the stage where he is likely to learn more than at any other time. Unless the circumstances are essential, it would be a pity if he should absent himself from ordinary study, except at ordinary holiday time.

The fact is not generally recognised that great artists are generally widely read, and that the better educated a man is, the greater chance he has of fulfilling his destiny, be it an artistic or a business one. It may be that little Philip is getting all that is necessary to equip him for his future life. One does not pretend to know otherwise. If so, then one does not see very much harm in occasional concerts now and again.

OTHER PRODIGES

Infant prodigies, of course, abound in the world's history. Probably the most striking of the lot was Mozart, who, at five years of age, not only played well, but had composed a little sonata, among other things, an incredible feat. Mozart ripened quickly and sustained his brilliance throughout the whole of his life.

Coming to more recent and more local musicians, the Australian, Perry Grainger, appeared with considerable success in this country as a boy of 13, and undertook a triumphal tour of the world when 18. He is 51 this year, and is quite a world-established musician.

TOURED AUSTRALIA AT FIVE. More remarkable still, was someone whom Australia seems to have forgotten, Ernest Hutchinson, who, like Grainger, has been a prominent pianist



Like Cinderella you would forget the time, if you wore this, one of the smartest of the new evening shoes. Front and heels are of dull blue satin. The top which is of crinkly crepe of the same shade, is crystal studded. Note the cut out leaf and ribbon effect that adorn the side.

In America for many years. Hutchinson (now 62 years of age) actually toured Australia when only five years of age, in the year 1876.

Undoubtedly he had an extraordinarily early development. Although a very fine pianist of international rank, he does not appear to have attained the rank of a few world celebrities who developed much later in life.

So it is obviously too early to prophesy what the future holds for Philip Hargrave. He has a wonderful start, and extraordinary gifts. A great responsibility is on those who guide his path to see that his life is lived to the best possible advantage, not forgetting that culture is wider than art, and that scholarship is of material assistance in helping a musician express himself to the full.

Town Hall Furore

In Sydney Town Hall, Philip Hargrave has repeated his success of Adelaide and Melbourne.

His programme chosen for last night was such as might have been offered by any seasoned performer. Consider these items:

1. "Liebestraube" Op. 25 (Liszt)
2. "Prelude and Fugue in D Major, No. 8" (Bach)
3. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)
4. "Sonata in C, Op. 51, No. 2" (Beethoven)
5. "Sonata in G, Op. 2, No. 3—Last Movement" (Beethoven)
6. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)
7. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)
8. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)
9. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)
10. "Piano-Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3" (Chopin)

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Let's Talk Of INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



MISS AMY JOHNSON and Mr. J. A. Mollison embracing before a daring flight.

WHAT will the dear old lady who bullied Amy Johnson on her arrival in Sydney for flying, "because a girl is always liable to faint," think of The Flying Coffin, which is to take Mr. and Mrs. Mollison on their latest exploit—London to New York, another flight across the Atlantic, and on to Bagdad.

Bagdad sounds rather too Arabian Nightslike to have women graduates, although when guest of honor of the Sydney University Women Graduates' Association (for Amy is herself a graduate) at their annual dinner, Amy Johnson remarked that she always feels at home wherever she may be, because she knows she need only let the University women know she has arrived, and she will not have a dull moment.



DOROTHEA VON SALVIATIA

DOROTHEA VON SALVIATIA, whom Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, has just married, Prince Wilhelm is a modern, and does not seem to mind that marrying the girl of his choice means the forfeiture of all Royal claims. The wedding was a picturesque affair. Many Stahlhelm uniforms were worn, and a Stahlhelm guard surrounded the church. Cheering crowds thronged the decorated streets of Bonn, and aeroplanes dipped in salute. The bride comes from an old Italian family which settled in Prussia in the 18th century.



LADY STREET

—Dorothy Welding.

LADY STREET, as the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of N.S. Wales, plays a very exacting role in the life of the community, both from the aspect of charity, and of social engagements. In the latter sphere she enjoys personal popularity as the president of the Forum Club.

Her activities in the charitable sphere are too widespread to enumerate, though she is best-known, in this regard perhaps, as the president of the Women's Central Committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society of New South Wales, an organisation whose benefits extend throughout the State. An attribute, to which members of executives and all workers who have had the privilege of association with Lady Street pay ready tribute, is her unfailing tact.

STILL NO PLACE like HOME

The SIMPLE CREED of LADY GAME

Never in the history of England has there been a time when the personality of her Queen was of such supreme importance to the women of the nation as it is to-day.

Never in the history of New South Wales has the personality of the Governor's wife mattered so much to the women of this State as it does at the present time.

THE hour, it is said, brings forth the man. Equally true is it that the hour brings forth the woman. Queen Mary, in England, and Lady Game, in this State, are shining examples of this happy truth.

Times of stress, stripping away the camouflage, reveal the character beneath. In England they have revealed Queen Mary carrying on the highest traditions of womanhood, setting an example which has been an inspiration to millions. For all her Queenliness, she is essentially a home-lover, getting her own personal joys from the strength of the ties which bind her to her own home, the love of her husband, children, and grand-children.

Abroad, by her practical example and unceasing kindly interest in every aspect of the lives of her fellow-women, Queen Mary spreads the great gospel of the home on which our civilisation is founded.

So it is with Lady Game. Women of keen insight, who have been in close touch with her during the years she has been among us, have constantly remarked on how grandly Lady Game, the Queen's representative in this State, is carrying on the womanly traditions which in England have made Queen Mary's name so blessed.

TO-DAY we are all realising that there is no one in the world so important as the woman in the home. Progress demands that the modern



THE BOND between mother and son outlasts all changes that years bring if the beginnings of life are planned happily. Lady Game herself has grown and devoted sons.

woman should be given an equal opportunity with man to develop her latent ability in every direction.

By all means, let women be numbered among our artists and authors and law-makers. Nevertheless, the world will get along quite well if the ages never produce a woman Shakespeare, but it can't get along without a Lady with a Lamp.

Individuals have always known that all that is best in life springs from the natural power of woman to make homes. To-day, we are all becoming aware that the safety of the future lies in the power of women, acting in concert, to make the world safe for home-lovers.

On every hand, forces of disintegration and decay are at work. The earth is cumbered with preachers of the perverted gospel that, somewhere across a sea of blood lies a Promised Land, a Utopia of Evil, built on the ruins of wrecked homes and debauched children.

Revolutions have a way of stealing on us unawares. Its gossamers know that the most important step is to twist and harden the gentle nature of woman. First make your Mesdames De-



A DELIGHTFULLY intimate glimpse of Queen Mary and her two little princess grandchildren, with their nurse—one of the lovable, endearing sides of our Royalty's quiet home-life.



THE MAIN interests of Lady Game's life centre around her husband, home, and children. Herself a home-builder and home-lover, she typifies for Australians the example England sees in its Queen.

—Dorothy Welding.

forges—and your Mesdames Gullitines will be easy. That is why the example of the First Lady of our Land is so important and so heartening.

LADY GAME is, first of all, a home-lover. With her heart home-centred, it is inevitable that almost every speech she makes reveals some charming cameo of the happenings in her own home circle. Typical of these were the glimpses given recently of her sympathy with her little daughter, Rosemary, in her efforts to acquire the various badges of the Girl Guides.

When the last Girl Guides' Badge display was in progress, Lady Game was too ill to attend, so Lady David read the little speech which Lady Game had prepared for the occasion.

In it, Lady Game humorously related how Rosemary's zeal to acquire the sewing, gardener's, and domestic service badges, had more or less struck terror into the bosom of the family! Nevertheless, the household nobly rose to the occasion and allowed their bedrooms to be scrubbed, polished, and generally spring-cleaned by the little enthusiast.

"I heard my small guide say exultantly to her father!" continued Lady Game's speech. "We put all the ornaments on the bed!" and the reply, "How very nice for your Commissioner when she got into it!" which elicited some displeasure!"

OUTSIDE her own home, Lady Game is keenly interested in every movement by which women strive to make the world a more homely place for others. Her sympathy with the women of the outback is boundless. At the last annual meeting of the Bush Book Club, she related how on their first tour of the State, the Vice-Regal party

had got "bushed" beyond West Wyalong.

At length they came to a little corrugated iron place. Little more than a hut, under the grilling sun it must have been a furnace. Lady Game said that the thing which most impressed her was that "a woman lived there, making a home for her pioneer husband under the most difficult conditions."

For these pioneer home-makers, Lady Game has the deepest admiration.

Children she loves, and all who know her know how powerfully the appeal of the sick and needy little ones tugs at her heartstrings. Recently she hit upon the happy idea of sending lavender from her own garden to anyone in the city or country who would sell it for the crippled children, and this "Lavender Fund" is typical of the practical manner in which she helps endless good causes.

Though she has not the voice of an orator, every speech Lady Game makes

wins adherents to the cause she commends. Her simple words, packed with homely illustrations, are always so utterly sincere that they wing their way straight to the hearts of her hearers.

Though, as a rule, she keeps her speeches "down to the level of every day's most common needs," she is carried away sometimes into a throbbing fervor which is most moving. They who had the privilege of hearing her speech at the last annual meeting of the Red Cross Society will not easily forget her passionate tribute of admiration for those who gave their lives or their health in the world war.

In speaking of the joy of service recently she said: "It brings a happiness that neither the circumstances nor the sorrows of life can take from us." This happiness at least will always be hers, for she has always steadfastly adhered to that right royal motto: "I Serve," which is the badge and crown of all true womanhood.

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A New THREAT OF Pirate Taxis!

SYDNEY women who use taxis either for pleasure or necessity are very concerned about the proposed new police regulations.

There seems to be grave danger that the city will drift back to the unsatisfactory conditions which existed a few years ago before properly regulated taxi companies put clean and efficient cabs on the streets.

Everybody remembers the dilapidated vehicles (with frequently blackguardly drivers) and the outrageous charges that prevailed among the unregulated drivers. Taxis would refuse to run to distant suburbs unless paid for the return trip. The minimum charge for even a short ride was 2/.

Everybody suffered alike, including poorer people who had to use taxis to take patients to and from hospital.

At the present time some of these insolent old-time drivers are found in the streets, and provide a very unsavoury introduction to visitors to Sydney. The better-regulated taxi companies are constantly harassed by these piratical drivers. Their tyres are slashed, their cushions ripped and their paint scratched.

PROTECTION—WHERE?

The most remarkable thing is the attitude of the Police Department. No protection is given against deliberate imitation of the color scheme of the better class taxi, nor is there protection on the ranks against sabotage. The police are also setting out to prevent the better class taxi from street cruising.

This compels intending passengers to walk to a rank or authorised stand in order to get a cab. Since it is frequently unsafe for the company cabs to stand on the official ranks passengers are forced to patronise vehicles they did not want.

Nor is this the worst of it. The company-controlled cabs charge only 1/6. The imitations charge 1/6.

By efficient management and good service the companies are able to run profitably at the lower fare, but the police, backed up by the Government, are adopting the extraordinary attitude of trying to force the lower-priced company cabs to increase their fares.

WOMEN in TROUSERS

Brisk TRADE In London SUITS

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

SINCE the announcement that 200

men's lounge suits were sold to women in London stores last week, people are really beginning to believe that the "trousers for women" craze will catch on here as it has done in the United States.

The suits which Englishwomen have bought are so far intended mainly for house wear, but there are signs that the fashion may extend.

Paul Poiret, the famous Paris designer, who, years ago, startled the world with the hobble and the harem skirt, has come out of his retirement to begin creating again as a protest against the fashions of to-day. This week he is in London, helping to launch the collection of 25 models which he has designed especially for the famous shop in Regent Street—Liberty's. In the course of a chat I had with him during the showing of the collection, he declared himself by no means averse to the idea of women in tailored lounge suits.

"At least it would be a change," he exclaimed. "That is what the Paris couturier has suffered from in recent years—nothing new, nothing adventurous or daring. Apart from actual lounge suits on masculine lines, the trouser skirt has not been exploited nearly enough."

A manufacturer with whom I talked was emphatic in his statement that, before long, women in lounge suits would

be a common sight in London streets. "This fashion will be of incalculable benefit to the tailoring industry, which has fallen on hard times lately," he said.

"These suits, although they will not be made to last as long as the average man's suit (women do not want their clothes to wear for years, these days) will have to be faultlessly tailored, or the effect will be dowdy in the extreme."



That the vogue for trousers can be interpreted in a manner that is intriguingly feminine is exemplified by Mollie McWilliam (left), who for the past eight years has held the quarter mile skating championship of New South Wales. Hanne Keatinge (in circle) lounges gracefully in a jersey suit of powder blue and beige.



Lily Royale (above) finds her tailored suit of brown the ideal hiking wear, while Nell Hall (right), who recently added the City of Sydney Singles title to her many tennis laurels, thoroughly enjoys the freedom of Oxford bags and trim little skirts that fasten with a "zip."

The Australian Women's Weekly photos. Garments by David Jones Ltd.

BIRTH STUDY Was Once IMPROPER

A SHREW hit at the present move to keep women off the board of film censorship was delivered by Mary Gilmore at this month's general monthly meeting of the National Council of Women.

"The men hold that the Censorship Board is not a fit place for women, and this reminds me," commented Mrs. Gilmore, "of the days when I was a girl and Aristotle was not considered to be a fit author for women to read, because he dealt with the subject of childbirth—on which it was most improper for the minds of women to dwell! I thought of sending this comment to the papers," added Mrs. Gilmore, "but I knew none of them would publish it."

Though there were reporters present, this part of Mrs. Gilmore's address must have been censored by the dailies. However, here it is—in all its priceless eloquence.



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No. 1 Carton contains Wire-handled Dish Mop, Soap Saver, Pot Cleaner and Potato Masher.

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No. 3 Carton contains 1 Pure Linen Glass Towel, 19 x 29 inches. Finest Quality.

No. 4 Carton contains 1 Special Bath Towel, 19 x 36 inches. Finest Quality.



No 3 CARTON



No 4 CARTON

No. 5 Carton contains 1 Pure Washable Wool Duster mounted on handle.

Shoulder Fashion Flatters the HIPLINE

From NELL MURRAY, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly

LONDON.

THAT "BROAD-SHOULDERED" look, which women find so flattering to the hipline, is likely to persist throughout the fashion cycle of 1933, according to news just received of the mid-season collections now showing in Paris. In February, only two houses—Schiaparelli and Lanvin—featured the accentuated shoulder line. Now, however, similar models have been added to nearly all the collections of the great houses, and Schiaparelli's "shell" and "fin" shoulder treatments are famous in Paris, London, and New York.

Capes and capelet sleeves are continuing in favor, and many more black and white ensembles are to be seen than earlier in the year. The views of Jean Charles Worth on this subject are of interest.

"Color came to Parisiennes for town wear from abroad," he told fashion journals a few days ago. "Every so often it is the chic thing to do in Paris to accept a new idea from abroad. We play with it for a while, and then discard it for our own old ideas. What do you see the smart women in Paris wearing to-day? Black and black and white combinations. And, yes—grey; that indeterminate shade between the two. And that is why I have based my mid-season collection entirely on these tones, using primarily white and black combinations along with greys and beiges. Can you imagine a woman wearing a pink ensemble these days? No, no—it is unthinkable!"

"SWAGGERETTES" NOW

At this collection, swagger coats for day wear were made definitely shorter—and at once someone christened them "swaggerettes."

One of rough brown wool was worn over a stone beige Angora frock, one of the new high-crowned turbans ("chechia" is the name of this particular hat) in beige linen straw completing the outfit. One cleverly thought out economy idea was the provision of two sets of coat and gloves for the one frock. First of all a frock and swagger coat of fine navy and white tartan linen tweed were shown, with crisp white organdie neck bow, belt, and gloves. The frock was then worn with jacket and gloves of white wool pique.

The long-sleeved evening gown is one

of the fashion whims of the earlier part of the season that should have an appeal for Australian women, both because of their comfort and their air of informality.

The dresses are cut low at the back, but fitted with filmy sleeves right down to the wrist. One of the most attractive noted on the dance floor at the Embassy last week was of dark green crepe, with sleeves of tulle powdered with tiny coral beads.

With the first Courts of the season approaching, Court gowns are in the news—and at Reville's I was able to inspect some of those actually chosen by

An Invitation To Readers

THE announcement of the publication of The Australian Women's Weekly was received with widespread enthusiasm. Congratulatory letters, letters foretelling a glowing future, and letters proffering practical suggestions or expressing definite viewpoints, have poured into this office. Excerpts from these letters have been published on various pages. Readers are invited to contribute to this feature and will be paid for each paragraph published.

debutantes of the year. Patou's two blues were used for one of the most attractive—the frock being of pearl blue mirror satin, with a short pleated fish-tail train. The Court train was of deep sapphire blue velvet, studded with silver paillettes.

At Reville's, too, I was shown a length of the first lacquered satin to be manufactured in this country. The process is now applied to artificial silk for the first time. At the other end of the scale was the exquisite hand-loomed satin. Every thread of it pure silk, and identical with the material used for the Queen's State robes. This fabric costs £2/10/ a yard to produce. Nottingham lace made from linen thread is another interesting British development.

Glamour

By
Ethel Mannin

The Gate of Freedom was open to Valerie, and it was her husband who held it open!

WHAT did it feel like to be young. Valerie Craven told herself that she had forgotten. And she was twenty-three.

She sat on the edge of the guest-bed sewing a broken button-hole on one of her best embroidered pillow cases and wondered what it felt like to be a young girl. Was 23 really old, beyond young-girlhood, or was young-girlhood only a myth, or something that did not reach beyond the teens? Or was it just that her heart had grown tired and old? She did not know. She knew only that she felt old and tired—spent.

There was her sister, Betty, only a year her junior, so very little younger as years go that it hardly counted. Yet Betty went laughing through life. She was incurably young. She was that magic thing, "a young girl."

She danced and sang and jested and got excited about new hats. Valerie smiled ruefully at recollections.

But Betty did not have to run a house. She had no staid middle-aged husband. She did not have to cope with the servant problem, plan meals, order coals, darn uninteresting masculine underwear. She did not have to measure her hours by the maddeningly regular arrival of the milkman at 10 o'clock. She did not recognise Fridays because of the window-cleaners and Mondays because of the washing book.

Valerie sighed, and proceeded to stuff the pillow into its case. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she bent over the guest-bed, smoothing the clean sheets.

She knew that her eyes had dark shadows under them, and that her mouth had a discontented droop. She ought to have been happy enough, of course. She had what visitors always spoke of as "a nice house." She had a faithful, loving husband with a comfortable income.

What did she want? She hardly knew. She was only vaguely aware that somehow life had disappointed her.

She finished making the bed and went downstairs and out into the big old garden in quest of flowers. She wondered if Leslie Sterling was the sort of person for whom you set flowers in the bedroom. She knew nothing but that he had gone into her husband's business in the city, and that John spoke of him as "a nice fellow, an exceedingly nice fellow."

He would be old, she thought, old and stuffy like all John's friends. He would be successful. He would have his success written all over him. He would be bland and self-assertive and efficient.

But because it was such a gay, dancing, blue and gold summer morning she would gather roses and put them in the guest room to welcome him. Whatever he might be like he would be her guest, and she felt her responsibilities as housewife and hostess—and as John Craven's wife.

Responsibilities! Perhaps that was what made one feel old? It was an electric sort of day, though. A youthful sort of day. The sort of day when one should go dancing, running—a gay, irresponsible sort of talk it should be—with China tea in a yellow pot and frivolous little cakes!

Valerie laughed suddenly at her thoughts. How absurd! It was the sort of day when John would get into plus fours and enjoy himself on the links. And she would potter about the garden and greenhouse until tea time. She had a swift vision of summer dancing light-footed over the hills and fields and leaving her behind.

But somewhere out among the fields was her lost youth.

LESLEY STERLING arrived towards 8 o'clock of that irresponsible summer day. From the dining room window Valerie watched him climbing out of the car after John. And he was neither middle-aged nor stuffy-looking.

He seemed to her most amazingly

young. There was youth in every athletic line of him. Every movement seemed alert, live, electric.

That was her first impression. Her second, when she shook hands with him as John introduced them, that of a fresh boyishness. Grey eyes that looked as if they might smile often and easily. A mobile, rather sensitive mouth. She thought: "He is a dancer—probably a swimmer. And he is young—young."

That was her predominant impression, one of youth. She judged him to be about 25. He might be 30, or 35. He was one of those men who would be young a long, long time. John had been middle-aged at 35 when she married him four years ago.

Beside John Craven's austerity and seriousness this boy's laughing gaiety stood out vividly, like spring daffodils against gaunt trees. Valerie found herself laughing. Something of her old gaiety and youth came back.

That morning she had thought she had forgotten how to jest and laugh and be gay. She had thought her youth dead. But now she found that it had only been thrust into the background. It could still respond when there was as now, anything to respond to.

She asked Leslie Sterling about business. He exuded enthusiasm. Even John Craven smiled faintly at such enthusiasm.

"You're tremendously keen, aren't you?" Valerie smiled.

"Oh, yes, rather. I get excited about anything I'm interested in. Of course, I know it's an offence to get enthusiastic about anything in the year of grace nineteen-thirty-three—but there you are. I'm made that way."

Valerie asked suddenly: "Do you get enthusiastic about the summer?" She avoided John's eyes. Instinctively she knew he would not approve of an abstract sort of question like that. One got enthusiastic about business, golf, or a good car. The summer was one of the four seasons of the year—that was all.

But Leslie Sterling's eyes sparkled. He looked eagerly at her. He told her, "In the summer I always remember what Rupert Brooke said about it making him want to 'walk a thousand miles and kiss a thousand girls, and drink a thousand pots of beer!' Do you remember?"

John Craven looked shocked. Valerie laughed happily.

"I remember reading a story about a girl who sat on a gate in the rain, smoking a cigarette, and feeling happy simply because it was summer. The sort of thing I would do, you know."



Illustrated by
Boothroyd

Poetry

On a green bank of grass I lay
And from my fingers fed the birds,
Till shrill with fear, they fled
away
As closer brayed the human
herds.
So do winged thoughts a
moment stay,
Then flee the blundering rush of
words.

—Corydon.

They were gay, swift, happy days, and Valerie was younger than she had ever been—so young that she lost count of time.

"And catch bronchitis in the process!" Craven said, dourly. "I know you people who always want to walk out into the sun. Isn't that the expression? All you do is to get a train somewhere and walk back. It's all very well talking about tramping through the rain and gushing about the summer, and all that, but it's a bad thing to get wet feet, and it summer brings its flowers it also brings colds!"

He rose abruptly from the table and walked over to his cigar cabinet. Valerie and Sterling exchanged glances, and something flickered between them as intangible as the electricity of summer—and as vital.

They had coffee and cigarettes out in the lounge, a delightful place of deep rush chairs and little wicker tables, giving out through a small conservatory to the garden. A cabinet gramophone stood back in one corner against the rich dark oak panelling that was John Craven's secret pride. Valerie was not interested in the his-

toric value of the panelling—it was seventeenth century, part of the wreckage retrieved from an old church—but she loved the gramophone.

Impulsively she bent forward to Sterling. "Do you dance?" she asked, her cheeks glowing.

"Oh, rather. Should we?" He glanced at Craven: "You dance, Craven?"

(Continued on Page 36)

Make yourself a present of one of these

PURPLE LILAC CREATIONS



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Purple Lilac Talc Powder in attractive glass bottles, 2/6

Why not be selfish just for once, and make **yourself** a present of one of these Purple Lilac Perfumes and Powders that have captured the romantic charm of an old world garden? These are supreme creations by Potter & Moore, makers of the famous 1749 Mitcham Lavender.

Your chemist or store has the enchanting Purple Lilac perfume... the fragrant soap... and the delicate, fine adhering powder—so **inexpensive!** Clip the coupon below. Send for a Special Vanity Box... **NOW!**



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Name _____ Address _____



HORACE LINDRUM

Australia's Boy Wonder Billiardist, and Holder of the World's record Snooker Break, praises

HEENZO

the famous money-saving family remedy for

COUGHS

COLDS, BRONCHITIS & 'FLU

COSTS 2/- — SAVES £'s

For the last twenty years millions of Australians have saved much money by making their own family cough and influenza remedy with HEENZO. It is so easy to add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO to sweetened water, and thus make a large supply of cough remedy equal in quantity and superior in quality to about £1's worth of the best of the ready-made-up remedies for chest and throat ailments. The purity of HEENZO makes it an ideal cough remedy for babies as well as adults.

HEENZO

should be used in every home

Cash Prizes for READERS

Picture Words Test of SKILL

Fill in the missing letters in the ten words shown in the next column, and enter for the £50 cash prizes that The Australian Women's Weekly will pay each week in a series of fascinating "Picture Words" competitions.

There is no entry fee, and the prize-money must be won. The £50 will be distributed as follows:—

£35 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct.

£10 to the second best entry.

£5 to the third best entry.

One letter is missing from each word. In each case there is a clue to the whole word at the side, and to find the missing letter you simply take the initial letter only of the word illustrated by the picture.

Thus, in No. 1, a perch is shown, and the initial letter P makes the complete word, "Parrot."

In the same way find the other nine solution letters and fill them in IN INK (in block capital letters) on the form.

CONDITIONS

In cases of ties, the prize-money may be divided, but the full amount of £50 will be distributed.

All attempts must be made on the proper form.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or mislaid, nor proof of posting be taken as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor will be final and legally binding throughout. Employees of The Australian Women's Weekly must not compete.

Entries for No. 1 Picture-Words close on June 17.

Details of No. 2 puzzle, for which another £50 has been allotted, will appear in next week's issue.

A Chance To Win £4000

In conjunction with the N.S.W. Community Hospital, The Australian Women's Weekly is giving readers an opportunity of winning prizes in the biggest competition offer in Australia.

On page 30 will be found details of a Tangled Letters competition, in which readers have an opportunity of sharing in £500 cash prizes, and also a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest, which can bring them two solid golden chests with a guaranteed cash value of £4000.

This special offer is an effort on the part of the proprietors to give big cash prizes to their readers and also to help the New South Wales Hospital. The whole of the profits will be given to this hospital.

Turn to page 30, complete the simple competition, post it immediately with your 1/- postal note, and that 1/- may bring you your share of the £500 cash, and also the prizes valued at £4000 in the Golden Chest.

This competition is distinct from the "Picture Words," details of which are given on this page.

Half a Moment

WHY ONLY TWO?

WE have two sets of teeth during our lifetime because the first teeth as a set would be too small when we reach maturity. There would be gaps between the teeth and chewing would be difficult.

GETTING NEARER

THE only thing that can be said of people who keep on predicting the end of the world is that they get a little closer each time.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

AN Excellent Rule—Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent. Nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

BLIND SHOEMAKER

MR. A. LEDBETTER, a young Dublin man, is the only blind shoemaker in Ireland. He lost his sight in an accident ten years ago.

"TOLLS THE KNELL"

IN Prestetone, in the county of Radnor, curfew is still tolled at 8 o'clock every evening.

WHITE NEGROES

ALL negroes are not black. The natives of Mauremango, East Africa, are white-skinned.

If you are bright and alert, you can spend your spare time profitably by studying the several fascinating competitions on this page. Big cash prizes are to be won.

1. A Bird	ARROT
2. To half shut	INK
3. Surly	GUM
4. To be active	USTLE
5. A Knock	CLOU
6. To Jease	OTHER
7. A Liquor	HERRY
8. A second Marriage	IGAMY
9. To break, bruise	RUSH
10. To cut	SNI

ENTRY FORM

I desire to enter your Picture Puzzle No. 1 competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as legally binding.

Name _____

Address _____

Entries should be addressed to "Picture Words," Box No. 12500, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Trophies, Too

To the Combined Harcourts Tennis Association of N.S.W. The Australian Women's Weekly is giving fifteen very handsome cups and trophies.

They will be open to competition to every woman member of the affiliated Metropolitan District Association.

Details of the actual conditions of the district competition are to be decided by the Executive Councils of the respective District Associations. One of these cups will be awarded by the controlling body, and the details of competition for this cup are under consideration by the Executive.

The trophies will be displayed in Angus and Cootes window on Monday, June 5th, for one week.

Will Pay £100 For Ideas

There is £100 waiting to be distributed among readers of The Australian Women's Weekly for clever ideas and suggestions, and the time spent on writing a letter of fifty words may bring a rich prize.

THE womenfolk of Australia are invited to regard this paper as their own exclusive medium, through which they may express their ideas and thoughts—critical, constructive, humorous and otherwise.

There is added zest in the fact that a few minutes' thought may bring a reward of anything from 2/6 to £5.

The Australian Women's Weekly will distribute £100 in cash among readers contributing the best recipes, jokes, suggestions, paragraphs, and letters of general interest.

In times like the present, the opportunity to earn money in this easy manner is too good to be missed.

On other pages appear details of the features under which the £100 will be distributed. Summarised, however, the money will be paid weekly as follows:—

£5 for the best letter telling what you like best in The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. Letters not to exceed 30 words. For other letters published, 3/- will be paid. (Details below.)

£5 for the best recipe, with other consolation prizes. (Page 35.)

10/- for the most original "Clever Ideas," and 5/- each for the four next best. (Page 30.)

10/- for the best contribution to the "So They Say" column, in which is published satirical sayings about women. (Page 2.)

Cash awards will be made for all other contributions accepted and published, bringing the total distribution to £100 during the next five weeks.

The Editor's decision will be final in all matters.

Owing to the pressure of space, all letters and contributions should be short and pithy.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST?

AS you look through and read the 44 pages of The Australian Women's Weekly, consider what features appeal most to you. Do you like the fashion services, the fiction, general articles, pictures, cooking, sporting, and other features? What do you think of the size of the pages and the general appearance of the paper?

You may coin a phrase or slogan of a dozen words that will aptly describe your impressions. Send it to the Editor, Box 4668W, G.P.O., Sydney, and it may bring you a £5 prize. If your effort runs to a fifty word letter it has the same opportunity of winning, but longer epistles are not required.

In addition to the £5 prize, consolation prizes will be paid for other letters published.

Hurry up and send in your entry, for the first winner will be announced in next week's issue.

Houses Sent By Train

THERE need be no house-hunting in the rural United States. All you need do is to order by post "House No. 1" or "No. 2" from a business catalogue printed in colors, and one day your new house will arrive by train, all packed up in sections and complete even to the keys in the door. Then, assuming you've bought a desirable site, your carpenter can do all the rest. Country people here would appreciate this service—"More Ree."

The NEW PALAIS ROYAL

Popular Nights
MON. - WED. - SAT.

Old Time
THURSDAY

with JIM DAVIDSON and his
NEW PALAIS ROYAL ORCHESTRA

Gala
Dress Night
EVERY
FRIDAY, 9 to 2.
3/7 (Inc. Res. and Tax)
AFTERNOON TEA DANCE, SATS. 1/6
Special and Generous Terms to Women's Clubs,
Sports Organizations, etc.



SOME OF THE CAREERS that will be dealt with in this series. (Left to right): Telephonist, dressmaker, nurse, authoress, beauty culturist.

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

Practical Guidance Offered

By Our Special Commissioner

To women searching for careers or for just plain jobs, *The Australian Women's Weekly* offers practical help and guidance of a type never yet attempted in Australia.

A notable part of this scheme will be a series of special articles written by an authority who has made a special study of vocational possibilities for women.

These articles will be full of really helpful, practical advice and information, much of which is not readily obtainable by women.

act in consultation with educational, commercial, industrial, and professional authorities.

★ ★ ★

THESE articles will explore in thorough detail what professional openings there are for women in such a way as to make it much easier to decide what many young women are pondering at the moment:—

"Shall I be a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, a chemist, or—?"

Questions of cost, doubts what the training needed actually is, lack of knowledge how to begin or where to go, uncertainty whether the chances in the long run after the completion of study make it worth while going on, all matters such as these may make a decision difficult.

If any such problem is not fully answered in the articles, *The Australian Women's Weekly* sincerely hopes that its readers will take advantage of the offer of personal advice and send their own particular problems in for an answer.

Such inquirers will have the benefit of advice from someone of wide experience and ripe judgment.

The articles will then work consistently through all possible fields of employment for women, dealing with each in as full detail as possible, and always with the ideal of giving the maximum practical advice.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the biggest factors in causing and maintaining unemployment is lack of knowledge of other fields of employment. Every scheme for the relief of unemployment in advanced foreign countries has stressed this need—to place before unemployed the fullest possible information of other alternative openings.

This *The Australian Women's Weekly* will attempt to do.

Apart altogether from this, it will be of very great help to those girls who are looking for their first job in life—or who plan to prepare themselves for their first job.

It is not only girls bent upon important careers in the professions who need preliminary training. Every woman who works needs it. And hardly any occupation is without some training ground.

If this training is to be obtained anywhere, how much it will cost, how long it will take, and what openings there are when training is completed, will all be told by *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

There are numerous organizations in Sydney of which little is popularly known, but which are on the alert to find openings for job-seekers, whether women or men. Others give training in specific occupations.

The *Australian Women's Weekly* will give a full list of these.

So whether it is a woman trying to decide what profession to enter, or one hoping to follow a more humble avocation, or simply a mother canvassing the economic possibilities for her daughter, all will equally be helped by the new paper. Lawyer, ledger-keeper, or domestic will all be given essentially practical guidance.

Under conditions which make it imperative for as many women as men to

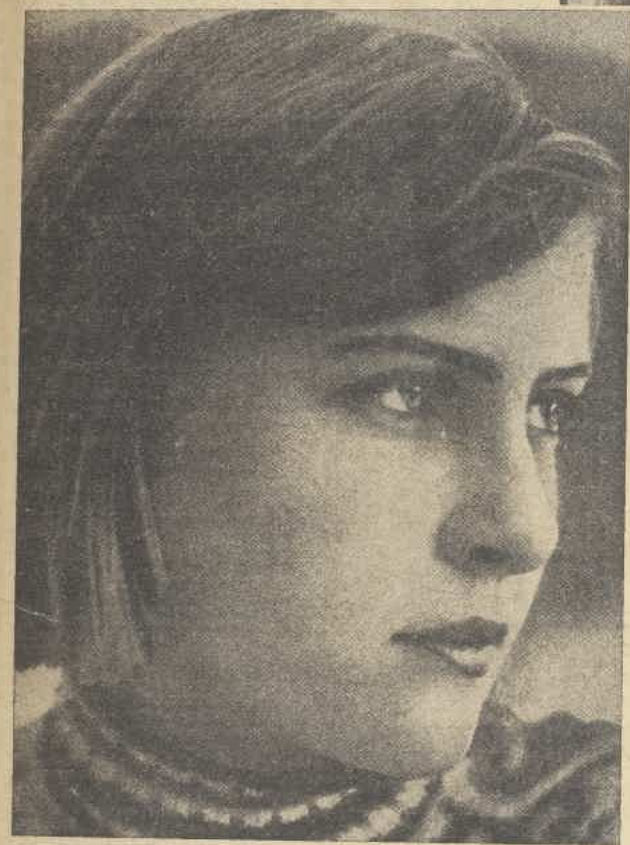
work, the problem: "What is my daughter to do?" is equally as important as the older, if equally serious, "What is my son to do?"

But while a great deal of attention is being paid (and rightly) to the employment and re-employment of youths and men, comparatively little has been done except by a few small and handicapped organisations for girls and women.

Whatever *The Australian Women's Weekly* can do in this matter it will do willingly.



WHAT SECRET does the crystal hold?



MISS 1933, on the threshold of life, looks into the future. It is an age when fairy princes are few, and a job must be sought.

UNFORTUNATELY, the number of openings in any occupation are limited at present by the economic situation, but conditions are undoubtedly improving, and this series will serve as a guide to those planning for the future.

Of course, as compared to England and the Continent, the number of women earning their own livelihood is not so high.

In France it is a common practice for women to continue working after they are married.

In England the excess of women over men condemns a high proportion to spinsterhood. Many of these women refuse to accept dependence on their fathers or other relatives. In many cases the relatives are not able to afford to keep them.

Therefore, in one way or another, they are forced to take up some work. Thus in England women fill positions as chemists, postmistresses, and other occupations which are almost exclusively held by men in Australia.

In Australia the percentage of women in industry has increased since the war. This is mainly accounted for by the increase in the manufacturing industries. Thus there are more girls employed in textile factories, knitting, canned foods, clothing, and similar industries than previously.

In most cases, however, girls enter these factories not for a career, but to provide them with occupations until such time as they marry.

Marriage, in fact, continues in Australia to be the greatest career of all for women.

★ ★ ★

THIS series of helpful articles will point out methods, means, and short-cuts.

It will answer all questions and do its best to solve problems puzzling individual careerists or job-seekers.

It will show where training can be obtained, how much it will cost, and where, if possible, this cost can be reduced.

In doing this it will have the benefit of the best professional advice, and will

NOTICING

I put my pretty curtains up to-day,
The curtains I had dyed with
loving care;

I draped them in a new and charming
way
And put a brand new cushion on
his chair.

I'd made a cover for the old settle—
It was to be a wonderful surprise
I'd worked in secret, hoping I should
see

The pleasure shining in my man's
dear eyes.

When all was done, I
settled down to
wait

For his return when
westward went
the sun;

I ran to meet and
greet him at the
gate.

Then led him in to see what I had
done.

I stood in silence, waiting for his
praise,

Waiting and hoping, as a wife will
do;

He did not see, but turned on me his
gaze.

"You're tired," he said, "What can
I do for you?"

My disappointment?
There is none to
guess,

For, as he turned
away into the hall

I followed with a
prayer of thank-
fulness,

Since it was I had
noticed first of
all!



"I found this lovely poem in an
old book, and couldn't resist send-
ing it to you," writes J.B.

Worthwhile

The Career of a PRIVATE SECRETARY

offers exceptional opportunities for happiness and accomplishment to the well-educated, ambitious girl—and it is fortunate for Business that such girls are turning more and more to Business than ever before.

The Metropolitan Girls' Secretarial Institute

provides a distinctive and dependable Diploma Course for young women of good education—leading to positions of responsibility—trust—and power. It aims to produce LEADERS.

The M.G.S.I. Diploma Course includes

Sherbarding, Typing, Bookkeeping, Filing, Business Principles and Economics, Secretarial Practice, Adding and Calculating Machines, Personal Efficiency, Applied Psychology, Elocution, Deportment.

Ask for free booklets—"Women, Too, Shall Hold the Heights" and "The Private Secretary."



METROPOLITAN
GIRLS'
SECRETARIAL
INSTITUTE.

Careers

The Career of a Young PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS MAN

has unlimited scope for achievement and success in many spheres.

Wentworth College

Intensive Course in Commerce

FOR YOUNG MEN

is unique. It gives a sound training in business fundamentals (Organisation, Business Economics, Salesmanship, Commercial Law), and develops character, personality and ability in BUSINESS and ACCOUNTANCY—thus BUILDING the FOUNDATIONS for future EXECUTIVES in MANAGEMENT.

Ask for free Booklets—"Wentworth College," "The Young Man in Business," and "Can Young Men Get Positions?"

WENTWORTH
COLLEGE
for Young Men
Only.



NOTE: ALL M.B.C. tuition is "INDIVIDUAL"—no classes—so may commence at any time, under the personal care of specialist-tutors. 37 years' record of solid success. 43 FIRSTS in Public Exams. last year.

To Fathers & Mothers!

If you have been considering four- or five-year University Courses for your sons and daughters, you should now plan to make certain of their future by seeing that the young women are trained to be SECRETARIES and the young men prepare to enter Business as PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS MEN.

This can be done at the M.B.C. in 10 to 18 months—and the saving in time and money is considerable. Let us tell you further details.

Come and See! You Are Welcome!

We are so proud of our College and its organisation, equipment and discipline, that we invite you to come and inspect all its Departments any day, at any time. A special messenger is always ready to show you this big school at work.

Don't wait until decision is urgent. Only the best for your young people—so come soon—take your time to consider and compare. Remember—the M.B.C. trains for many types of careers, personally or by post.

Metropolitan Business College

"The College that Cares."

Phone: B 7921. 6 DALLEY ST., SYDNEY.

(Please mention "Australian Women's Weekly")



HONORED By THE KING

CONGRATULATIONS are hearty and genuine for those Sydney women who have gained recognition through the King's Birthday honors.

Goulburn people must be feeling particularly proud that the work of their Miss Phyllis Bolster has been recognised again. When war broke out, Miss Bolster, who was matron of the Manly Hospital, at once offered her services, and she sailed on the first hospital ship for the front. Here her good work came under the attention of the authorities, and she received the R.R.C. (Royal Red Cross) from the hands of the King himself. In 1918, she went back as matron to the Royal Prince Alfred, the hospital to which she had received her training.

LADY HARVEY, whose husband, the Chief Judge in Equity, has just been honored by the King, owns up to being domesticated and a great home lover. But she finds time to work for St. Luke's Hospital, of which board she is a member, and for the Darling Point-Woolahra centre, of which she is president. She is also tireless in her work for the district nurses and the kindergartens, and has on untold occasions lent her beautiful garden for fetes in the cause of charity. At home with her is daughter Mary. Other daughters are Mrs. James Litchfield and Mrs. John Mant.



On the left: MISS BOISSIER
—Dayne.
Below: LADY HARVEY
—Howard Harris.
Circle: LADY BAVIN
—Falk.
At right: MRS. GODHARD
—Judith Fletcher.



LADY BAVIN, who has been such a tower of strength to her husband in his campaigns, has other interests besides politics. She is a lover of the poets, and she, herself, is a writer of children's verse. She is a great worker in the cause of the adult deaf and dumb and blind. She is vice-president of the association which helps these unfortunates, and the Rawson Institute for Seamen numbers her among its most consistent helpers.

AS far back as 1916, Mrs. Godhard (then Mona Daley) was making a name for herself as an organiser. It was in that year that she had the distinction of being made secretary to the Crown Street Women's Hospital, the first time in Australia that such a position had been given to a woman. In that year the revenue was £6900, and on her marriage in 1924, the revenue raised

totalled £180,000. Other appeals with which she was unusually successful were the shilling stamp fund for the Cancer Research Appeal, and last year's garden fete, held at Government House for bush nurses.



MELBOURNE CALLING..

MELBOURNE.

Dear Jane:

We—by the royal plural I mean Melbourne—have launched out during the past week or so. "Dimzy" is almost the only word that describes the daily round.

To start with: A record was put up by the committee running the dance held on the S.S. Katoomba for the Free Kindergarten Union, in making it a really comfortable affair. Most ship-board dances might as well be held in the temple of the winds, but this time the committee coped with the frolicsome breezes which lurk round piers by using bunting to make a corridor leading from taxi to deck.

Most of Melbourne's young people were there, including Hersey and Elaine Brookes and their elder sister, Cynthia, our future Lady Mayoress, all of whom lurked behind corages of flowers. So was the Lord Mayor, who, with his youthful fiancée, was a guest of honor at a dance given by Sir Frank and Lady Clarke's sons early last week. Later, Theo Shall, who made his bow as actor-manager-producer recently at the Garrick—our old Playhouse metamorphosed architecturally into merry old England with a dash of Spain—brought his wife, who appears with him in "2 x 2 equals 2" under the name of Maria van Wyl.

DINNER DANCES, TOO

ON the same night the Oriental Hotel launched the first of a series of Thursday night dinner dances, to which Mr. P. W. Tewkesbury invited about a hundred or so guests. Burgundy red velvet chairs and masses of flowers transformed the old winter garden into a much more attractive spot. A demonstration of the Charleston and Rumba, among other dances, by Henry Jacques and his partner, Peggy Shields, was as



near perfection as I've seen, Jane. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tait and their youngest daughter, Marie, Alison Penner, Mr. Tewkesbury's daughter, Mrs. Turner, a visitor from England, who, incidentally, wears a monocle, Ada Hill, of Helene Hill, very lavish in purple chiffon and furs, and the Bill Christies, were all there.

Then the Wentworth decided to stage the first of its Tuesday night dances which, this year, are going to be run more on the lines of a club.

The first night was great fun and almost notable; were it only for the tremendous interest aroused in Margot Rosenthal's white frock, which twisted a plaited belt low round the hips to make the new waistline which has been promised us. But how many of us will be able to wear it!

REPORTS from people who have just returned from Sydney and the general Noel Cowardish atmosphere gave "Cavalcade's" presentation here the importance of a first night. It was a very pleasant change. Most men wore white ties, and for once dinner jackets outnumbered the "good blue suits" which young Melbourne wears to the films of a Saturday night.

Marie Mackinnon swept in at the head of a contingent of girls, who were

By a Girl of 16

I SMILE, YOU SMILE

I smile and you smile;
Yet the while,
We do not know, we both are
blind
To what is in the other's mind.

I smile and you smile,
Yet the while
I'm laughing in my heart at you,
Perhaps at me you're laughing,
too?

—Yvonne Webb.

bridesmaids at Jean Russell's marriage to Ewen Mackinnon last Thursday, and with the bride-to-be in tow.

Gerald Patterson and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. John Roxburgh were among the interstate celebrities, among whom one might number Geoff Smith, who wore the most perfect of white ties. His sister, Roma, was there too—not with him, by the way—wearing a most attractive brown velvet coat and tiny velvet hat, which made up what might be called the cinema-goer's perfect ensemble, a thing seldom seen, I assure you!

* affectionately,
JULIA.

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ONE HUSBENT TO ANOTHER— DON'T! L. W. Lower's Advice After Swopping Pants for Petticoats

Wep's idea of Mr. Lower doing the washing up.



WOMEN ROAMERS in Wild PLACES

By
ION L. IDRIESS

"Where there are wild men there are sure to be wild women." Such is a saying in the far-away places of the earth. "True, too, of course," says Ion Idriess, the famous Australian author, "but I have met white women in wild places who were not wild at all."

And Idriess, who has roamed into and beyond the loneliest and most romantic parts of Australia and the South Seas, tells of these fascinating women in this equally fascinating article.

MRS. GUNN and Mrs. Carey, for instance, the two most northernmost women in Australia. The husbands the telegraphist and linesman of our most northernmost telegraph station. And Mrs. Gunn the mother of Australia's most northernmost baby. The two families living in the little house just up from the sea. Around them the rugged hills and wild bush of Cape York Peninsula. No other white women there. Thursday Island 28 miles away across the Strait. Day of days when the Customs launch Rooganah is sighted every three months or so coming swiftly like a vision in white. The landing of stores upon that tiniest of beaches, the gossip with Captain Doug, and his crew as they worked. News of womenfolk, of the pictures and of friends on the distant island. Then the launch speeding away all too quickly.

And once again the quiet of the bush, the dreamy call of a bird, the lay of the tide upon the beach. And once in a while the thrill of gazing at a passing ship. The two women with their own company, needing tact and sympathy and understanding. But what a break in the monotony when the baby came!

I KNOW another woman. Perhaps some day I will tell you about her. I had best not mention her name because of heavy parcels of gold locked deep in her old-fashioned iron safe. She has "followed" the mining fields, has run an hotel, has managed a store, and what is more, has ruled with an iron hand crowds of unruly men. The big majority were nice chaps, though against some others she had to pit her wits. However, it was mostly all a matter of business, and if she chose to enter the lists away up there, well, it was all in the game—no favors given or asked. Yes, some among women are wanderers, too; their feet fated to tread in strange places. Even as I write the telephone rings. A message from a woman a ship has brought in. Strange books could be written of this Australian woman's life. A nurse in

Fiji, she drove in a ghostly carriage all night along a palm sentinelled road. Utter silence but for the horses' hooves, the wheezy creak of the carriage. And her passenger was a dead man.

AS wife of one of the island managers for a great trading firm, she has built home after home, in island group after group, has known the beauty and loneliness of the Kalvados Chain, the life and companionship of Port Moresby, Samarai, Rabaul. In lonely outposts she has met the savage, both tame and wild, has travelled by canoe, by lugger, and on foot. And now her wandering feet have again come to Sydney, to wander her around the world this time. She has well earned the trip.

BUT dash it all, I set out to just mention meeting women in strange places. But memory starts itching my hand to write a book of each one. Their experiences are so full of romance, of interest, and tragedy and humor.

So I dare not allow memory dwell on any one in particular, but just say I have met them carrying on with their jobs in the farthest inland as Sisters in those hostels of mercy—the A.I.M. Nursing Homes, as wives and mothers on the far-out cattle stations, the construction and mining and timber camps, as the policeman's wife where his lonely patrol extends for thousands of square miles, as the wanderer's wife, or even the wanderer herself, driving, riding, or trudging to God knows where.

And I have met them along the lonely coasts and even far out at sea in the isolation of a tiny lighthouse with the waves and shrieking seagulls for company, as the schoolteacher to an island of colored children, as the plantation man's wife, or wife of a struggling missionary.

"Where there are wild men there are sure to be wild women"—yes, and women, too, with the heart that we all love, all travelling with us together to the Inevitable Land.

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorous writer.

"IT'S a pity we couldn't change places for a week; you'd know what a marvellous, easy life I lead then," said my wife.

"Right!" I said, tearing off my trousers. "You wear 'em. Give me that apron."

As I discovered later, it was a silly thing to do, but I was sick of being master of the house and getting bullied all over the place and picked on and blamed for everything.

So Chrysanthemum went off to work

found that the water had gone cold, so I decided to leave the dishes in soak until after dinner, when I could do all the day's washing-up in one go, thus saving gas and time.

MEANTIME, mark you, I was attending to the social side of affairs, and had interviewed people who wanted to sell me moth-balls and potatoes, beans, writing pads, tooth-paste, silk stockings, and home-made loffee. Also, there were people collect-

ing for soup kitchens, orphans, insurance companies, and blind asylums. I had forgotten to polish the brass, so I thought it would be a good idea to take it out on the front step and polish it there.

This would save me opening the door so often. I also chained the dog to the front gate.

The result of this was that everybody came in the back gate and knocked at the back door.

By this time I was getting hysterical, so I decided to wait just behind the front door for the next one.

Sure enough, the bell rang. I whipped open the door and lashed out with both fists. My wife's aunt fell to the ground without a groan. She had probably intended dropping in for a cup of tea and a chat.

I dragged her to her feet and dropped her over the fence into the next-door yard, and washed my hands of the whole affair.

BY the time I'd finished the dusting I was getting sick of the sight of the place, and I was just gathering my darning together when I suddenly remembered that I hadn't got the meat and vegetables and things. I also had a lot of ironing to do.

I can never quite recollect how I got through that day, but I had a lovely dinner all ready for Chrysanthemum at half-past six. Chrysanthemum arrived home about 11 p.m.

She came in tramping mud all over the place and said she'd been working back at the office.

"Working back at the office!" I sneered. "While you're loafing about the city enjoying yourself, I've been slaving my fingers to the bone without a minute to myself. Look at the dinner I cooked! Rubbed!"

"You shouldn't have worried about dinner, my dear," she said heartily. "You might have known when I wasn't home by 10 o'clock that I'd be late. By the way, I lost a screw out of my wristlet watch somewhere about the house. I wish you'd have a look around for it for me."

I was so worn out that I didn't have the strength to bash her.

I just sunk into a chair and burst into tears.

"Gimme back my trousers," I sobbed. "Take 'em," she said, throwing them at me. "They're too small for me anyhow."

And that's how I came to be cured.



ION L. IDRIESS, brilliant Australian author.

WHAT!!
YOU'RE BRINGING THE BOSS HOME TO DINNER!!

FINISHED THE CLEANING...
NOW I'LL COOK THEM A DINNER THEY'LL REMEMBER!

WHAT A STATE MY HANDS ARE IN. IT'S ALL THE CLEANING AND COOKING

WHAT CAN I DO? I CAN'T ENTERTAIN WITH HANDS LIKE THIS!

IDEA!

WHAT'S THAT JANE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT? SOLVOL!

YES, SEND ME A TABLET OF SOLVOL, QUICKLY, PLEASE.

A PERFECT DINNER... BUT HOW CAN SUCH CAPABLE HANDS KEEP SO SOFT AND WHITE?

HARD-WORKED HANDS need not be stained and grimy hands. Your hands can be as lovely as a bride's, if you wash them with Solvol everyday. Safely and gently yet thoroughly Solvol's creamy lather carries away all the grime and stains of housework leaving your hands as soft & white as you've always wanted them to be!

An Editorial

JUNE 10, 1933.

WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

THE Australian Women's Weekly is confident that it will amaze and delight Australian women; and the reason is because it is making a style, a policy, and an outlook of its own.



The one thing we would ask of critical women is this: Read The Australian Women's Weekly, and compare it. Look at its features, and look for its equal.

Women want to dress well. They also want to understand the tangled events of the bewildering world around them, especially when women's lives and hopes are affected. They want to be interested, but they also want instruction. They sometimes want help, and advice, but they must have confidence in it.

They will be given all these things in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The cream of the world's fiction. Everything of importance happening in the world, seen through women's eyes. Brilliant frock and knitting patterns, by the most distinguished Australian and overseas designers. An up-to-the-minute fashion photographic service from Vienna and Paris. Medical and beauty advice from Sydney's leading doctor-writer. Homecraft, babycraft, kitchencraft features. Everything in sport, music, radio, literature to interest women. News of every women's association in the State. A comic and competition corner for the kiddies. An unemployment bureau for women. Practical advice and help on careers for women. News of women in the news. Reports about clubs, auxiliaries, circles, sets associations, of all kinds. And the price will be twopence!

Every woman will realise that the cost of a paper on such a scale will be very heavy. Naturally The Australian Women's Weekly hopes for support: at all events, it is determined to deserve support.

It opens in your hands this morning with complete confidence: if you like it, keep on liking it, and keep on buying it. Tell your friends. There are 100,000 other women just as pleased with us this morning as you are.

LYRICS OF LIFE

EVEN DREAMING

I doubt if anyone has known
Only the bliss of life alone,
If one has never found a flow'r
And worn it for a happy hour,
Or looked a little at a sunset
Although he might not overcome it.
The rose's petals fade and fall,
And yet its perfume we recall.
Although the peak no more is gleaming,
There was some greatness even dreaming.

OR LOOK, ETHEL HAS
ANOTHER NEW FUR COAT



DON'T KNOW HOW
SHE DOES IT!



THOUGH THEY'RE
LOTS CHEAPER NOW
AREN'T THEY?



YES, BUT I HAVE TO CRY A DARN
SIGHT HARDER FOR THEM

POINTS OF VIEW

I SUPPOSE men think themselves terribly important when they go solemnly about trade conferences, and make commercial treaties, and so on, but a good deal of inter-country trading goes on of which they are quite oblivious, though any house-keeper could give them practical hints.

For instance—you will remember that a month or two ago there was a great to-do between Australia and New Zealand. We quarantined New Zealand potatoes, and New Zealand retaliated by banning our fruit. Then a Commonwealth Minister went across the Tasman, the men drew up a trade treaty, removed the embargoes, and went off rejoicing.

Why Not Our Own?

EVERYTHING, they thought, was now quite satisfactory. I wonder! I wanted oysters for soup the other day, and just missed the man who hawks the Georges River (fresh) product, so I slipped round to the grocer and asked for tinned.

When I reached home I found that the oysters he had sold me were from New Zealand! And our coast thick with oyster-beds! Then just yesterday some tinned tongues came in an order from the grocer (a different one), and they were a New Zealand product, imported by this land of mighty sheep-runs!

This Freedom

THIS FREEDOM of women is evidently still a precarious gain. In Germany Herr Adolf Hitler seems to be determined to relegate woman to her Stone Age status. He has issued decrees glorifying the nobility of woman—*if* she stays at home and leaves Affairs to men. It would be interesting to know how women



MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY gets interesting results from the most commonplace subjects. Who would have thought that washing-up could have been made so striking merely as the result of skilful blending of lights and shades?

In those countries which are still democracies, like Britain, the United States, and Australia, would cope with attempts to rob them of their right to competition with the male in most spheres. It appears that every recent revolutionary movement, whether Fascist or Communist, has affected the status of women quite considerably. Thus in Soviet Russia woman has real equality with man.

But would we care for that?—for it seems to be interpreted to mean that woman is free to work with men in the back-breaking labor of the fields, and to carry a rifle in the army. There are actually women's battalions in the Red Army.

Women's Gift

NOTHING pleased me more than to hear Mrs. Lyons tell a great audience of women at Randwick the other day that out of the welter of frippery talked about women's capacity, women's proper place, women's rightful work, and so on, one clear fact always emerges. And that is that women have the supreme gift of the entire world of the living: the ability to give life.

Women have known for millions of years that men are strange creatures. Nothing they do is stranger, however, than their curious way of inventing all sorts of "rights" and "properties" and "ordained" for women, and pretending to discover a divine sanction for their invention.

For centuries they so thoroughly convinced themselves that these ideas were true and immortal and fundamentally right that they made women believe them. There was never a time when we believed them less than now. I rather think Mrs. Lyons agrees with me.

Herr Hitler is the latest. He has rediscovered that "woman's true place" is the home, and appears to be prepared to give each new bride a dowry of £50 for furniture. In other words: "Be a nice fraulien; here's £50. Go and get married. I have ten men who'd like your job, and this is the only way they'll get it."

Cook Your Way to Bliss

"NINETY per cent. of matrimonial disagreements are brought about by bad cooking and bad housekeeping," Alderman Murray Prior, of Hunter's Hill Council, said this week, quoting a woman speaker. He suggests domestic science schools as a remedy.

One hates to be unkind to a barrister who is also an alderman, but really! Everyone knows that Martha has less than nothing on Mary. Wear a fetching frock and a charming smile, and hubby finds home life grand. Wear yourself to a frazzle of efficiency, and the perfect dinner has a ghastly reflection in shiny face and nose. But domestic science schools have their points.

Shy Child Became Famous

HOW a girl, who as a child aspired to be Prime Minister of England, developed into a captain of industry and a publicist of mark is told by Lady Rhonda, in her recently published autobiography.

"My autobiography," she says, "is the autobiography of a normal person, vigorous, certainly, with aspirations, of course, but aspirations not so strong, but what the subduing effect of environment, reinforced by the strong tide of youth towards mating and reproduction (she wanted to have 12 children) could choke them down." Oxford meant nothing to her.

"I felt irritated by the cautious way in which we were shut off from contact with men, the air of forced brightness and virtue that hung about the cocoa-cum-missionary party-hymn-singing girls."

At 25 she married, and four months later joined the Pankhurst organisation, militant suffrage becoming "the very salt of life" for her. She had some exciting experiences, notably at St. Andrew's, when she was sent to chivy Mr. Asquith, and was pelted with eggs.

Sunday Movies

IF eastern States become involved as West Australia has done in a controversy over the Sunday opening of cinemas, I have no doubt that women will have a good deal to say about it. I feel that I shall, anyway.

Most public questions that go very deep into people's lives have their fate sealed to a very great extent by what women think about it. On most political issues a woman will let her father, or husband, or sweetheart, lead her to the ballot-box and tell her how to vote.

But the shrewdest men critics (there are some) know that in the deepest public crises it is what women think that gives a lead to most people. The opening of picture shows on Sundays must concern nearly every mother. According as she looks at it, and to the way in which her family behaves, it will be a blessing, or a danger.

Churches' Viewpoint

BESIDES women, the churches will have something to say also, of course. It is interesting to note that in England the Bishop of Croydon is reported to have said, when the Sunday Cinemas Act legalised Sunday opening: "What is really happening is the testing of the best interpretation of that great institution, the English Sunday, in the light of modern requirements."

Australian week-end conditions are very, very different from English week-end conditions. So is the Australian outlook. I have no doubt that Sydney will be called on to make up its mind upon the question of Sunday shows once one capital city has been tried.

The Beauty of Orchids

Now the rage for all occasions

By MARY MURDOCH

ISNT it astounding how orchid-minded we are becoming? Go to any social gathering to-day and you will find almost every woman in the throng wearing a spray of orchids.

At race meetings, theatres, weddings, bridge afternoons, dinners, and dances, orchids may be seen nestling in luxurious furs, adorn-



THE PERFECT FINISH to the toilette of Mrs. Jimmy McCarthy, of "Stichester," Fairfax Road, is the posy of mauve orchids. Her friend is Dedeje Andresse.

—Dorothy Weldon

ing the high line of the décolletage in front or trailing in sprays over slim shoulders down to the waist at the back. The bride chooses orchids for her wedding sheaf. The groom puts an orchid in his buttonhole. Babies cry for them and mothers simply must have them (orchids, not babies).

They arrive in cunningly-shaped boxes at the doors of women young and lovely—and are ordered recklessly by women not-so-young and definitely not-so-lovely.

If the thing goes on unchecked it may drive the young man to embellishing on account of his sweetheart's orchids, and the old man to murdering his wife because of her orchid account. Where may not the strange craze lead us? Worse than racing, worse than the lottery, the passion for orchids may drive the pulpits to eloquence, and the racketeers to ruin.

Irresistible Lure

Where does the orchid derive its strange, compelling power over the mind? Not from its fragrance, for it has no perfume. Nor does its charm lie always in its looks, for though some are of a rare loveliness, others have but an evil beauty. Yet each holds an irresistible lure in its fantastic depths.

Maybe the spell of the orchid lies in its hint of power to express the thoughts of the subconscious mind—that strange, dark tangle of good and evil which so often takes control of our destiny.

There is, of course, the woman who must have her orchids just because they are costly. She is the modern, feminine prototype of the Lucullus who had to have larks' tongues on his morning toast and a dish of peacock brains for his porridge.

But for most people the appeal of orchids is genuine. The grotesque shapes and strange colorings somehow express the strange yearnings that lie on the yonder side of language. In subdued, sombre colorings, they accord with the strange, dark flux of the subconscious, and then, with a vivid splash of incredible color, they startle us into awareness of strange delights.

Many Rare Types

Let us examine a few of the firm favorites of the moment in their native state of comparative innocence. Easily the most popular is the large cattleya, which is a thing of luscious loveliness. Next comes the cypripedium, usually known as the slipper orchid. Its exotic green makes a marvellous color contrast for any frock.

Her white and mauve majesty, the phalaenopsis, grows in long, graceful sprays, and numbers among her liege subjects all the elder Dresden china beauties who know what such sprays can do for soft, white hair, as well as the young women who are charmed by its liquid depths of coloring. Also in long sprays come the popular cymbidiums.



The SILENT WITNESS

A SHORT STORY..

By . . .
Cosmo Hamilton

Senior Member of the
World's Greatest Literary
Family.



AMONG the many cautions of the old wise men of China there is this: "When a woman discovers that the man she is going to marry possesses the secret of her past she must smile and keep the terror from her eyes. Having for the moment thus disarmed suspicion let her creep forth when the moon is hid and steal it from its place. There are deeds and thoughts in all our lives that should be flung upon the waters of the Swift River that join the Open Sea."

At the moment when George Ringwood picked out an undeveloped roll of film from his brother's goods and chattels which had just arrived and read "Pictures of an angel; Monte Carlo," these words of ancient Chinese philosophy slipped from Ann Riveley's mind so that she left the films in his hand.

"Monte Carlo? The place of my brother's ghastly crash," he said. "There is history in this thing. I have often wondered who the woman was in that bad chapter of his. I'll take it into the village and have it developed at once."

She kept the terror from her eyes in the proper Chinese way, forced a smile and spoke, "I should. Or shall I save you the trouble and take it in myself?" Her heart stopped while she waited for his reply. If, without arousing suspicion, she could so obtain the silent witness to her part in that boy's crash there would be no need to creep forth when the moon was hid and steal it from its place. Its evidence would be destroyed and her complicity wiped out.

"OR perhaps it will be better to give it to him," he said. "He's coming home to-day." He put his arm round the shoulder of the panic-stricken girl. He had pinned his faith upon her bosom like a bunch of violets. "You will help to put my brother on his feet. He will need us both. He loved that woman, you see. If his hand had been steady when he tried to shoot himself—"

Ann shuddered and held her breath. Never could she forget that moment when the rumor had been brought to her of Noel Ringwood's suicide. She had egged him on the night before and laughed at his being broke. She had been making a circus of life among the Gay Young People and had never stopped to think that he had risked his money for her. But off had gone her foot's cap after that frightful shock, and she had left Monte Carlo in a serious frame of mind. Then George, the man who counted, and who immediately won her heart. The discovery of the roll of film and that day's return of Noel threw the shadow of disaster over both their lives.

THEY left that charming cottage in which Noel was to live, and walked through the gardens to George Ringwood's house. She had liked to see the cottage chimneys through the trees. They were a menace now.

They were to separate for an hour or two because George had work to do. Would he remember her offer to take the films to the village or was he determined to give it to Noel? Who could say? She dare not ask for it. She kissed him with fear in her heart. In terror and despair she re-entered the garden of the old house an hour afterwards, heard voices and laughter on the terrace and saw the brothers together, standing arm in arm. A cold douche of cowardice made her want to turn and bolt. But she was seen by George, who called and waved his hand. A sweep of physical weakness held her to her place, but to her intense surprise, Noel held out his hand. He played the part of a stranger, a courteous and interested stranger, predisposed to like her for his brother's sake. She heard almost nothing that was said—introduction, congratula-

tions, the usual conventional things. But she did hear, all too clearly, his knife-like cruelty when they were left together by George.

"I would rather see my brother dead than married to you," he said.

"If you've grown out of your idiocy do you suppose that I haven't of mine?"

"You're going to put up a fight?"

"To the last ditch," she said.

"All right. But my immediate job is to rescue my brother from you. Quite simple I find. He has given me the films. I shall develop those snapshots which show you with me at Monte Carlo, and put them in his hand."

"Are you going to do that merciless thing without giving me a chance? Aren't you going to discover what love has done for me?"

"Love doesn't alter nature, and yours is callous and selfish, as I know so well."

"Give me to-day and to-morrow. Be as fair as you would be to a man. I'll show you that love has changed me—or you can ruin my life."

Once he had loved this girl! "I'll be fair," he said.

Fear and cowardice left her. "I trust in my own soul," she told herself, quoting Browning's lines, "that can perceive the outward and the inward, Nature's good and God's."

EXTRAORDINARY hours followed.

They were happy ones to George. The two people who meant most to him were together under his roof. Wearing the mask of friendship, his brother and the woman he loved carried on their fight. Every one of her words and gestures Noel watched. He was sizing her up with deep anxiety so that he might save his brother from falling into a pit. But he could see this girl only as the young and thoughtless creature who had made a fool of him.

Then came Sunday night, and his announcement of a climax which threw her into despair. "Your butler," he said to his brother, "takes photographs. I hear, I'm going to borrow his dark room and develop my tell-tale films."

"A good idea," said George.

Ann sprang to her feet, excused herself, and followed Noel out. "Is there no way by which I can stop you from doing this thing?"

"No." He had never seen her look so lovely as she did.

"There is nothing I can say or do to make you hold your hand?"

"No."

"You're convinced after all these hours that I am unworthy to be George's wife?"

"Yes. Behind your outward devotion I can still see the superficial and mercenary person who pushed me into disgrace."

She went to the door stood for a



Once he had loved this girl. "I'll be fair," he said.

moment and turned. "Will you give me that film in exchange for my suicide?"

"Are you prepared to do that?"

"Yes. Here. To-night."

"You're far too fond of yourself."

"I swear it before God."

"What would be the use?"

HER voice broke, and there was a tremble on her lip. "It would save George from a disillusion that would be worse than death to me, and prove to you that I've grown out of selfishness under his love." She held out her hand for the film.

But before Noel could answer George appeared at the door.

"Say nothing," said Noel under his breath, "and do nothing until you see me again."

She went into the sitting-room where George drew her to his heart. "When you're mine by law and faith as by spirit you are now—there was emotion in his voice—"you will come to a home made excellent by effort and harmony. At the end of every day we three will say with confidence, 'Pass night, all's well.'"

She threw her arms about him. But she was unable to answer because torture gripped her throat.

"That you and Noel are such good friends is a great delight to me." He paid an unconscious tribute to the self-restraint which those two had succeeded in maintaining during all those tragic hours. What was to be the end?

The talk remained one-sided. All Ann could do was to cling to the man who loved her and whom she loved and wait for the sword to fall. The old clock marked off the brief moments of her reprieve.

AND then Noel came back. With a quick look at his brother and the girl he had tried to win, he went to the fireplace and stood with his back to it.

"Well, now we shall know," said George.

Ann hung upon Noel's words. "As a matter of fact, we shan't. I was hopeless with a camera in those Monte Carlo days. Not a shot comes out."

"What? There's nothing of that woman?"

"Nothing at all," he said.

George went over to the window. A new moon lay on its back. "Well, let her float on the waters of the Swift River to the Open Sea," he said.

Noel threw the unbroken roll of film into the hottest part of the fire, and bowed with admiration to the girl who had proved her courage and love.

CONTRACT Need Not SCARE YOU ...

By
FRANK
CAYLEY



"Auction is dead. Long live contract!"

Australia is one of the few countries in the world which still takes its auction bridge seriously. In the clubs it still holds pride of place ahead of its rival, but its popularity is definitely on the wane.

THE reason is not very far to seek. Auction is a fine game, and contract represents the development of all that is best in it. Contract is not new, difficult or revolutionary. On the contrary, it is probably much easier to play first-class contract than first-class auction.

The opponents of contract condemn it as being "overburdened with conventions, and too much like hard work for the average player." By "conventions" we must assume that they mean "artificial conventions." All other varieties are just crystallised common sense. In point of fact, all artificiality has been reduced to a minimum, and there are few calls which have any hidden meaning.

WHERE THE GAMES DIFFER

The main differences between the two games are:—

(1) The bidding.
(2) The scoring.

Bidding methods have to be slightly different, because only the tricks actually contracted for may count towards game. All extra tricks are scored in the honours column.

Surely this is logical! In auction there was always an element of bargain hunting. In other

Mr. Frank Cayley was one of the first players in Australia to take up contract bridge seriously. Besides being one of the leading teachers, he is also recognised as a fine exponent of the game.

In August last year Mr. Arthur Whitelaw offered to back an Australian team for £500 against an American team selected by Ely Culbertson. The only stipulation was that the local team should include Dr. F. V. McAdam (Editor of The Bridge Magazine Of Australia) and Mr. Cayley, who is Assistant Editor of the same publication.

words, one set out to purchase an article as cheaply as possible. In contract we must be willing to pay a fair price for this article.

Contract gives the under-dog a chance by forcing his powerful adversaries to bid their cards to the limit instead of allowing game or a slam to be made following a mere "one spade" bid.

No longer can we bid "one no trump" in a voice calculated to frighten the opposition, and then triumphantly make enough tricks for game. If we fail to bid game we are certainly not entitled to score it.

Sydney bridge enthusiasts are now changing over to contract like black swans taking off from a lake. They are a tribe ungainly at first, but what joys await them when they pass this stage.

ACCURACY ESSENTIAL

The ability to value a hand accurately is an essential part of the contract player's armoury. Even slams have to be bid if they are to obtain any special bonus, so both partners must co-operate to the fullest possible extent.

Consistent underbidding is worse than slight overbidding, and is a fault which must be completely eradicated.

The scoring presents few difficulties. It is on a far grander scale than that to which we have been accustomed, but allowance is made for this by reducing the stake to about one-third.

An average contract rubber is worth about 1000 points, whereas an auction rubber seldom exceeds 400 points.

It will be seen, therefore, that two-fifths is a more correct estimate. At the Portland Club in England, the £5 per hundred auction players now play £2 per hundred at contract.

(Details of the new contract scoring will be published next week.)

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GET A PRUDENTIAL GRIP ON THE FUTURE

MOSTLY ABOUT MEN



JANE ANN SEYMOUR

SNUBBING WOMEN

ARRIVING on the comic scene before woman, man enjoyed a period of supreme Fascism, during which he acquired the habit of bossing everything in sight.

With all the animals hithering and thithering at his say-so, he must have had a high old time, and, doubtless, he would never have allowed woman a look-in in the world at all had he not been unconscious at the time she made her debut.

Since then, whenever there's a woman in the office, man suffers a lapse into the old primeval stupor, and never quite has all his wits about him while she remains in his immediate neighborhood. And a good thing, too; for though all the sons of Adam have inherited the ancestral superiority complex, woman regards their queer delusions concerning their natural grandeur more in wonder than in anger.

Man rarely becomes too unmanageable to be bearable, and that's the main thing, after all.

Still, a little frankness now and then, though never relished by the wisest men, is good discipline for them. Hence these candid columns, in which I take leave to comment on man's ways with a world which is mostly of his making.

One of the strangest phenomena of the species male is the way in which a man will present a woman with the keys of his heart, install her in supreme command of his home, and immediately she ventures to put her nose outside the mod. bung, all convs., view to taking a hand in affairs outside, he at once gets panic struck. Just she should wreck the whole outfit.

As Kipling has so charmingly expressed it, she can set the family meal tables nicely, do the cooking to a turn, and the washing-up to a nicety; but let her keep away from the council table! Countless similar snubs have been administered to woman in general by otherwise quite nice men who wouldn't dream of being rude to any woman in particular.

Our Dogs



The Scotch Terrier can be relied on.

DIE-HARD is his nickname, and it is said he inhabited Scotland when Abraham was a youth.

There's not a whole lot of him, but what there is, is all DOG; just ask the man who owns one.

To you he offers a kindly, quizzical look, and an almost embarrassing interest in your affairs. To your friends he offers all the courtesies, and expects them in return. His is a sensitive character.

In on everything, Scotty finds nothing comes amiss. Finally, when he barks, he means something—senseless yapping makes no appeal to Scotty's masculine intellect.

True dignity in small parcels—such is Scotty.

THE KITCHEN SINK

RESULTS of this Bedlamish state of affairs are often tragic, frequently comic, and usually stupid and makeshift.

Women have, for example, to work in man-made homes, and very often the fittings, designed by men-all-alone, are foolish to a degree. In my kitchen there is a nice, large, white, shining porcelain sink, which is a joy to the beholder. It is 17½ x 11½ inches at the top and slopes inward to 8½ inches at the bottom. The average dinner plate is 9½ inches across; so, of course, it is impossible when washing up to stack the dinner plates flat in the sink.

If the man who designed that sink had tried washing up in it, before putting it on the market—"oh, the difference to me!"

Also, in my modern bathroom, the nicely nickel-plated h. and c. water taps over the porcelain pedestal basin are jammed so close to the side it is impossible to clean the basin behind them. Moreover, you can't conveniently fill a drinking glass from the taps, so every time you clean your teeth you have to resort to the tap over the bath for a glass of rinsing water.

These examples are homely; but after all, women wash-up over a thousand times a year, and an average family of four persons cleans its teeth much oftener than that, so kitchen and bathroom fittings might just as well be sensible.

MALE CAMARADERIE

MIND you, there are some things about the way men run the world that I like. One is their camaraderie

Last night I had a heartening example of this, got by doing a little conscientious eavesdropping at a conversation between a policeman and an over-happy old car-minder. The old chap is, as a matter of fact, pretty well-known to me, and, when sober, which he very often is, he is a most excellent citizen.

Last night the cares of citizenship sat very lightly on his frail, old shoulders, and his cracked old voice was raised in somewhat roystering melody. To him came the policeman, notebook open and pencil in hand. Having secured the name of the noisy one, the policeman asked:

"Your address?"

"Number — Riley Street, sir."

"Riley Street?" repeated the constable. "Woolloomooloo, isn't it?"

But before he could write it down the old chap placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"Call it East Sydney, officer," he begged; "I always refer to it as East Sydney, myself, because it sounds more aristocratic. The best people look sideways on you if you tell them you live in Woolloomooloo—and, anyhow, I doubt if you can spell the word, me bhoy!"

The policeman regarded the disreputable old fellow thoughtfully. Then he said:

"Indeed! Well, get home to Riley Street, East Sydney, and be quick about it," and he solemnly deleted the entries he'd made in his book.

WOMAN'S SNOBBERY

NOW, had that argument occurred between a woman policeman and the feminine prototype of the old car attendant, which a future full of woman world-minders may produce, I doubt whether the lady would have escaped so happily. An erring woman, thus answering a woman in authority, would, I fear, have been judged upbraid and impertinent and deserving of prosecution with the utmost rigor of the law.

I hope, when our turn comes to have a hand at the world's steering wheel, we'll copy the masculine tolerance of outlook, which we largely lack at present. And first of all, we'll

have to do something about snobbery, which is mostly a feminine vice, though men suffer from it a good deal as well. Perhaps that's one of the things men and women will have to join forces over before it can be altogether laughed out of our midst.

A MAN'S FASHION HINT

AND just before you go, sir, may I have a word with you about your hat? You have been having such a lot to say about the way women change the chapeaux modes that a heart-to-heart on your own millinery seems apposite.

First, then, do cease hanging about those mercery windows which are now doing such bilious-making displays of green hats. Most of them are dragging in the Prince of Wales to the riot. Well, just remember you are not the Prince of Wales, and so you must walk warily before deciding on a green hat.

It's a thousand to one your complexion can't stand it, and the odds also are that your wife won't be able to stand you in it, either. She may conceal her nausea, knowing that you have paid a hefty figure for it, and she quails at the thought of the further expense of replacing it. But it is not fair to place such a strain on her.

Believe me, greys, browns, and fawns will be kinder to you, unless you are a swarthy Menace, or a fair Adonis—in which case you don't need to add the further weapon of a green hat, to your armory.

Next to color, width of the brim is the most vital item in the success of a hat, and of this and other hat tricks more anon.

The DEATH Scream

Had an implacable Nemesis tracked the explorers of the Egyptian tombs—exacting from them, one by one, the fatal penalty?

OUR
SHORT
SERIAL

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in
Three
Installments

Illustrated
by
Wep

SHE awoke with a gasp, sat up rigid, shocked, her eyes round in fear. For a while she could not be certain she had actually heard the sound. It might easily have been a nightmarish delusion; the echo, in a dream, of the dreadful shriek she had heard those other

nights.

But she realised soon enough that the sound had been real. Apparently everyone in the house had been roused by it. Doors were opening, and she caught the clamor of frightened voices in the hall, the thumps of running feet. There was something of panic in the sudden excitement, as if a fire had been discovered.

Katherine Lacombe swung out of bed. As she reached for her negligee, electric tinglings, like chills, were quivering through her tense body. And her dark eyes flamed.

She knew exactly what she was going to do. She was going to telephone. Police-Sergeant Cory—or, rather, his son, Dan. Yes, Dan Cory! Regardless of how anyone in this crazy household opposed her, she was going to have the local authorities investigate this horror!

After all, she was twenty-two, and nominally the mistress of her uncle's home; and she didn't intend to endure in passive terror such nights as these.

She started wrapping the negligee about her slim figure, but stopped. Stopped abruptly, stiffly, with her head jerked up and her breath crushed.

For the sound came again!

"Ayee . . .!"

Strident, harsh, piercing. It was unlike any scream she had ever before heard. There was nothing of pain in

This dramatic story will be completed in three issues.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY will adopt a policy which has proved successful in other parts of the world of publishing short serials of high quality, instead of the old way of dragging a full-length book novel through instalments extending over four or five months.

it. Only a kind of exultation and savagery. A cry of insane glee.

"Ayee . . .!"

The breath exploded from her lungs. With an impulsive lurch, Katherine darted across the room to a window.

The shriek came from out there, in the night. From somewhere among the trees, she thought; or from the rocks by the shore, where waves were crashing. If she could see—

But she couldn't.

For a dense grey fog hung before her in an impenetrable mass. It pressed against the pane. She could peer hardly ten feet into its rolling thickness.

And a little groan of despair escaped her. That fog seemed to be laughing at her frustration, wickedly.

The essential thing to do at once was to notify the police, and so she ran out of the room. In the corridor the lights had been switched on. She saw her gaunt, bald-headed Uncle Philip at the top of the stairs, listening in a sort of agony to the agitated whispers of Dr. Kyne and Mr. Merriton.

ALL of them, with dressing-gowns thrown over their pyjamas, looked addled, like men snatched out of sleep

to meet calamity. And Dr. Kyne was hoarsely arguing:

"I tell you it can't be anything else! There's no other cry in the world like it! It's the Death Scream!"

"But—how can it be?" her uncle protested in dazed bewilderment. He was always dazed in moments of stress. Primarily a scholar absorbed in the study of a remote past, he invariably seemed baffled and a little helpless when the present jolted him out of his detachment.

"It—it's absurd," he stammered, "to suppose that here, in England—" "I'm not trying to explain how it can be," Dr. Kyne rapped out, his eyes blazing through his glasses. "I only know I've heard that scream often enough to recognise it now! And so have you!"

"It's the Death Scream! Nobody but one of those desert devils, charging across the Sahara into battle, could utter a scream like that! And he'd utter it only when he meant death!" "Oh, nonsense!" snapped Mr. Merriton. He was a big, practical man with no taste for the bizarre. His deep voice brought a welcome note of sanity. "Bedouins," he scoffed, "don't go screaming into battle on the coast of England."

"Nevertheless—" heatedly began Dr. Kyne.

Then he saw Katherine. They all saw Katherine. In their abrupt silence she recognised consternation; they were visibly dismayed by her presence and by the realisation that she must have overheard their talk.

Their attitude, however, did not surprise her. For days she had suspected that they were all concealing some knowledge concerning those demonish screams. Now she felt sure of it. Very deliberately she turned away from them and started towards the rear stairs.

"Kit!"

Her uncle's quick, anxious call halted her, and she looked back with an uncompromising "Yes?"

"Where—where are you going?" "I'm going," she told him firmly, "to telephone the police."

"Oh, but I—I say! You mustn't do that, Kit!" His dismay became almost ludicrous. He moved towards her with hesitant, uneven steps, his nervous fingers knotting the cord of his dressing-gown. "You really mustn't," he stammered. "I mean—"

"Uncle Phil, it's the only thing to do! I've had enough of this mystery!" And she moved again, determinedly, towards the back stairs.

"Wait!"

This time it was Dr. Kyne who stopped her. The single word cracked

In the corridor the lights had been switched on. She saw her gaunt, bald-headed uncle Philip at the top of the stairs, listening in a sort of agony to the agitated whispers of Dr. Kyne and Mr. Merriton.

from him harshly, like a shot; and its very suddenness caused her to stare at him in astonishment. For ordinarily Dr. Henry Aldrich Kyne was the most suave, courteous, and soft-spoken of men.

He strode towards the girl grimly—a short figure, thickset and vigorous. He had a grey beard, sharply trimmed, and waves of flowing silver hair that contributed enormously to his really handsome appearance. Katherine knew her uncle esteemed him as a man of profound culture. But at that moment he seemed to her just an irascible old nuisance.

"Miss Lacombe," he said, "it would be most unwise to summon the police!" "Why?" she asked.

"For many reasons. In the first place, it would mean a sort of public mystery, with reporters and curiosity-seekers swarming in upon us. You must see that talk of ghostly screams, when linked with anyone of your uncle's prominence, is bound to stir a great deal of interest. We don't want such notoriety. We're all too busy here to be annoyed by outsiders."

"I'd rather submit to a bit of such annoyance," retorted Katherine Lacombe, "than to be awakened night after night by those horrible screams!"

"Heaven knows, this house, with all the Egyptian relics you've heaped into it, is creepy enough. Those shrieks are just about the last straw!" "But there's no cause to call the police," Dr. Kyne insisted. "After all, no crime has been committed."

"Oh, come, Miss Lacombe—" The ponderous Mr. Merriton, having followed the others along the corridor, now smiled at her reassuringly, while his fine, deep voice joined the attempt

at dissuasion. "Surely you understand that none of us cares for public sensation. I'm certain you yourself have no desire to become the centre of—"

"It seems to me," she interrupted, coldly, "that you are all hiding your real reason for not wanting the police here!"

At that she saw Mr. Merriton and Dr. Kyne exchange a swift, startled glance. Then she looked at her uncle, inviting him to speak. But Professor Philip Lacombe, moistening his lips, shook his gaunt head in ineffectual distress. She fancied he would have given much just then to be in the safe seclusion of his studies.

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

"You—you had better do as these gentlemen advise, Kit," he muttered. "I think that would be best for all of us."

"We're doing everything possible to clear this mystery ourselves. Young Berkely and Haj are outside this very minute, trying to locate the source of those cries."

"In this fog," said Katherine, "they'll find nothing!"

"Still—" "No, I can't take it so easily, Uncle Phil. I feel there's something awful—something terrible and menacing and insane—in those screams! I told Sergeant Cory about them the other day, and—"

"You—you told?" gasped Dr. Kyne, wide-eyed.

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? Sergeant Cory himself is in bed with a twisted ankle. But his son promised to come over immediately if we heard

the screams again. And

Without uttering another word, she spun around and darted swiftly down the stairs. Her abrupt departure disconcerted the men; alarmed them, too.

She heard both her uncle and Mr. Merriton cry out to her. But she no longer listened. Those outlandish shrieks in the night had been more eloquent than all these protestations.

By the time she reached the lower floor she knew that Dr. Kyne was coming in pursuit of her. But she did not even trouble to look back at him; ran, instead, into the library. And there, to prevent further dispute, she did something quite incompatible with her role as hostess to her uncle's guests.

Katherine closed and locked the door.

When she heard Dr. Kyne rattling the knob and calling out angrily, she gave the man no attention. Resolutely she crossed the dark room towards the telephone. Her nerves were twanging queerly.

She paused only to switch on the light of a reading-lamp. And as its glow darted into shadowy corners, she thought of Dan Cory, the police-sergeant's son. It would be a distinct relief to have someone like him—young, capable, sensible—around this eerie house!

She reached for the telephone. And at that very instant, as she lifted it, a wild shudder raced through her, and she stood rigid.

For out of the distant fog it came again—long-drawn, piercing:

"Ayee . . .!"

It was 4 o'clock in the morning when Dan Cory's two-wheeler, groping its way through the fog, finally brought him to Evergreen Point—that long, wooded promontory dominated by the Lacombe house.

(Continued on Page 14)

The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 13)

FOR the twentieth time in the past half-hour he had to stop, with an irritated grunt, to wipe the heavy mist from the car's windshield.

Then, though he was still a considerable distance from his destination, Cory decided to walk. Walking, he told himself, would be much easier and perhaps just as fast as trying to steer through this blinding fog.

So he parked the car under roadside trees and set off afoot, moving with brisk, rapid strides that exercised every muscle in his hard young body.

THERE was no wind about him. Not even a breeze from the sea. Yet the night was penetratingly cold. He kept his overcoat collar turned high and pushed his clenched hands deep into the warmth of his pockets, where they touched a police revolver—symbol of his mission.

Dan Cory felt as if he was trudging through a wilderness; as if he was the only creature alive in a world of fog and darkness.

His steps crunched loudly in the silence. And yet it was not silence at all; for the night was uproarious with the crashes and poundings of waves on the rocky shore somewhere to his right.

As he followed the road, Cory thought of the girl whose telephone call had snatched him out of sleep. He had seen Katherine Lacombe just once—two days ago, when she came to tell his father of the amazing screams.

But he remembered her vividly; remembered that he had been unable to tear his gaze away from her lustrous,

excited eyes; from the loveliness of her tense face.

He was still thinking of her, when, some ten minutes later, he found himself at a gate in a tall hedge. Cory paused, then turned into the Lacombe grounds.

The house, he knew, was some three hundred yards ahead. Three hundred yards through black fog in which a weird mystery wrought its spell.

Cory frowned as he walked. He knew the Lacombe house well enough—from the outside. Often, while sailing around Evergreen Point in his old boat, he had gazed at it and marvelled at its stately isolation. A splendid white Georgian mansion, it stood near the tip of the Point, alone, facing the sea, as lonely as a lighthouse.

USUALLY scores of gulls were winging about its chimneys. He had always regarded it as a sort of remote, legendary castle—for certainly there was something of old-world majesty in its aloofness.

"The perfect spot," he thought with grim irony, "for a spook hunt like this! And at this hour—"

But he could not complete the phrase. For Cory heard something that halted him, a rigid figure crushed in fog; something that startled his nerves and set his heart to thudding. Mechanically his fingers curled around the revolver in his pocket. He remained utterly motionless—listening—waiting.

Out of the darkness ahead of him came the distinct sounds of rapid footfalls.

They were hurrying towards him. As they became louder, he grew more tense. And his eyes gleamed. Was he

going to encounter, at the very outset, the one who had been haunting the place with his screams? . . .

In the few seconds he stood there, squinting into the fog, Cory felt queer chills crawl over his body. He spread his feet slightly, as if steadying himself to sustain a blow. His grip on the revolver in his pocket became hard.

Then—
Like a wraith a figure materialised in front of him. A lean figure, its shoulders hunched. At the sight of Dan Cory the man stopped with a gasp. He was a young man with a dark, narrow face in which burned frightened eyes. He wore a stiff felt hat and a black coat. And instantly, with explosive force, he cried:

"Don't move! I've got you covered!"

Cory, staring in amazement, did indeed see a revolver in the fellow's shaking hand. But his own gun, still in his pocket, was levelled at the other's chest. In contrast with the man's hoarse agitation, he himself felt strangely calm.

"What's the idea?" he asked quietly. "N—never mind the idea! Who are you?"

"You'd better answer that one yourself," snapped Cory. "I happen to be a policeman!"

He wasn't a policeman, of course. He was just a young student, two months out of college, who had been deputised by his father—Point Harbor's chief and only police official—to investigate an emergency call. A sort of detective for the night. But Cory found a certain comfort in legalising his position with the title of a policeman.

The thin man gaped at him incredulously.

"A—a what?" he ejaculated. "I think you heard me."

"But—what are you doing here?" the man floundered in bewilderment.

"Miss Lacombe 'phoned for me,"

VEILS are HARMFUL to Women's EYES

FROM the Mohammedan damsel to the smart Occidental Miss of 1933, the "eye curtain" is worn to-day as it

was in the dim past. Mere Man should not blame woman for the latest whim of veil cocked over the front of a pert little hat. The onus is on his own shoulders.

During the eighth century an ex-soldier who had lost an eye in battle tried to improve his appearance by adopting an eye-veil.

From this incident, it is claimed by authorities, the fashion for a small veil just over the eyes originated.

Whether you like the veil as an ornament to dress or not does not matter, for Dame Fashion, like all of her set, needs not the argument of sense to back up any of her arguments. What she says is right, and it is right because she says it.

But many thinking women abroad have been sitting up and taking notice at a long attack against the eye-veil launched by a celebrated doctor. He says it is dangerous to the eyes. And, if to wear an eye-veil means glasses

Women never seem to be able to get away from veils, which again and again return to fashion.

later on, well, the eye-veil will soon quickly fade from Dame Fashion's good books.

A well-known city doctor condemns veils which have big black spots on the gauze directly in front of the eyes.

"Looking at spots must to some extent aggravate the eyesight," he explained.

"One has only to remember how specks on glasses annoy the wearers to realise this. It is quite possible that some deterioration may take place in the eyes after wearing eye-veils for any length of time. Fortunately fashion changes so quickly that there is no great danger facing the eyesight of women."

"Still, most things tend to decay if not used properly. And the eyes, like teeth or any other part of the human body, are not improved by wrong usage. People will not run the risk of wearing glasses if they do not need them, knowing full well that they will not improve their eyesight. They should feel similarly about any veil before the eyes that obscures direct vision."

said Cory. "And now I'll ask the questions!" He narrowed his eyes. "Who are you?"

"Why—" The man in the fog faltered, hesitatingly lowering his revolver. Obviously he was disconcerted and puzzled, hardly knowing what to do. "I—I'm Harrison Berkely!"

"Oh, yes," muttered Cory. "Miss Lacombe mentioned you the other day. Professor Lacombe's assistant, aren't you?"

"Yes!"

"What are you doing out here?"

"I—I've been out almost an hour!" Berkely rasped with sudden harshness. He glared about into the night. "Trying to find the—the damned—"

"The man who screamed?"

"Yes! If it was a man! Lord, the thing sounded inhuman to me. I've never heard anything else like it."

"How long is it since you heard the last scream?"

"Oh, more than half an hour! I've been hunting everywhere in this confounded fog. When I heard you walking down here, I thought I'd finally struck something. So I came running."

Cory was silent a moment, peering intently at the other's lean, handsome



SHE: If I give you one kiss, will you be good?
HE: If you give me one kiss—you'll know I'm GOOD!

face. A pointed moustache lent Berkely a peculiarly Continental air; one would have judged him to be either French or Spanish.

"Well," suddenly said Dan Cory, "I don't think you'll find your screamer by groping about blindly like this. Suppose you come along and show me the way to the house."

To this Harrison Berkely readily agreed. In truth, he seemed relieved by the suggestion that he should end his search; or perhaps by the fact that the police were at last assuming some responsibility in the uncanny affair.

As they trudged through the fog he shivered; and Cory eyed him curiously. It struck him as odd that so nervous a man, whose hand had trembled as it held a gun, had the courage to hunt an unknown menace.

"You out here alone?" he asked.

"No," said Berkely. "Haj is around somewhere. But we separated a little while ago."

"Haj—?"

"Haj Ibn Mayyud." "Oh, yes," Cory recalled, as if speaking to himself. "Miss Lacombe did say the professor had an Arab servant."

Slimness is Line . . . and Line is Beauty

Line . . . poise . . . means everything to a woman. It is part of her feminine charm—yet how many risk their health in an endeavour to attain that attractiveness which is so much admired.

A regular dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts every morning in a long tumbler of warm water will soon cleanse the system of poisons and drive away the superfluous flesh. Many women today are adopting this safe, healthy way of becoming slimmer and more attractive.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are made from the most important active ingredients found in most of the Mineral Spring Waters or Spas in Europe. Thousands of people who go to Europe "take the waters" for CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS and all URIC ACID COMPLAINTS.

You too can be relieved of Constipation, Sluggish Liver, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Blotchy Complexion and all Uric Acid Complaints by taking your regular dose of Schumann's first thing in the morning.

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Salts

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PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

The Greatest Uric Acid Solvent Known to Medical Science

FOR the girl was pallid. Her eyes flamed with a mixture of horror and fear. The hand she impulsively thrust out to seize Cory's arm trembled.

(Continued on Page 34)

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY PHOTOS



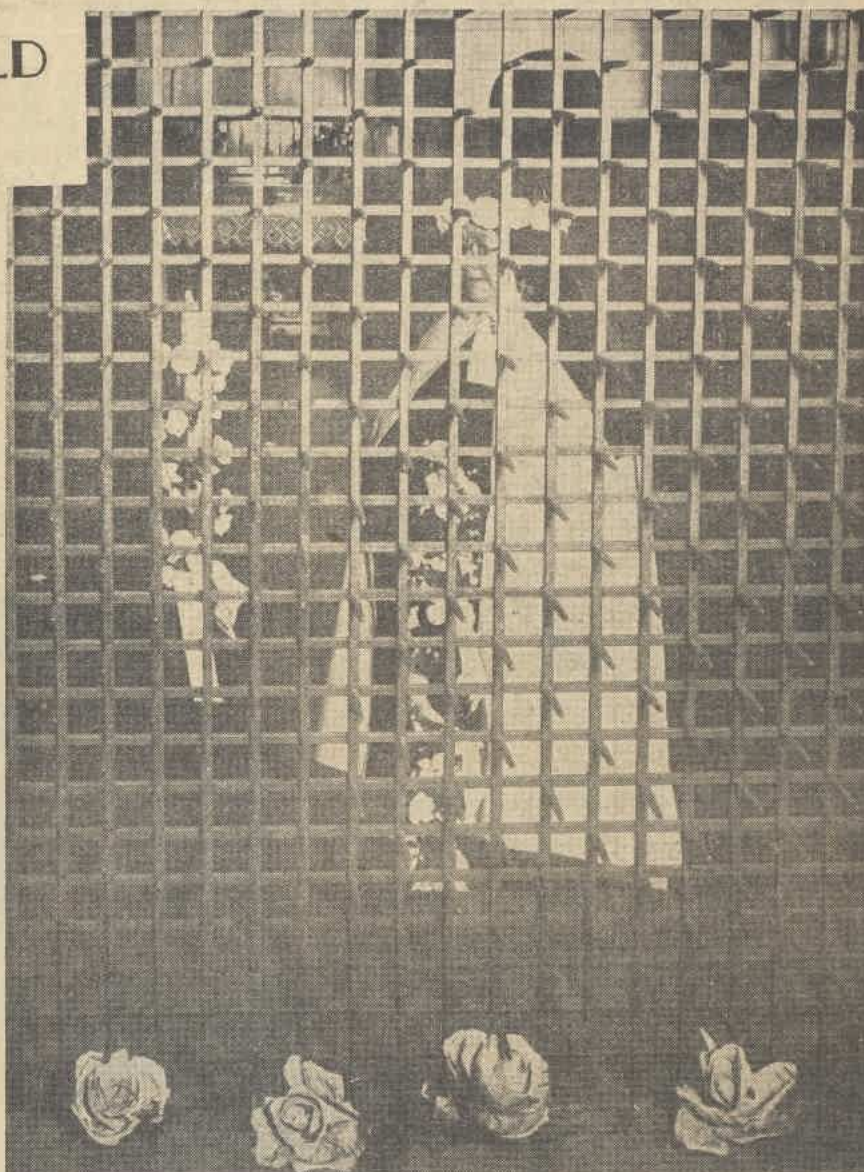
BARRACKERS on the banks of the Nepean at the University boat race last Saturday.



WHO IS SHE?—The Palais Royal's "Mystery Girl" making her first appearance next Wednesday.



MISS ISABEL MACDONALD, daughter of Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, as she arrived at New York with her father for his conference with President Roosevelt.



SOLEMN BEAUTY.—Archbishop Kelly on Monday presided at the golden jubilee of the Rev. Mother Marie du Saint Esprit in the Carmelite Monastery, Dulwich Hill. The Rev. Mother is shown behind a grille specially decorated for the solemn occasion. She is the last of the French mothers who came from France 48 years ago.



MRS. S. HARDY (left) looked sportsman-like in her pepper-and-salt tailor-made suit; at the side of her head she wore a small hat. She was accompanied by Mrs. Roy Chisholm, who blended a brown topcoat with a knitted sweater to match. Her hat and bag were en suite.



HOW COSY is a mink fur coat on a wintry day. Mrs. Reg. Stafford further enhanced the beauty of her coat by pinning an orchid in its lapel. She was accompanied by Miss Eileen Bucknell, who wore a chic black topcoat and a small black hat.



MRS. HERBERT DOUGLASS wore a smart blue corduroy frock with a white satin vest to Randwick on Monday. The two adjoining pictures were also taken at Randwick by The Australian Women's Weekly.

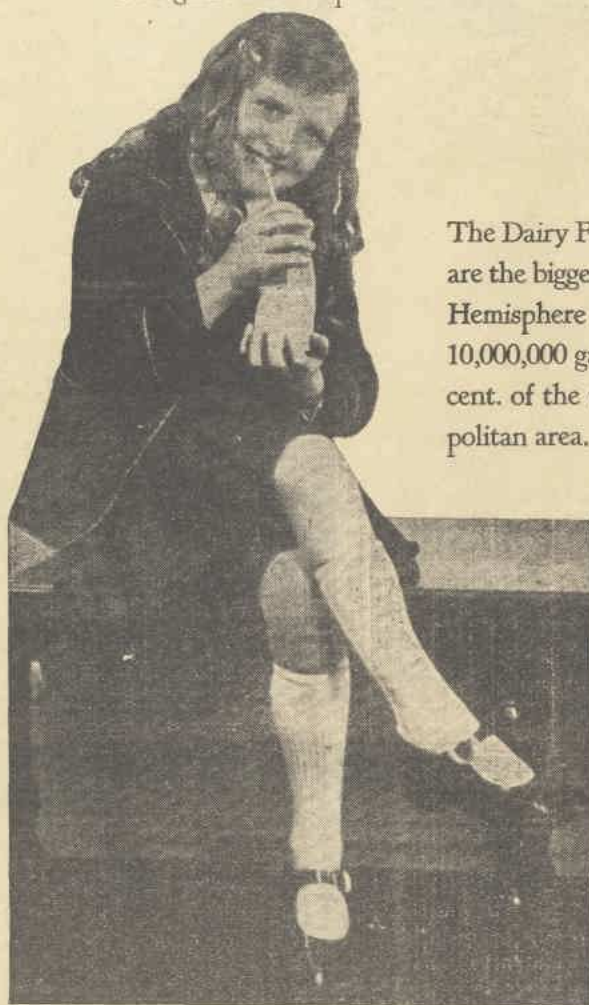
To the WIVES and MOTHERS of SYDNEY

The World's Medical Authorities
unanimously agree that—

1. There is absolutely NO SUBSTITUTE for *Fresh Milk*.
2. *Fresh Milk* contains ALL THE VITAMINS in greater proportion than any other food.
3. Concentrated, evaporated or condensed Milks can never equal *Fresh Milk* or be regarded as adequate substitutes.

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Our Plant and Equipment is the most modern in Australia, and exceeds half a million pounds in value.



The Dairy Farmers' Co-operative Milk Co. Ltd. are the biggest Milk distributors in the Southern Hemisphere — last year this Company sold 10,000,000 gallons of Fresh Milk—nearly 50 per cent. of the total Milk consumed in the Metropolitan area.

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 WAVERLEY, 7 OXFORD ST. FW 3167
 WILLOUGHBY, 252 Penshurst St. J 3592

ALL LIES

Nesta had tried love with Don and it had failed—pity would not do.

LAZILY Nesta turned over in bed, conscious that somewhere a clock was striking eight, tinkling out into the silence. Something had disturbed her. She turned over, thought again, and then she remembered that it was Don's wedding day.

The decree had been made absolute, and to-day he was marrying Crystal. Crystal, who was young and ingenue, with blue eyes and gold silky hair—at mid-day Don would be marrying her.

For the past week every paper had been full of it. Photographs of wide-eyed little Crystal had stared up at Nesta. Kindly editors, revelling in it all, had glossed over the fact that some months ago Don's philanderings had

figured in the divorce courts, and that Nesta had stood there, icy-cold at heart and white like a dead thing, forced to divorce him.

That divorce had hurt her—for, in her own way, Nesta had loved Don. She knew that now, when it was too late. Their romance had started in the hayfields three brief years ago. Suddenly as they sat there talking among the poppies and seeding grasses, they had grown tense and still. They had found love.

"Oh, it was love, it was love," she told herself vehemently, as she beat on the bed of blue taffeta and flit lace.

Perhaps it was love, only it hadn't lasted. They had drifted apart. She had been jealous of his gay faithfulness, of his "little boy" attitude to life, dilettante, philandering.

At the back of her mind there had lingered some vague thought of marrying Guy Pearce, whom she had known for years. He was an older man, seriously minded and he would make a splendid husband. Guy took life as it came. He did not sip at its cup, but he drank in long deep draughts. Until this morning—no, worse, until this very moment—she had intended to marry him.

Only now—with all those fallow months lying in between, with the memories, and the knowledge that this was Don's wedding day—she found that she did not love Guy at all. She loved Don, and it was too late!

From now on Crystal would hold him.

INTRIGUING SERIES OF LOVE STORIES

Love has played a tremendous part in the history of the world, and has been responsible for the rise and fall of nations and empires.

A. P. Garland, a brilliant English writer, has prepared a fascinating and intriguing series revealing the loves and romances of historical men and women. The Australian Women's Weekly has secured the publication rights of the series, and the first story will appear next week.

Crystal who was modern and rather supercilious, a girl who would never understand him really. Nesta hated the very idea of Crystal.

In an hour or so Don, all dressed up, would be thinking in terms of carnations and confetti. Don would be afraid! He had been frightened at her wedding, and he had admitted it quite cheerfully. It had been her mother's most excellent brand of sloe gin that had steered him through.

"Couldn't have faced it without, old girl! Truth!"

She thought of him fondly. She wanted to have him here now, to stroke the hair that curled on his brow, to pat the little lines out of his perplexed forehead. Don, who would be afraid. Crystal would not understand that fear. She was much too young, too ordinary. Very smart, of course, but

modern, but quite incapable of managing Don.

THE telephone jarred. She took it mechanically from the table by her bedside. "Yes?" she said.

"Is that Mrs. Heller?"

"Speaking."

"Nessy, is it you?"

She felt everything seem to stand still within her, though when she spoke her voice was cool enough, but far away. She said, "Yes, Don, it's me."

Don, on his wedding morning. His wedding to somebody else. Absurd idea.

"Nessy, I'm frightened."

She felt the stalwart figure of Guy receding into the distance, and she was not sorry. For the moment she could think only of Don. She had her memories, he ousted everything else. She said, laughingly, "I guessed you would be."

"I want to talk, Nesta?"

"What? To me?"

"Yes, of course. Can I come round now?"

"But, my dear . . . the very thought set her thrilling exquisitely.

"It's all right. The decree is through. Let me come, Nesta, please."

Her heart hammered. "I want him, I want him frightfully!" and the gyroscope of her mind spun round in circles. She said, "Come at once," and rang off.

There was not time to dress.

She pulled on an orchid peignoir, the color that Don loved best. She thrust her feet into impertinent little orchid mules, and she went into the lounge, where her breakfast was waiting on a tray.

The grateful pungency of coffee greeted her, and she poured herself out a cup. As she sipped it, she knew that she was standing on the threshold of adventure, gay adventure. She was seeing Don again. Until now she had not realised how much she wanted him.

She heard him ring, and she listened for his step, soft on the Persian rug without, loud on the parquet. Then she knew that he was standing there.

"Oh, Don!" she said.

Just the same darling Don. Oh, why had she ever been such a little fool? Such an idiotic little fool? Don, with his youthful brightness, his whimsical mouth, his rather childish expression, not unlike a puppy who believes that he has done wrong.

"Oh, Lord!" said Don, "I'm in such a mess!"

"Sit down," she tried not to laugh. She must not get hysterical whatever happened. "My dear, I'm in a blue funk. Just like last time, only worse. You see, I'm not sure . . ."

"Oh, Don, I'm not sure either!"

"That divorce went through at such lightning speed. All those grave old Johnnies started making a fuss and saying things, and using positively revolting words about us. They made me feel that I was scum. Absolute scum. Tail between my legs and all that. I felt I'd got to do something and I met Crystal. She's rather wonderful."

"I've seen her picture!" remarked Nesta.

"But the Lord knows I don't want the responsibility of a home again, and Crystal kicking up a fuss if I kiss the housemaid. I don't believe I am in love."

"I don't believe you are," she agreed.

"What's wrong with me?"

"You want me to help you?"

"That's the idea. What do you think we had better do about it, Nesta? What about eloping? Can one elope with one's late wife? You'd take care of me, and I wouldn't be afraid with you . . ."

He put out a hand and touched hers.

"Oh, my dear," she said, weakly.

She saw him no longer as the divine lover as she had seen him this morning lying in bed and thinking of him in terms of carnations and confetti. She saw him now as rather a pathetic figure. Crystal would not understand him as she understood him. He needed a prop. Poor, weak, but innately lovable Don.

"Perhaps we shouldn't be happy?" she suggested, and her eyes went misty.

"Oh, Nesta, we should! Remember what fun it was before we got silly and jealous, and I made such a fool of myself. What idiots we were to chuck it all up. What idiots. We should be happy, tremendously happy. You don't seem to understand how much I want you back again."

It was quite true, he needed her. He needed a prop. Don could not stand alone. She took his hand, and hers was very cool. "My dear," she said, "when I woke up this morning I thought 'It's

Don's wedding day,' and it hurt. I wanted you frightfully, too. I thought that I was in love with you."

"Precious . . ."

"I don't believe I am in love with you."

It was just jealousy of Crystal. I am most terribly fond of you, and this is possibly pity."

"Pity is akin to love. Let's try it!"

"Oh, Don!"

"Don't be cruel to me, or I can't bear it," he implored. "We've got to get away from all this. We have got to elope."

"Elope?" she repeated, and suddenly she felt the adventurous spirit of it urging her on. "Are you suggesting eloping with me?"

Don's bird-bright eyes regarded her amusedly and then he smiled like a kid.

"Tumps," he said.

"But, my dear, it can't be done."

"Yes, if I can, I'm frightened. I can't go on like this. Nesta, you've just got to run away with me. It is the only possible solution. We won't make a mess of it this time. Sweetness. Truly, we won't."

Her heart told her, "Yes, we shall, of course we shall!" but the adventure pressed hard.

"Oh, Don, what can we do? Help me, dearest."

Don dug his hands deeply into his trouser pockets and nodded across to her.

"Go and pack your things and we'll catch the boat express from Victoria. Paris is what we need. Paris and being married all over again."

For one moment she delayed, then she put up her mouth to be kissed.

"Done!" he said.

"I'll pack at once . . ."

She changed into a tweed travelling frock, and pulled on a small tweed cap, clipped in jade at the side. She opened a suitcase and began to cram it with clothing. As she did so she heard Don

ETIQUETTE



When a man is presented to a lady he should not offer his hand. He should bow and smile. Two men may shake hands at discretion.

in the lounge at the other end of the flat. He had turned on the gramophone. He was playing a chance tune, "Those Little White Lies."

She had meant to throw the record away ages ago—it was old, out of date. She was sick of it. For one horrid moment she was almost afraid that she had been lying to herself. The tune arrested her attention.

She heard the rattle of a stick in the letter-box. Guy's stick. The rattle brought her up with a jerk. She opened the door to him and stood there a little breathlessly. "You can't come in."

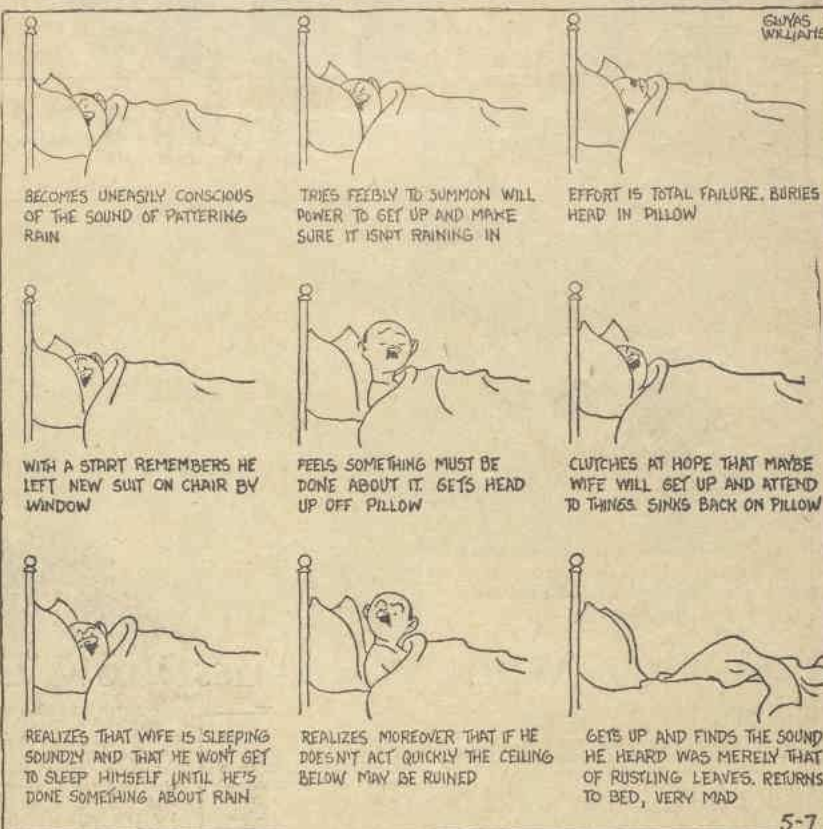
"Can't come in? Why not?"

From the lounge there still tinkled out the tune. Guy glanced at the door of the room which was closed. He said, "Don't tell me, Nessy, if you would rather not but . . ."

She tried to calm herself, but for one

A Man Worrying About Rain

By Gluyas Williams



BECOMES UNEASILY CONSCIOUS OF THE SOUND OF PATERING RAIN

TRIES FEEBLY TO SUMMON WILL POWER TO GET UP AND MAKE SURE IT ISN'T RAINING IN

EFFORT IS TOTAL FAILURE. BURIES HEAD IN PILLOW

WITH A START REMEMBERS HE LEFT NEW SUIT ON CHAIR BY WINDOW

FEELS SOMETHING MUST BE DONE ABOUT IT. GETS HEAD UP OFF PILLOW

CLUTCHES AT HOPE THAT MAYBE WIFE WILL GET UP AND ATTEND TO THINGS. SINKS BACK ON PILLOW

REALIZES THAT WIFE IS SLEEPING SOUNDLY AND THAT HE WON'T GET TO SLEEP HIMSELF UNTIL HE'S DONE SOMETHING ABOUT RAIN

REALIZES, MOREOVER, THAT IF HE DOESN'T ACT QUICKLY THE CEILING BELOW MAY BE RUINED

GETS UP AND FINDS THE SOUND HE HEARD WAS MERELY THAT OF RUSTLING LEAVES. RETURNS TO BED, VERY MAD

5-7

THINGS THAT HAPPEN

Where Nellie Stewart Played

PEOPLE who take a short-cut down Hosking Place from Castlereagh Street to Pitt Street, Sydney, do not realise the historical associations of the place. It is named after the Hosking who was first Mayor of Sydney, and whose house, with a well-treed garden, used to face Pitt Street.

The place, itself, was a residential street in the old days of Sydney, and because of the proximity to the theatres, the terrace of small houses there became quite theatrical.

A little girl often seen sitting on the doorstep of the third house down rose to great fame. She is Nellie Stewart. Walter Baker was born in another of the houses—"Gee Vee."

Know What You Wear

ONE sees all manner of curious trimmings, culled from Oriental designs, and so on, but I wonder how many people consider just what the interpretation of a smart buckle or medallion may be. I was in the north of Queensland some time ago, and on my hat—a model to which I was particularly attached—was a small ornament with

difficult moment she found herself gasping. She was unnerved. "Guy, I'm not in love with you. It has all been a mistake, and I've made up my mind—I'm going away with Don."

"I see."

"Don't make me feel a beast."

"Nesta, as if I wanted to make you feel that! I want you to be happy. It's good-bye, and God bless you."

He drew her hand to his lips, and that was the moment when the old record trickled into silence. She shut the door between them. She heard Guy outside, the peremptory ring which demanded the lift, the opening of the gates wheezing concertinawise together.

AND in that moment Nesta saw the man whom she really loved stepping into the lift, and the philanderer, the man she only pitied, in the lounge. She had made an entirely wrong decision. She had tried love with Don and it had failed. Pity would not do. She rushed into her room, grabbed the suitcase and panicked downstairs. She saw the lift sinking slowly as she ran down the stairs, round and round, to catch it on the ground floor. Guy must not go!

Don finished a drink and the record. He called to Nesta, and as she did not reply came out into the hall. He saw the open doors and heard the lift sinking. He went into his former wife's room. There were open drawers, litter of lace, general debris. He went across to the window a little frantically.

"By Jove!" said he.

Below, in the street, Nesta and Guy were getting into a taxi together.

several Chinese characters in gold lettering. While in a Chinaman's shop my husband, who did not admire my millinery, said to the Chinaman:

"John, what do those letters mean?" "The mother of many children!" he replied without the flicker of a smile.—"Ann G."

Supper For Radio Voices

LIVING just a few doors away from us is an old lady, 89 years of age. A radio set has just been installed in the house and is a source of never-ending pleasure to her. She is always ready to tell you of the charming men who talk to her and sing for her. To her they are apparently very real people, for she regards any attempt at conversation while a session is being broadcast as gross rudeness to the announcers or performers. Every night when she has her supper she insists on a tray being set for the men and takes it out herself to the front verandah, leaving it on the top step. As she derives the greatest pleasure from this little gesture, the family see to it that nothing is left on the tray in the morning—"Radstar."

Blown-Up

I WAS a fellow guest at a house recently, with a man whose tales of military experiences held our hostess' small son spellbound. The raconteur, I might state, was of definitely portly build.

A few days later, I was at the house again and the lad's mind was still engaged with the doughty deeds of which he had been told.

"Was Mr. Perkins ever wounded?" he asked.

"I don't think so, Bill!" I said. "I believe he was blown up once."

"Oh, is that what makes him so fat?" asked the youngster.—Boarder.

A Pocket Bradman

MY small son wanted a new cricket bat for his birthday. We took him to a sports store run by an international cricketer, who has been for years one of the foremost batsmen of the world. The lad was full of importance, and knew exactly what he wanted. The great batsman produced a bat. The lad made some very professional passes with it and said:

"This is only a size four. Have you one the same, size five?"

"Oh, a five would be too big for you, lad. It would spoil your strokes!" said the cricketer.

Followed a few more professional flourishes and the pocket Bradman, looking up at the tall man, nodded his head gravely.

"Aw, well—p'raps you're right!"—"Seton."

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL



Above.—Chapped lips are the result of biting westerlies, and special care must be taken.

Below.—A fresh wind brings roses to the cheeks, but too fresh a wind makes them like beetroot.



TAKE CARE WHEN WESTERLIES BLOW COLDLY

THE beauty "that is skin deep" is not altogether a myth when cold days play their part with the skin. At once we remember that a complexion needs attention, for something has gone amiss with the texture of that essential and all-important item—the skin. Its texture is awry, and a harshness has replaced the delicacy of its softness to which we are accustomed. The inevitable question is, "WHAT SHALL I DO?"

To my querist I would answer that, in the first place, you must help yourself, or at least help your skin to help itself. A remedy is always at hand, but first you must protect the surface cuticle from further blemishing.

YOU know that cold winds cause redness and chapping of the skin if the latter is not well dried after washing. Warm water is soothing in its

Modern women are paying more and more attention to their personal appearance. In a special series of articles, of which this is the first, a noted beauty specialist will advise readers on the latest methods of beauty culture.

effect, especially if a little oatmeal is used in conjunction with your soap, but dry thoroughly with a soft towel on all occasions.

Also, with regard to soap, this must be of the finest type, bland and pure in its constituents, but do not use in excess. Soap is really the morning cleanser with tepid water, an oil cream being employed at night to remove dust and make-up of the day.

There is no skin so rough and red, whether on face, neck, or hands, that will not yield to treatment systematically given.

Let your night cleansing cream be of the thin type—almond oil will do—and wipe or massage this right over the face before retiring. A preliminary tepid wash is permissible to open the pores. Massage the cream upwards and outwards, then remove with cleansing tissues or a soft cloth. Next consider your skin from the standpoint of texture, remembering, of course, that every skin has an individuality of its own.

THAT which is dry or inclined to wrinkles requires a tissue cream to supplement the deficiency in normal fat or sebum. This builds up the surface outside, and smooths out those unwanted lines. Obtain a pure vegetable cream, perfumed or otherwise, and massage as above last thing at night.

Do not overlook the neck if you are of the thin kind—every woman will admit that a scraggy neck is abhorrent.

Begin at the chin, and massage in a series of tiny circles with the backs of the fingers, the movement being carried right to the ears. Then proceed with the cheeks up to the temples, this time with the tips of the fingers, and finish from the centre of the forehead upwards and outwards towards the ears.

THE RIGHT MASSAGE

In these movements undue pressure is not required, the rotary action really causing the cream to be absorbed by the skin pores as needed.

The skin that is naturally greasy requires but little of this skin food, and in most cases the cleansing cream will suffice. A spirit astringent must be requisitioned to close the pores, the excess of natural oil being also removed in this way. I would suggest that you add a little glycerine to liquid witch hazel or cologne, say one part in ten, and substitute this for the skin food on alternate nights. Wipe firmly into the skin last thing at night, or massage in lightly as above.

It should be stated that no greasy cream is required for the morning make-up, unless the skin is unduly chapped.

Bathe with tepid oatmeal water, then dry and dab on your skin lotion or astringent. The powder base, preferably of the thin, greaseless type, is next. This serves as a protection for the pores, and clogging with your normal day powder is thereby avoided.

Compacts

PERMANENT waves are not always successful after the use of dyes and bleaches, though more satisfactory results are being obtained daily.

LIP-STICK can do more than change the color of the mouth. It can keep the delicate skin of the lips in perfect order. One sees few chapped lips now that almost every woman carries a lip-stick in her bag.

CREAM which is to feed the skin or fill out wrinkles will be more effective if it is slightly warmed before application. Warm it by standing the jar in a bowl of hot water.

AN ASTRINGENT lotion applied to the feet before you go dancing will save you from over-perspiring and ruining your best silk stockings. Get your chemist to make up the lotion consisting of 20 grains of tannic acid dissolved in 100 of eau de Cologne.

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

The Latest on Colds

The Rockefeller Foundation appointed a committee to inquire into the cause of colds. They found out that most people have at least two a year, and that there is a definite class of people who are more susceptible than others. They also state that occupation has a great deal to do with it, in so far as office workers show a much greater incidence than anybody else. The more airy the occupation, the less common are colds in it. The committee reported that possibly the best way to avoid a cold was to have an efficient diet, rich in vitamin A.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

In the quietness of every doctor's surgery patients ask their questions with perfect confidence in the man upon whom they rely for health, for reassurance, and sometimes for life. Every medical man could tell a fascinating story of these patients and these questions: and "one of Sydney's best-known medical men" will tell anonymously every week in this column of questions his patients ask him—questions on matters which will be of the greatest importance and practical value to every girl and woman.

WOMEN'S FOOD

Question: What is the best food for an expectant mother?

An overwhelming amount of work has been done in food research during the past decade. In the forefront of the movement has been Professor Mellanby and his wife, whose fame is world wide. They have recently shown that where vitamin A is low in the diet, infection attacks the patient.

Further research is pointing to the fact that this question of food is of great importance to a woman during pregnancy. If a mother takes a proper amount of vitamins in her food, especially of vitamin A, she has a much better chance of keeping well and having a healthy child than those who do not do so. Vitamin A is present in the liver oil of the deep-sea fishes. It has been used extensively for many years in the form of cod liver oil. In our foodstuffs it is found in milk, eggs, butter, green vegetables, certain root vegetables (carrots and sweet potatoes), and certain fruits like the papaw and the mango.

NEUROTICS

Question: I hear a lot about neurotics. What are they?

Of all the unhappy people in the world, the neurotic is probably the most to be pitied. Unfortunately, women outnumber men in this class of case by at least ten to one.

A leading world specialist, discussing this a few weeks ago, pointed out that one of the factors in producing a neurotic was lack of adequate love. While this may be a matrimonial matter, it generally went deeper than that, and was often an echo of childhood days. Lack of maternal love and disharmony in the home were of great importance in the producing of the neurotic in after life. For parents to quarrel in front of their children was a disastrous thing. Anything which gives the child a feeling of insecurity is reflected in its after life. Parents sometimes blame children for lack of affection, for which their own repressive attitude was often directly responsible.

HEALTHY MODERN GIRL

Question: Do girls suffer by wearing light clothes?

The thinly-clad girl of to-day came in for a great deal of praise last month from a specialist in joint

diseases, who said that she is in the best possible state of clothing to allow for normal action of the skin in hot and cold weather. Male clothing came in for his condemnation, owing to the fact that close-fitting, non-porous garments keep the skin perpetually moist and interfere with its function. Modern female dress was condemned on one point, and that is the wearing of a fur over a thin, low-necked dress. This causes the neck and shoulders to be hot and perspire, which then causes the fur to be thrown back and a very sudden change of temperature brought to the overheated skin surface.

GOITRE PREFERS BLONDES

Question: I have always been terrified of goitre. Is it so very common?

Exophthalmic goitre has just been receiving a close investigation from an expert. He has found that it is more common in women than men, and shows a decided preference for blondes. Single women are more affected than married, and while it is never seen before the age of 15, it is seldom seen after 55. Mental workers, like school teachers, are more affected than any others. There is consolation for any victim of the trouble in the final remark of the expert that goitre produces "a lively, temperamental, and volatile type of person," who is distinctly attractive to the male. Goitre responds well to early treatment, and should never be neglected.

BLOOD PRESSURE

Q: What is the latest authoritative information about blood pressure?

Blood pressure is such a common complaint these days that any authoritative advice on how to avoid it is welcome. A leading British specialist has reported, after investigating a large number of cases, that it comes on in middle and elderly life, and is frequently the result of overwork, worry, eating, or drinking. Sometimes more than one of these factors are present. High blood pressure is one of the penalties of the rich being seen far more frequently in them than in the poor.



DO THIS EXERCISE every morning. Place your hands on your hips, hold the body in an erect position, drop slowly until you are squatting on your heels. Repeat 12 times. Breathe deeply.

rare under 40. It tends to occur in families, and the evidence points to the fact that there is hereditary tendency to it. It is often seen in those who have gone outside the bounds of moderation either in working, worrying, eating, or drinking. Sometimes more than one of these factors are present. High blood pressure is one of the penalties of the rich being seen far more frequently in them than in the poor.



MISS PATRICIA MINCHIN

The Beautiful Radiant and Theatrical Star is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Winter winds need not distress your skin

IS yours a summer-time complexion? Do winter winds roughen your skin? Shivel it? Is it too sensitive to changes of temperature—hot rooms, cold outside air? Many women do complain of just these things—but never those women who protect their skin with Mercolized Wax. Mercolized Wax, having cleansed the skin perfectly, continues to keep it functioning healthfully, enables it to resist effects of weather and fatigue. Apply Mercolized Wax at night. It will cleanse and feed your skin. Apply it very morning. It will afford protection and provide a delicate and perfect base for powder. Invaluable for freckles, windchaps, moth-patches, and surface skin imperfections.



Mercolized Wax

"The Loveliest Girls Use It"



FASHION PARADE

by Jessie Tait



Loose Swagger Coats

Shoulders Cut Too Wide

WITH the cold weather so far advanced, it is, of course, of no value at this halfway point of the season to discuss items of a winter wardrobe. Cold weather garments have already been purchased, and at this date are no doubt living up to your most optimistic expectations, or, what is more likely, considering the shallow purses of all, sadly realising your gravest misgivings.

It is my intention this week to discuss clothes which are not light enough for summer days, but which will be suitable for that nebulous period of the year that lies between winter and summer.

It is then that the weather man seems to grow moody, and a wide variation of temperature is the result.

You can practically take your choice of spring coats this year. Every type of coat imaginable is good. You will find horsey tweeds and wool mixtures, utilitarian affairs that will go with any frock. Coats dripping with fur and coats with no fur at all. Full length and the newer three-quarter slim-fit-

MISS JESSIE TAIT—

whose excellent taste and outstanding knowledge of women's clothes is well known, will contribute a weekly article on clothes.

Miss Tait's dressing of so many of the J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows—"Our Miss Gibbs" being her most recent—is evidence of her unusual talent and practical understanding of the subject upon which she writes with such authority.

ting or very loose. Capes are new and are generally finger-tip or knee length.

For out-of-door wear, big, loose, swagger coats hanging straight from the shoulders, and either buttoning or tying only at the neckline. Sleeves are loose and outside, and make a point of folds. Nothing is fitted except at the neck. A scarf collar of the same material, often lined with contrasting color, lies in a large bow. Shoulders are cut too wide to offset this, giving one a coat-hanger look. The wide, blocked-out shoulders are on all new coats. They give a very slimming effect to the waist and hips. Padding, folds, tucks, fur massed at the upper part of the sleeve—anything to procure that square look. Large patch pockets are smart on these out-of-door coats, and see that they open straight down the centre with no fastenings. Materials are rough. Homespun tweeds, plaids from all the clans.

Checks Galore

Checks and more checks, scattered, distinct and obscure, large checkerboard size and small, neat ones; lots of furry-looking materials with Angora or rabbit hair woven into them. Harris tweeds have emerged in colors—spring-like canary-yellow, burnt orange, light blues and greens.

A cheerful change after the drab browns and black of winter. The surfaces are all rough. Anything smooth and sleek is definitely dowdy for these practical clothes.

Blue, grey, and beige will be the most outstanding colors. They will be seen in every tone. Used alone with colored



Here's a beige cape model with a difference. Notice the brown and beige printed blouse with long sleeves, the cape that is faced with the same printed silk, the slim straight skirt. The belt is pieces of brown wood strung together.

Schiaparelli makes the three-quarter length coat and its accompanying skirt of a grey pin-striped wool, with a shoulder yoke on the coat which is frankly too broad, and a small turnover collar close around the neck. The over-large patch pockets are an important note. The coat is fastened up the left front with three wooden cylinders and loops.

The cardigan suit of navy blue soft Angora-woollen is animated by a scarf, hat, and gloves of navy blue rough silk printed with white spots. The coat has a square shoulder yoke and V-shaped tucks in sunray design. The accessories could be made in red and white checked pique for a change.



SHOES.—Braided gold and silver kid strap sandal to wear with almost any evening dress.

YOUR beige, blue, and grey spring handbag simply must have a copper clasp, initials, or ornamentation. Large copper cuff bracelet to match.

KNITTED VEST.—An easily knitted vest to wear with a skirt under a coat. It ties at the back of the neck and round the waist.

GLOVES of red corduroy velvet look smart worn with a navy blue suit or grey dress, with hat of the same material.

accessories, or with two or more shades, or with two other contrasting colors. Black is still worn, perhaps more than anything else, but to make it look more exciting, put a lipstick red coat over your black dress or wear an emerald green hat and dress with your black coat.

Put a blue coat over a dress of vivid green and a green feather in your hat.

Take a knee-length swagger coat, wear it over a red dress, and have a blue scarf with red and white spots. A bright navy suit with the lining of the loose jacket and the blouse of canary yellow. Paris likes a plaid of dark blue, pale blue, and white making a skirt and Ascot tie-coat and jumper in plain blue. The cardigan suit sketched is in navy blue with scarf

and the very newest gloves in blue with white spots.

To save beige from being pale and uninteresting, wear with it nigger brown, bottle green, red, coral pink, or black. The dress and cape sketched are in beige Angora cloth; the top of the dress and lining of the cape are of dark brown and beige printed crepe.

Continued on Column 2

Contrasts In Color

The Smartness Of Grey

Continued from previous column

Beige coat over a bright coral pink dress and coral hat. Beige suit with a red and white candy striped blouse.

You can go color mad with grey. It is used by nearly every designer in Paris for all types of clothes. Deep battleship grey through many shades to pale pearly grey.

The illusion that it is a "hard color to wear" will not be an excuse any more, as you may put almost any color imaginable with it.

Choose three shades of grey: cyngalla (a soft, hairy woollen) and have the darkest for the skirt, the palest for the top, the in-between for a short jacket. Wear with this a wide belt of raspberry-colored suede, with hat to match. Wear a tunic blouse of bright yellow with a three-quarter-length grey swagger coat and skirt. A plaid of dusty pink, white, and black will look stunning made into a blouse and hat, with a cardigan suit of the pale pearly tint.

Just think of all the ways you could use an impeccably tailored grey top-coat.

It will contrast with a red and white checked dress perfectly. You can wear it over greens, blues, black and white prints with small grey patterns; it can be worn over smart knitted sweaters and separate skirts. Pale lettuce and lime green are especially good with grey, and best of all I like all those wine reds, cyclamen, and purplish tones. Chantal makes an ensemble with the palest of grey skirts, deep grey three-quarter coat, wine-red blouse, tying in a bow at the neckline.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

BELTS and necklaces made of flattened celluloid dahlias are French fashion details, and Chanel's evening necklaces of tiny nosegays of field flowers strung together are something to look forward to wearing in the spring.

BELTS, belts of strong leather, and suede studded with metal like a horse's harness, braided copper, knitted and crocheted wool, and still string ones.

It is smarter to wear a colored hat with a black dress than with a colored one.

HIGH-CROWNED hats still continue to come out of Paris salons. The newest is Arnes' postillon sailor, with a narrow brim and very high, sloping crown.

INSPIRATIONS from the 1900 silhouette are dresses that have ruffles all over or at the bottom of their skirts for the evening. Gibson Girl shirt-waists and skirts minus straight fronts are romping around Jean Patou's hats with birds on them, and Molyneux's toques with paradise plumes. Tulle and organdie boas abound.

SKIRTS are slightly longer for day-time, shorter for sports, and trail the ground for evening. The waistline is normal, although Patou is still inclined to drop his a few inches in his evening dresses.

LOTS of accessories are designed as a part of the costumes: copper mounted bags and bracelets (see sketch) to match large copper clips or buttons on coats and suits. Shoes and gloves in same fabric. Brown wooden buttons and belt for sports clothes with fantastic necklaces of wooden beads.

A Hollywood DREAM



Knit yourself this delightful scarf and jumper worn by Jeanette Macdonald.

This jumper from Jeanette Macdonald's wardrobe is the first of a series of delightful notions gleaned from Hollywood, which will be presented to readers with complete directions for making.

This very smart jumper is knitted in red, white, and black, striking a gay and becoming note of color, but the secret of its charm lies in the softly tied bow on the shoulder.

We have used bows of ribbon and bows of velvet, bows of organdie and flowing scarves, but the combination of a loosely knitted scarf and a semi-tailored sports jumper aptly illustrates the originality—and the artistry—that makes Hollywood fashions so distinctive.

HOW TO MAKE

This jumper is knitted in three colors, black, red, white, to fit 32-34 bust measurement.

Materials Required: 4 skeins white 3-ply, two skeins black and 1 skein red; 1 pair No. 11 needles, 1 pair No. 9 and one No. 1 wooden needle for scarf. **Back:** With black wool and No. 11 needles cast on 124 st. Knit 1st row into back of stitch, and then do three inches of 1 plain, 1 purl ribbing; change to

No. 9 needles and knit 4 inches of stocking stitch. Join white wool to commence stripes. The white stripe, 3 rows stocking stitch; the red stripe, 4 rows stocking st. Repeat till 6 red stripes are completed. After first row of white, cast off 5 st. at each end for armhole. Knit 2 st. together for 9 rows—then knit on till the work measures 6in. from the armhole. Cast off 6 st. at each end of every row for 5 rows to shape for shoulder. Change st. to No. 11 needles and knit 10 rows of ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl). Cast off.

Front: Cast on 124 st. and proceed as for back till 4 red stripes are completed. Divide st. for neck, leaving one half on st. holder. Decrease one on every alternate row at neck edge, until 6 red stripes are complete, then joining on white wool cast off 5 st. for armhole. Decrease every alternate row at armhole edge—still continuing as before at neck edge, until 30 st. remain. Continue till 6in. of stocking st. are completed, and shape shoulder as back. Work other side of neck to correspond.

Sleeve: Cast on 4 st. with No. 9 needles, adding 4 st. at each end of every row till there are 92 st. on the needle. Knit 12 rows of stocking st. Change to No. 11 needles and do 5

(Continued at foot of next column)

MARVELLOUS DESIGNS

from VIENNA

JUMPERS by EUROPE'S

Fashion Leaders

KNITTED jumpers that will prove an attractive adjunct to every smart wardrobe will be featured by The Australian Women's Weekly to supplement a fashion service from the most famous European salons.

Stereotyped ideas of "purl and plain" will be completely eclipsed by these exclusive models of the Viennese vogue. If you want something that is different—something that is worn by the smartest women in London, Paris, and Vienna—follow this series each week. It will include the pull-over of tailored design worn on the golf links by the Prince of Wales.

The Lido

With its quaintly puffed sleeves in two-tone effect and softly ribbed front, the "Lido" makes its bow as the first of the series.

Materials: 5 skeins beige, 2 skeins green 2 ply wool, pair No. 13 steel needles, pair No. 10 bone needles, No. 1 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: Length 19in., bust 34in., sleeve seam 64in.

Tension: 9 sts. to the inch in width, 2 bands to 11in. in depth, measured after pressing.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl, tog. together, st. st. stocking stitch, st. stitch, decr. decrease, incr. increase, ch. chain.

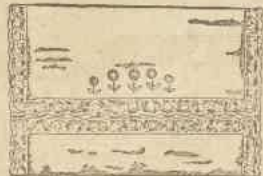
Back: With beige wool and No. 13 needles cast on 140 sts. and knit into the back of them. K. in rib 2 plain 2 purl for 5in. Change to No. 10 needles, and with wrong side of work towards you, reduce sts. to 129 as follows: K.6, K.2 tog.* K.5, K.2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Next row purl. Work in st. st. for 9 rows from start, which brings the first band of purl sts. on right side of work. Now work 9 rows of st. st. with purl sts. on wrong side of work, and repeat this pattern until 10 bands have been worked from start. Shape armhole, cast off 6 sts. P. to end.

Sweet Lavender SACHET

Here's a very dainty way of using your fragrant lavender spikes in a combined lavender and hanky sachet. It's made from two pale mauve lace-edged handkerchiefs.

Place the two handkerchiefs together, so that they overlap about 5½ inches in the centre, leaving a single thickness at each end, also roughly 5 inches in depth. The upper single thickness folds down over the doubled part to form the embroidered flap, while the lower single part doubles up to make the long, thin lavender sachet. The middle section will hold your hankies.

Backstitch the thicknesses of the two



sachets together in deep mauve peritusta cotton, working just inside the lace edge. Carry the backstitching also round the flap. Leave one short edge of the lavender sachet open, fill it "flatly" with lavender, then close the opening with backstitch.

Work on to the flap a row of three large flowers, with a small flower at each end. Buttonhole the flowers, using deep mauve for the middle and end one, and a paler mauve for the two between. Work the stems and leaves in green outline-stitch.

This sachet holds your hankies and scents them at the same time.

rows of ribbing 1 plain, 1 purl; cast off. Knit other sleeve to correspond. Continue in this manner until 4 rows are completed with large needle. Join white wool and knit 2 ridges. Continue with white wool till work measures 44in.; knit red and black stripes as beginning and cast off. The scarf measures 49in. in all.



THIS EXCLUSIVE knitted jumper is the latest from Paris. It is made of three-ply wool, and the shape and color are very smart.

Next row cast off 6 sts. K. to end. Now decr. 1 st. each end of needle for next 6 rows. Work on these sts until 19 bands have been worked altogether, cast off on wrong side.

Front: Work same as back, but do not reduce sts. after ribbing. Shape armhole as before, and cont. pattern for 27 bands from start. Cast off on wrong side.

Sleeve: This is composed of alternate bands of beige and green, having 11 rows to each band instead of 9, introducing beige wool at 11th row of green band. With beige wool and No. 10 needles cast on 54 sts. Work pattern for 2 bands, then incr. 1 st. every 2nd row at one edge of work only. This shapes sleeve. Cont. incr. until 35 sts. have been added. Work 13 bands without incr. Now decr. 1 st. every 2nd row at same edge until sts. are reduced to

54. Work until there are 38 bands, cast off. Make another sleeve the same way.

To Make Up: Press work on wrong side with hot iron over a dry cloth. Do not press ribbing. The shoulder seams are made by sewing the edge of the last 8 bands of the front to the back for 4in. Now lay the front on a table, and, with a darning needle and double thread of green wool, catch the bands together as shown, and oversew 4 times. Join underarm seams. With crochet hook and green wool, work one row of single crochet along lower edge of sleeve, turn work 3 ch., 1 single crochet into each st. to end. Spread sleeve on table, and working from seam edge, catch bands together as shown, working across sleeve, join seam up. Sew sleeve into armhole, gathering bands together at top of sleeve so that only purl bands show.

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For over 55 years KOKO has been used by the Royal Families of Europe, by England's Peers, Leading Actors and Society Leaders whose choice of a hair dressing naturally is limited. The Company holds original letters, proving the popularity of KOKO with their Majesties, the late Emperor of Russia and the Queen of Greece, Princess Victoria, Princess Hohenzollern, Princess Marie of Greece, and Princess Elizabeth of Schleswig.

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"I like your KOKO immensely; it has prevented my hair falling out, and cleaned away all trace of dandruff. I find KOKO not only keeps the scalp clean and comfortable, but gives the hair a bright, glossy and wavy appearance."

You will find KOKO the cleanest and most satisfactory dressing for thin, falling, fading hair and dandruff, because it has no oil, no grease to collect dust and dirt (encouraging dandruff germs), no stickiness to mat the hair and spoil its appearance.

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Youths' Thornproof Tweed Suits in Brown and Fawn speckled designs. Fit 13 to 18 years. Usually 50/-. SALE PRICE 37/9

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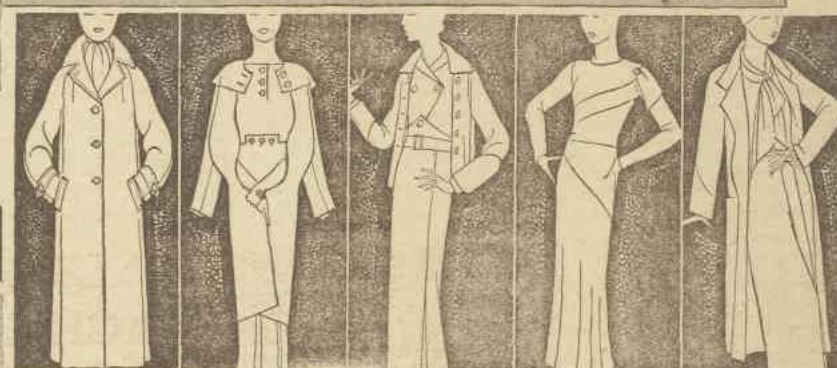
SPORTS WEAR for the SMART WOMAN

From left to right, the frocks are:—

* **Cover Up:** Top Coat and cap of camel hair, polo and country wear, made on the new loosely-hanging lines. The collar is loud with brilliant green leather.

* **Une Touche:** This is a very smart sports costume consisting of a beige blistered wool skirt, which buttons on to a dark brown jersey blouse (short sleeved). The three-quarter coat of diagonal striped beige and brown striped tweed has a clip epaulette yoke, which buttons at the neck.

Note the remarkably new "Canova" hat of beige felt, banded with brown.



The sketches above are intended to show in greater detail those features of the frocks which are not so clearly discernible on the photographs.

Spectator Sports Wear

* **En Route:** A sports ensemble of Kasha cloth trimmed with baby leopard skin; the skirt buttons high on to an intriguing cross-over bodice. The leopard belt is an original touch.

* **Phynnee:** Green sports frock of angora wool made of pieced sections of the material cut on the cross.

Below:—

* **Tilbury:** Grey angora wool ensemble worn with multi-color scarf of green, black and white, which is caught at the neck with an outside metal clip.

TO SECURE THESE PATTERNS

Copy of the original patterns can be obtained in 36in. bust for 3/- each. When ordering, address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4683 W. G.P.O., Sydney, giving name of model and date of issue.

Original PHOTOS from Famous Designers

MARVELLOUS news for every woman in Australia! At considerable expense The Australian Women's Weekly has arranged for a weekly service from Paris and Vienna of brilliant original photographs of new fashion models by famous designers.

New photographs of new models will be published each week, thus bringing to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly a dress service of unparalleled practical value.

No matter how beautiful a sketch of a frock may be, it is always difficult to judge just how it will look when actually worn. These exciting Viennese photographs will show exactly what clothes are being designed, and how they look when worn by the woman of average figure.

Our Paris Fashion Letter Paris.

Dear Mr. Editor.—
ACCORDING to last-minute information, fashion plays fast and loose with the waist-line. There are certainly signs of its abandoning the top region and favoring the normal, and in some cases even the slightly low level.

Some daytime frocks with natural waist-line belts are panelled in such a way that the skirt indicates a second waist-line.

Sports frocks favor straight lines in this respect, and sometimes accommodate pockets, a new note, for these outdoor garments are partly backless, following the lines of the early backless evening gowns.

THE new coats for sports and travelling are very loose-fitting, and the styles do not exceed three-quarter length. They are fashioned from materials of a tweed texture, and hang from a straight yoke at the back.

Cubist designs and tartan foulards are quite in vogue, which should also match the hat, gloves, and other details of the costume.

R. Trobiz.

It's QUALITY that counts in DIAMOND RINGS

In choosing a diamond ring remember that quality is the factor that determines value, NOT size or extremely low price.

Quality is found in a diamond's colour, fire and brilliance, and such a stone, reasonably priced, represents true value for money.

Special attention is drawn to the beauty, quality and value of "Fx. & R." Diamond Rings.

Critically examine a "Fx. & R." diamond ring, at whatever price it is offered, and you will find that perfection of quality, design and workmanship that ensures not only pleasure in possession, but true value.

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Intimate Jottings

The G.G.'s Table

EVERYBODY has heard of Lady Isaacs' wit and gift of tongues. But, in addition to her social attainments, she is a splendid home-maker. One of her greatest interests is the menu of the Vice-Regal home, and women visitors say they have only one fault to find with the G.G.'s table. And this is it: they simply can't resist the beautifully cooked dishes, which is not altogether good for ladies who have to be calory-wise in order not to be pound foolish. But it's a nice fault, isn't it?

From Sheep To Oil

By tradition, sheep-growing is always associated with the name of Winter-Irving, but "Bill," who married Audrey Hordern the other week, puts his faith in oil, and holds down a job in a big company in Melbourne. Bill was "finished off" at Cambridge, and it seems to help him with his business, which is about the best kind of finishing touch.

Doone Doings

Nobody should be better informed of London life and Continental social and artistic activities than Doone's principal—Miss Jean Cheriton. Seven of her girls are at present "doing" the galleries, and all the interesting spots of the old world. As they are not travelling in company, vivid, individual impressions are contained in the letters they write. Each girl has written at least one letter in time for every mail.

Miss Cheriton is looking forward to seeing Margaret Fairfax (now Mrs. Arthur Moore, and another young Doone old-girl), who in August comes with her Colombo teaplanter husband to visit her parents, the Wilfred Fairfaxes.

Gay Caravanner

There is some gypsy-lure in caravaning which stirs the imagination of every city woman. Mrs. Mary Gilmore is seriously thinking of leaving Sydney later in the year to roam along winding country roads in true caravan fashion. Perhaps a new book of verse will then delight us.

The famous woman poet loves simple things of earth: trees, birds, bush roads, and bushways. She also loves the aborigines—Australia's dawn people.

Romantic Marriage

News comes from Bern, Switzerland, of Cecil Wallace, a young "old" Frensham girl. When Cecil's schooldays were over she went to visit an aunt, Mrs. Garrity, in New York. While in the City of Skyscrapers Cecil met a young Swedish banker, and now Cecil is Mrs. Stauffer.

Cecil, who was born in Tonga, where her father, Alec Wallace, was Minister for Works, revels in the beauty of the snow-capped mountains surrounding her home, which is so different from the exotic tropical scenery of her childhood.

Incidentally, her aunt, Mrs. Garrity, was Cecil Englehart, of Sydney, one of the pretty maidens of the *Floradora* Sextet.

Town and Country

Lady Ryrie, since her return from England, spends most of her time at her station home, near Canberra. When in town she is often at the Queen's Club, which is so conveniently situated for shopping and the theatres.

SYDNEY society is feeling a twitter or two of interest over the appointment of the Chief Justice. For, of course, if the Governor is away, the C.J. reigns in his stead, and his wife is the social head of the State.

Out of Sir John Harvey, Sir Thomas Bavin, Mr. H. E. Manning, K.C. (Attorney-General), and Mr. Justice Halse Rogers, it is the two last-named who are given most chance, with the odds on Mr. Manning.

Mrs. Halse Rogers has a strong personality. She was Mabel Trevor-Jones, a champion golfer, and was a keen musician, and an excellent pianist. She was formerly a shining light of the Forum Club, but is no longer a member. Mrs. H. E. Manning was Nora Martin, daughter of the late Chief Justice, Sir James Martin. She is an accomplished and ardent home-maker, and has two charming daughters.

Wide Interests

The F. Henriques, of Hunter's Hill, pursue art and the social life with equal enthusiasm. While mother was staging a happy lunch, and bridge party at the Forum Club the other day, Pauline was probably deep in the drama. She is one of the clever young things who act under Doris Fitton's banner. She was once a University student also.

Gardeners For Love

Those famous gardeners for love, the McColms, of "Toowong," Brisbane, are now installed in a flat at Carinthia, Springfield Avenue. They must miss the beauties of their garden, which won a first prize for them at a recent Brisbane competition. The family's visit is to be near the son of the house, who is studying medicine at Sydney University. Popular Cyrus McColm is making the most of her time in Sydney.

Bridge For Lady Moreton

On the afternoon of his departure for his surveying expedition to Central Australia, Mr. Norman Lowe found time to be present at his wife's bridge party at her home on Bradley's Head, in honor



The Ideal Hosts

The G. E. Halls are feeling now that their twelve months' holiday has really started. Letters by last mail bore the address of the Grosvenor Hotel, London. When in Sydney G. E. Hall is the keeper of the Archives of the University, and although this is a work of love, it is more than an eight-hour-a-day job.

The Halls are the ideal hosts that one dreams of but never hopes to find. The comfort of their visitors is their first and only thought.

Treasures of Centuries

When these, as often happens, are from the Islands, the whole of the home in winter is kept at a temperature of 80 degrees. Their Drummoyne home, "Glentirion," is let for the period of their absence.

"The Cotswolds," their Wentworth Falls home, is full of treasures. Of the furniture there is nothing under a hundred years old. Every piece has been gathered with a view to the company it will keep, and to filling its own special niche.

Enthusiastic Home Planners

Callers on Mrs. John Dent, at Park Lane Mansions, find her tables littered with plans and specifications over which she and her husband spend many happy half-hours. The plans are for the home now being built for them in Canberra, and Mrs. Dent believes in keeping a woman's eye on the details of the house which she will occupy. Shirley and Alison Dent are both in town at present, and they are as keenly interested as their parents in the building of the home in the capital city. Shirley, the elder daughter, came with her husband from Barabara. He, unfortunately, has spent some time in St. Luke's Hospital. Alison, the younger daughter, is staying on the North Shore line.

Two For a Home

For details of how to turn byways into highways, go to Mrs. Arthur Davies and Cherry Davies. They're house-hunting. In between hunts they are staying at Park Lane Mansions. One of them is likely to cry "lally-ho" at any moment, meaning that the hunt is up.

I Like—

Madeline Clarke's wrist-watch. It's a gift from Mischa Levitski.

Mrs. Eva Wunderlich's box of cachoux. They go to every concert and opera with her.

Mrs. A. E. Grace's minx coat. Every woman envies her.

Mrs. Jack Armstrong's Solomon Island cane.

Mrs. Lyons' hands. The neatest and most feminine I have ever seen.

And I also like: Gretel Bullmore's military styles. Mrs. Bell Allen's old-world hair ribbon. Mel Ward's anthropological beard. Mr. Mackay Sims' nine children, which he wishes were fifteen. Mrs. Bradfield's armfuls of flowers for her friends. Mr. Lance Fallaw's new moustache. Mrs. Halse Rogers' black streak in her grey locks.



JOHN PARADICE is the son of the late Surgeon-Commander Paradise, who was one of the victims of the Greycliffe disaster. Jacqueline, his daughter, was born after his death. John and "Jack" are seen on the swing at No. 4 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, where they dwell with their mother, Mrs. Kitty Paradise.

—The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

Nursing Their German.

Professor Fawsitt, by the way, was also attached to Lelaps University, in his student days, and is nearly always to be found at lunch time on Thursdays at a large round table in the Union Refectory, at which everyone must speak in German. Fellow-diners usually include Dr. Trikojus, Professor Bailey, Professor Lovell, Professor Waterhouse, and Professor Vonwiller.

of Lady Beatrice Moreton. Lady Beatrice is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Brissenden, for several years matron of Graythwaite. Miss Moreton and her sister, Mrs. Brissenden, accompanied Lady Beatrice to the party. Other guests were: Mrs. Milner Stephen, Mrs. O. E. Phillips, Mrs. S. Bowker, Mrs. Monte Severn, Mrs. Jack Armstrong, Mrs. Farquhar Smith, who leaves shortly to make her home in Melbourne, and Miss Lena Blaxland.



MISS ROSA PIPER, who so capably looks after that very important branch of the Red Cross Society—the After Care Department.

HOUSEWIVES Protest against BUTTER PRICES

THERE'll be no fixation of price, as far as butter is concerned if the Housewives' Progressive Association has its say, and, as there are 12,000 members, their voice or voices should be loud enough to be heard.

The meeting of protest called by the Association on Friday in its rooms at 267 George Street was crowded, and the members listened with close attention to Mr. J. R. Lee, M.L.A., and agreed enthusiastically with what he said with regard to any industry that immediately income didn't meet expenditure, wanted legislation to raise prices or lower wages, instead of seeing to the bettering of its produce.

Indeed, it was the poor quality of Strawberries and Daisy owned by 80 per cent. of them, he declared, that was the cause of the dairy farmers' dilemma.

When Mr. C. L. de Boos (of Milk Products Industry) pointed out that an increase in butter prices would mean an increase in the price of milk and its products, and these included, as women well know, such things as baby foods, every wife and mother present stirred with indignation. This boiled over in a unanimous agreement to the resolution: "That this Association, representing 12,000 housewives in New South Wales, views with alarm the proposals put forward for granting statutory powers to fix an All-Australian price for butter, and that due consideration be given to the consuming public, in view of the decreased purchasing power of the community."

MRS. W. H. READ has just been presented with a gold medal by the foundation members of the Women's Club, in the form of a brooch. Mrs. Read loves flowers, and usually wears a spray of the valley or other white flowers which grow to perfection in her garden at Wahroonga. Her name is identified with many deserving charities.



Woman and Her Work

Are CHURCH DANCES & CARDS Wrong?

Should women shake "the light fantastic toe," and prove their skill at card games, to raise funds for church purposes? This is a burning question occupying the minds of many committee members at the moment.

It was decided at the assembly to request the Presbyteries throughout the State to consider the matter and report to the next assembly, and in the meantime The Australian Women's Weekly has obtained viewpoints on the subject from prominent helpers in church movements.

Varying Opinions

Archdeacon Charlton, general secretary of the Church of England Home Mission Society, who was approached on the matter said that, although things may be lawful, they are not always expedient, and to prove his point quoted from the Apostle Paul: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak."

Rev. Edmund O'Donnell, of St. Mary's Cathedral, was of the opinion that there was nothing wrong with gambling provided that it was not indulged in to excess, and that it did not cause a person to neglect his financial and other obligations, duties to his wife, family, parents, or other relatives who may depend on him, and provided also that he first paid all his lawful debts.

At the same time there was far too much gambling going on in our midst, but since card-parties were lawful, there was no reason why they should not be availed of as a means to raise funds for charitable or religious purposes.

Rev. W. A. Marsh, Congregational Church, Parramatta, thought that the ideal system of church finance was by direct giving. Towards that method many church people needed education. No gift or sacrifice was too great in view of what The Supreme Being had bestowed on us.

"Although I am opposed in spirit to money being raised by cards for religious objectives, the trend of the times, as far as economic conditions are concerned, has forced us to gather money by this means. People are unable to give large voluntary subscriptions as formerly." Thus Dr. Fanny Reading, president of the National Council of Jewish Women of Australia.

Rev. W. H. Jones, general secretary of Methodist Home Missions, stated that the Methodist Church discountenances the raising of money for church purposes by practices such as card-parties and dances. Furthermore, the laws of the Methodist Church did not allow of dances being held, or indulged in on church property.

THE Government should purchase each year the best picture or the best piece of statuary. The judging could be carried out by an independent committee, and the purchases could be distributed among the various towns.—Mrs. E. M. Irvine, at the 23rd exhibition of the Society of Women Painters.

Australian ASTHMA PLANT

No more gasping for breath, with sleepless nights and tired, worn-out bodies. This treatment is working wonders. Nothing to burn or inhale. It is being used throughout Australia. Read the testimony of those who are taking it. Send two stamps for particulars.

One Month's complete treatment, 12/6.
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MRS. S. F. DRUMMOND, whose husband, the Rev. S. Drummond, was included in the King's Birthday honors.

Far West Health Scheme

Many country hearts were glad to see the name of the Rev. Stanley Drummond, M.B.E., among the King's Birthday honors list. The honor is really a dual one, for Mrs. Drummond has shared in the fine work of her husband.

To be freed from physical ill and able to look forward to a normal, healthy and happy life, has been the lot of many hundreds of children in the out-back districts, who have come under the ministrations of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

The scheme, which is now an organized unit in the community, with headquarters established at Manly, originated with Rev. Stanley Drummond when he was convalescing, after a serious illness, at Manly in 1924.

A seaside camp was arranged under the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, with 64 outbackers enjoying every moment of their lives. It was soon discovered, however, that some of the little ones were suffering from various ills. The young sufferers were not sent home forthwith, as Macquarie Street doctors were interested and proved their practical sympathy by setting the little people on the way to recovery.

So a health scheme grew out of a holiday idea, and the chief object of the scheme became one of curative treatment, as the children, instead of being debarred by sickness from the trip, were chosen according to their physical needs.

A home depot was established at Manly for the children, and Mr. Drummond left his church in order that he and his wife could devote the whole of their time to organizing the work and escorting the children on their journeys.

TO ASSIST THE FUNDS

To assist the funds of the movement, the following entertainments have been arranged. On June 12, the Croydon Ladies' Social Club will hold a ball at the Ashfield Town Hall. The Governor and Lady Game, who are keenly interested in the work, will be present. On June 15, Mrs. Bradfield will speak at her home, 23 Park Avenue, Gordon, on "Building the Bridge." On July 22 there will be a musical and dance on the New Zealand, and on October 28 a garden fete will be held at the home of Sir Kelso and Lady King, Edgecliff. The city office address of the Far West Children's Health Scheme is at 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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MORE
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And Jane Worth Foods Emulsion has that subtle quality of distinction which charms the most fastidious women. So fine that it clings in a silk-smooth bloom to the skin, so fragrant that it wafts a delicious aura around the user. Vitamin boosters have delighted in it, you can show their pleasure. All good doctors and chemists sell it. Send id. stamp for a generous sample to Jane Worth Beauty Products, Box 146 H, G.P.O., Sydney.



2/6 A BOX
Jane Worth
POUDRE EXQUISITE

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

Mrs. L. N. Hill, of Terlings Station, Moree, whose son, Leslie, is recently married to Miss Jean Arnott, is leaving the Moree district to reside in Sydney. At a valedictory function, presentations were made to her on behalf of the Moree C.W.A., Moree Red Cross, and Church of England ladies.

Mrs. Hill will probably be accompanied by her only daughter, Marion. The other son, Phillip, who recently came home from Cambridge, is engaged to an English girl.

Members of the Riverina Group of the C.W.A. presented their leader, Mrs. W. M. Hammond, with a life membership badge, which had been subscribed for by penny subscriptions collected solely for this object.

It was mentioned that Mrs. Hammond had visited 21 of the 22 branches in the group up to date, that she had travelled 2000 miles in doing so, and that the cost to the association had been less than twopence a mile.

Overseas Visitors

The United Associations are arranging an entertainment to be held at David Jones' on July 7, in honor of Miss Edith Thompson, O.B.E., who was head of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps during the Great War. Miss Thompson, who is active in the work of the Society for the settlement of British women overseas, has seven times been Mayor, in her own right, for the town of Aldborough, England.

Miss Olive Hargreaves, a member of the executive of Charity Organisations, England, will also be a guest of honor on the same occasion.

If the Recipe says MILK use TRUFOOD



Swiss Rollettes

6 ozs. sugar
3 ozs. butter
2 eggs
good 1 pint water
1 lb. flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 dessertspoon Trufood
Flavouring

Cream butter and sugar lightly, beat in eggs singly, add water and flavouring. Sift dry ingredients and mix in thoroughly. Spread thinly on greased and papered trays and bake in a sharp oven. When baked turn upside down on to a sheet of paper sprinkled with sugar, remove the baked paper, spread with jam, cut into 3 inch squares and roll while still hot.

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Right through the month of June we are offering some wonderful bargains in all Departments at Grace Bros. For the approval of keen shoppers we feature here

Four "JUNE SPECIALS" in Millinery

Many other lines equally as good—but too limited in quantity to be advertised—will be found on Special Tables in our Millinery Showroom.

No. 1. GOOD QUALITY VELOUR HATS

Hundreds to choose from—
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The ONLY hat for Sports Wear!—for
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Made by hand in our own workroom. No two
styles alike! Choose from a big collection. From
the smallest to the largest head
a comfortable fit is assured.
Colours: Black, Brown, Wine,
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HAND MADE FELTS

Quite the best value offering in Sydney! All
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derful variety of styles.
Usual keen price . . . 8/11.

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Women's Club Exhibition

THE WOMEN'S Club, one of the oldest of the sex's strongholds, whose membership includes professional and academic and artistic women, is again holding an exhibition of its members' treasures and work.

This is following up last year's success, the club's exhibition being one of the successful intimate shows of the year.

There are clever lace-makers among the members and last year Mrs. Verdon Cole's exquisite work won the prolonged gaze of admiration.

Sculptor Theo. Cowan's Koala pottery struck a new note and Mildred Creed's silver spoons were enough to make even the handsomest stout matron go on the sugar standard all over again. Mrs. F. Parsons and Alice Muskett were other exhibitors who live in the memory.

The one-afternoon show will open on Tuesday June 13.

Pat White Says

THAT NECK GRIP

acquired by many a girl encircling her partner firmly with her left arm improves neither her dancing nor her appearance. Nor should the girl attempt to lead her partner, even if he is not so accomplished as herself. Nothing irritates a man more.

Lawn Tennis Annual Ball

The New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association will hold its annual ball at Farmer's Blackland Galleries on July 13. The following energetic committee is working hard to make it a success: Mesdames Warburton, Conway, Ottoway, Buttsworth, Misses Lloyd, Hall, Hartigan, Messrs. Fuller, Lewis, Reid, Prince, Andrews, Mansfield. The Younger Set Committee includes: Misses Bubh, Corrigan, Vickery, De' Louney, Greenwood, Bowker, McElhone, Peach, and A'Court.

Antiques Loaned For Exhibition

A novel entertainment is being arranged to assist with the funds of the Kindergarten Union of N.S. Wales. It will be a Loan Exhibition, and will be held at Dymock's Block, George street, Sydney. Lady Isaacs will perform the opening ceremony on the night of June 20, and the exhibition will remain open until July 8.

Lovers of antiques will find much to delight them in the exhibits which have been loaned for the occasion.

They are over 100 years old and the exhibition promises to be of outstanding historical interest and educational importance.

The articles on view will include furniture, pottery, china, silver, wearing apparel, embroidery, armours, and weapons, toys, miniatures, and medals.

The Kindergarten Union will conduct a tea room at the exhibition, where morning and afternoon tea will be served.

COUNTRY WOMEN Plan BIG Things

Even in their worst problems, the leaders of this poor, tortured world have persistently left women out of their reckoning: yet who are better fitted to be helpmeets, and who have most to lose if things are wrong? In this stimulating article Mrs. Matt Sawyer asks Australian women "to prepare to take their part in international affairs." Big things are ahead. New crises threaten every day. What can women do?

By MRS. MATT SAWYER

"NOTHING is impossible in such a movement as the Country Women's Association," says Mrs. Sawyer. "There are serious problems confronting us, which it would be futile to attempt single-handed." Her solution is—federation.

Ambitious plans are being made by Country Women's Associations throughout Australia to form a Federal Council, with still more ambitious ideas in mind. No one is better fitted to outline them than Mrs. Matt Sawyer, who writes:—

"FEDERATION"

It is now some years since our thoughts were first engaged with the idea of Federation of the Country Women's Associations of Australia.

Four years ago, we endeavoured to convene a meeting at Canberra to discuss federation. However, the meeting did not eventuate, as we could not get assembled delegates from all States.

From many points of view, it becomes increasingly evident that pressure may be brought to bear upon any one of the associations, which will be difficult to withstand, in regard to the undertaking of work which is not within our scope—work, which may, if undertaken, deviate our cause from the aims and objects for which the association was established.

We must at all costs foster the national spirit and work in our movement.

We should remember past events, and recall to our minds the fact that the association in New South Wales has already been in jeopardy, owing to the strenuous effort which was made some years ago to have the association subsidised by a Government grant of £5000 a year, which, in the interests of the people whose money we would have been using, would have put the association to a considerable extent under Governmental direction and interference.

This is altogether apart from the fact that we should have been cut adrift from the other Country Women's Associations in Australia, and have almost entirely eliminated voluntary capacity, which is really the only useful work in social service.

If there is one thing more than another in our endeavor in which we need to gain, it is whole-hearted sympathy of all country people. We should have had little or no sympathy had we a grant of £5000 a year from the Government, as we are not a "charitable" but a "philanthropic" organisation.

Nothing is impossible in a movement such as the Country Women's Association, where we work in so many diverse ways to reach our goal. It is our duty to guard our association. It has become a vital force for the improvement of country conditions from every standpoint.

As the parent of all the Country Women's Associations in Australia, we might claim the privilege of taking the first step towards the forming of a Federal Council, which would not be too binding or too costly. The Executive Committee of N.S.W. empowered the liaison officer, Mrs. H. Fairfax, to convene a meeting to discuss the forming of such a Council.



MRS. MATT SAWYER, State President of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W.

—Dorothy Welding.

If the delegates from each State could be called together, it would give them the opportunity of discussing at their respective General Conferences any plans which may have been decided upon at the meeting.

This council, should it eventuate, will not only be a strong binding link in fellowship and work between all the associations, but it will enable us, as a united body, to move in matters of greater magnitude, affecting women and children, than we have hitherto ventured upon. There are serious problems confronting us now which it would be futile to attempt single-handed; but as a federated body we would carry much weight in assisting.

INTERNATIONAL thought is gaining ground throughout our organisation, and our liaison officer keeps us in touch with every rural women's organisation in the world. The studying of the policy and methods adopted by rural women's organisations in other countries furnishes us with ideas for the extension of our own work.

It is allowed that international feminism is a necessary development.

We must go still further and strive for the international co-operation of feminine development, if this world is to overcome the many social ills with which it is beset.

It is said, though women in latter years have cast aside her old timidity and gained more freedom, it cannot be denied that she has at the same time retained those qualities which have made her through all the ages the creator and guardian of the social life of the country.

Therefore, let us prepare to take our part in international matters by becoming federated.

DON'T BE DISHEARTENED BY SKIN-BLEMISHES



REXONA SOAP is medicated to clear the skin

This charming Rexona Girl is Miss Mary Cass of Leichhardt, N.S.W., who says: "I am more than delighted with Rexona Soap. I intend to go on using it, as it is the best soap I have come across for improving the complexion."



The loveliest complexion—the clear-skin you ever wished for, will be yours when you change to Rexona Medicated Soap.

Blemishes and pimples can't be washed off your skin—that is why the soap you use for your face must do much more than cleanse—that is why you need Rexona, the Medicated Soap.

MEDICATED for this special purpose... to heal, soothe and tone-up your skin

Rexona Soap contains medications that are carried by the soft, creamy lather into the tiniest pores, where they remove the germs and waste tissue that cause pimples, blackheads and enlarged pores.

The medicinal properties of Rexona Soap enable it to tone up the skin-tissues, making your complexion radiantly healthy, and giving your skin clear fine texture.

HEAL all serious skin complaints with REXONA OINTMENT

Here is an extract from one of the many letters we receive from users of Rexona Ointment—
"I have great faith in your splendid healing, soothing and reliable Ointment." And the writer, Mr. A. E. Lowe of St. Peters, N.S.W., is echoing the thoughts of thousands of men and women.

Rexona Ointment soothes and heals Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Rashes and all skin troubles, in the shortest possible time.



Thousands of mothers praise Rexona Soap for Babies' skin....

Using Rexona Medicated Soap for baby's bath is the surest, and the simplest way of protecting him against infections, and of clearing up rashes or chafing.

Not once in a while—but nearly every day letters come pouring in from mothers who are grateful for the protection that Rexona Soap gives their babies' skin.

Mrs. N. Shemwell of Hurstville Park always uses Rexona Soap to bath her happy little daughter, Betty. She writes: "Betty is a Rexona baby. Rexona is great for both skin and hair."

Cleanses... Purifies and Heals

Rexona MEDICATED SOAP

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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Valuable Gifts for you!

Keep every REXONA SOAP COUPON...

You need only a few Rexona Soap coupons for one of these smart and useful gifts.



A good, serviceable pen for any member of the family. Strongly made, fitted with a 14 ct. gold nib. OTHER FREE GIFTS—Men's Nickel Watch with luminous dial, Pocket Knife with 2 blades, smart

sister Vanity Case, pretty Bedroom Clock, and many other attractive gifts. See full particulars and complete list of gifts on the Coupon wrapped round every tablet of Rexona Soap.



BRAINWAVES!

—By L. W. Lower

REMEMBER, girls! It may be hard to live within your income, but it's a dashed sight harder to live without your income.

A-BRIDGED LOVE STORY

"MY Queen!" he said, passionately. "My King!" she answered, softly. He reached across the table and grabbed her by the throat. "Damn you!" he screamed. "Why do you always trump my tricks!"

"SOME coarse skins seem simply to attract and devour dust," says a beauty specialist. Grab everything they can lay their pores on, so to speak.

"GILDING the Lily!" ses him, gallantly, as he watched her wielding her lipstick. "No!" she replied, "painting the tulips!"

A COMPLETE medicine cabinet should be in every home. And another thing—always keep a bed in the house, in case of illness.

"BROKEN finger-nails are hideous!" But not so hideous as the face of the man you broke 'em on.

WALKING about with a book on the head will develop a graceful carriage and poise.

That's what we've always thought, but walking about with a cheque book in your handbag will give greater poise and much more high-powered carriages.

"She well educated" asked the anxious father. "Well!" said the son. "she does a lot."

WEDDINGS

Lambert—Moore

A WEDDING of interest alike to country and city dwellers was celebrated at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, on Saturday night, when Miss Doris Moore, eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. Moore and Mrs. C. Moore, of "Glen Ayr," Dunrobin, was married to Mr. Robert Lambert, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert, of Hurlstone Park. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Richard Mathers, Rector of Rylstone, assisted by the Rev. F. G. Standen.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Dr. K. D. McDonald, wore a delightful gown of white flat crepe, made with a yoke effect and inset lace. A tight corsage finished with buttons at the back, and long tight sleeves, added a delightful Old World effect. A coronet of orange blossoms held the veil of cut tulle, which enveloped the gown in graceful folds, and fell to form a train. Her bridal shawl was of pink carnations and white roses.

Miss Nell Moore, sister of the bride, and Miss Ruth Lambert, sister of the bridegroom, were bridesmaids. Their long frocks of satin crepe showed bows on the corsage and on the knee line. Miss Moore's color choice was rose pink, and Miss Lambert was in eel blue. They wore toque hats to tone, plated with silver leaves, and carried armlets to blend with their ensembles.

Mr. A. Fuller and Mr. J. Lambert, junr., attended the bridegroom.

A reception was held at Sargent's, where the bride's mother received the guests. She

Roberts—McMaster

MISS MOLLIE McMASTER, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John McMaster and Mrs. McMaster, of "Binnia Downs," Coolah, was quietly married in the drawing room of her old home on Saturday evening to Mr. Gordon Roberts, son of the late Mr. Wm. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, of Green-gate Road, Killara.

The bride was picturesque in a long gown of ivory angel skin tulle, featuring a flared skirt. She followed the time-honored custom that the wearing of "something borrowed" would bring luck to the bride, by wearing a beautiful veil of Venetian lace, which was lent by her sister, Mrs. Duncan Thompson. A sheaf of blossom pink roses gave a delicate touch of color to her ensemble.

Miss Nancy Cameron, niece of the bride, also favored the same shade of pink in her frock of chiffon, and carried an Early Victorian posy. Mr. Gordon Allison was best man.

Only members of the family were present. Mrs. McMaster was frocked in black tulle, and Mrs. B. Nock, sister of the bridegroom, was in amethyst satin.

The bride and bridegroom will reside in the Quirindi district.

Hunt—Rowlings

GIRL friends of the bride decorated the Presbyterian Church, Chalmers Street, for the wedding, on Saturday afternoon, of Miss Iris Irene Rowlings.

Buckley—Casey

A PICTURESQUE wedding ceremony was celebrated during Nuptial Mass at St. Vincent's Church, Ashfield, on Monday morning, when Miss Edna Casey became the wife of Mr. Joseph Bernard Buckley, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buckley, of Ashfield. The Rev. Father Macken officiated.

The bride, who is the daughter of the late Mr. O. Casey and Mrs. Casey, of Bathurst, was given away by Mr. J. Fawcett.

She wore an Old World gown of magnolia satin, featuring a Medici collar and long tight sleeves, finished with pointed cuffs. The tight bodice merged into a fully flared skirt, and the gown was enveloped by a beautiful tulle face veil, mounted on tulle, and arranged on the head with orange blossoms, and falling in a "halo" effect around the shoulders. Her armlet was of cream roses and hyacinths.

The bride's sister, Mrs. B. Schmitt, came from Glen Innes to be matron of honor, and Miss P. Buckley, sister of the bridegroom, was bridesmaid. Both attendants wore long Old World frocks of amber velvet, made with tight corsage and gored skirt line. They added toque hats to tone, and carried armlets of wall-flowers and nasturtiums.

Mr. J. Buckley junr. was best man, and Mr. J. Waring was groomsmen.

The reception was held at the Pickwick Book Club, and the bride's mother, who received the guests, wore a frock of black wool marocain, and carried a posy of pinks. The bridegroom's mother chose a posy of red roses to add color to her ensemble of black wool tulle.

For travelling, the bride chose an ensemble of mustard wool marocain with hat to tone. The honeymoon will be spent on a motor tour to Brisbane.

Ryan—Rheuben

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL was chosen for the marriage, on Monday evening, of Miss Lucy Rheuben, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Rheuben, of Rockhampton, Queensland, to Mr. John M. Ryan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ryan, of Walgett.

The bride, who was given away by Mr. J. Gallagher, a family relative, made a charming picture in her gown of ivory tulle, cut on classical lines, and featuring inset godets, and worn with a coat of arms with white fur collar and cuffs and finished with hand em-



MARGARET HAGON wanted to delay the announcement of her engagement to Mr. John Collins until the arrival of her fiancé, but the daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is too much in the public eye to be able to keep the event from her friends. Mrs. William Collins, of "Nindooimbah," is as well known in Sydney as in Brisbane, where the Collins, of Beaudesert, belong. The engagement of her son is of interstate interest. The wedding will take place before the Lord Mayor's year of office is over. His popular daughter will make a lovely bride.

—Women's Weekly staff.



MRS. RICHARD GRAHAM, who before her marriage at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, on June 1, was Miss Nancy Ethel Reynolds, youngest daughter of the late Mr. D. F. Reynolds, and Mrs. Reynolds, of Paterson, North Coast, and grand-daughter of Sir Albert Gould, Edgelliff.

—Falk.

MRS. NORMAN WEST, formerly Miss Helen Noice, who was married at St. Philip's Church on May 24.

—Dayne.

second daughter of the late Mr. S. Rowlings and Mrs. Rowlings, of Comco.

The long bridal gown of white crepe remained was cut on classical lines, and worn with a girdle finished with a diamante buckle.

A coronet of orange blossoms held in position the long veil of cut tulle, which was worn "off the face" fashion, and falling in soft folds to form a train. The bridal bouquet was of white roses, sweet peas and hyacinths.

Miss Joyce Kenney, who attended the bride, wore a pretty frock of shell pink georgette, with hat to match. She carried a floral muff of pink roses and tulle.

The bridegroom, Mr. Alfred Henry Hunt, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hunt, of Randwick, was attended by his brother, Mr. W. Hunt, as best man. The Rev. D. Brandt performed the ceremony.

When receiving the guests at the Waldorf, the bride's mother wore a frock of black crepe remaining with hat to match, and her posy of red roses added a bright touch of color to her ensemble.

The bridegroom's mother was frocked in grey tulle, worn with hat to tone.

When leaving for the honeymoon, to be spent in a motor tour of the western districts, the bride wore an ensemble of bottle green wool marocain, with hat to match.

Catchpole—Hicks

BILLOWY folds of tulle, arranged cap fashion on the head with orange blossoms, fell to form a long train over the beautiful gown of white satin which was worn by Miss Bessie May Hicks for her wedding on Saturday evening, at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill.

Modelled on train in silhouette style, the gown featured a lattice-work design on the corsage, and was finished with a puffed effect on the long sleeves. Trails of blossom pink carnations in the bridal sheaf of white hyacinths and stock, added a delicate touch of color to the bridal ensemble.

The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Hicks and Mrs. F. Collins, of Randwick, and the bridegroom, Mr. Walter Catchpole, is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Catchpole, formerly of Melbourne.

A delightful color contrast was secured in the frocking of the bridesmaids, Miss Mavis Collins and Miss Leila Tierney. The former chose as her color sea green chastity lace, worn ankle length, and showing fringe on the light corsage. Miss Tierney wore a similar frock, in tones of shell pink lace. Both added "high hats" to tone, and carried floral and velvet muffs to blend with their color choice.

Mr. Frank Collins was best man, and Mr. Vincent Haley was groomsmen. Bishop Kirby officiated at the ceremony, and Mr. Wm. Hicks gave the bride away.

The bride's mother, who wore a frock of navy crepe-de-chine, with hat to tone, received the guests at the Waldorf.

For travelling the bride chose an ensemble of mustard marocain, with hat to match.



MRS. DONALD MATTHEWS, formerly Miss "Dutchie" Isherwood, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Isherwood, of Strathfield, whose marriage took place at Strathfield on May 25.

—Dayne.

broideries. A silver lace cap, caught at the side with a cluster of white and rose pink carnations, and a shower bouquet of white carnations and hyacinths enhanced the beauty of the bridal ensemble.

The bridesmaids, Miss Myrtle Carnegie and Miss Connie Shenton, sister of the bride, wore delightful frocks of mustard marocain, cut on straight lines ending in flares, and finished with capes showing broad bands of flame velvet. They added flame velvet hats and carried bouquets of chrysanthemums to tone with their color choice.

Mr. Jim Voney attended the bridegroom as best man, and Mr. T. Walsh was groomsmen. The Rev. Father Baxon performed the ceremony.

A reception was held at Hilliers', where the bride's mother received the guests. She wore a frock of navy marocain, with hat to tone, and carried a posy of red roses.

When leaving for their honeymoon, to be spent at Wallacia, the bride wore a silhouette frock of plum-brown marocain, with hat to match. The bride and bridegroom will reside in Sydney.

was frocked in black marocain, and carried a posy of red roses. The bridegroom's mother wore an ensemble of black velvet.

For travelling, the bride chose a frock of cherry red wool tulle, made with diagonal designs. The honeymoon will be spent in a tour of the southern districts, followed by a trip to Melbourne.

ELABORATE FROCKING

Elaborate preparations to make the event one of the most picturesque ceremonies of the year went into the frocking preparations for the bridal party at the marriage, planned to take place on Wednesday evening at St. Stephen's Church, Phillip Street, between Miss Phyllis Haley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Haley, of "Booberoi," Double Bay, with Mr. John Dunlop, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dunlop, of Bowral.

The bridal choice was a beautiful gown of ice-white lacquered satin, charming in its simplicity, and flowing into a deep train.

The veil of Honiton lace was lent by Mrs. Dunlop, mother of the bridegroom. Real lace is always desirable, and some of the lace worn by the bride's mother at her wedding has been adapted and mounted on tulle to form a long bridal train.

Instead of the conventional bouquet, her choice was a feather fan tied with a bow of the same lace used in the train.

The choice of the bridesmaids, Miss Cherry Haley, sister of the bride, Miss Beth Bucknoll, and Miss Joyce Parker, was champagne red velvet, fashioned with a tight neck line and in Directorate style. For headwear they favored Apache tams, and their bouquets of pinks and black lacquered leaves to conform with the prevailing fashion.

The choice of best man fell upon Mr. Ken Stevens, with Mr. Vincent Fairfax and John O'Leary as groomsmen.

To receive the guests at "Booberoi," the bride's mother planned her frock of Paison new blue pearl crinkly crepe, with a lamé hat of velvet.

For travelling the bride chose was love-lime-mist ribboning, worn with a velvet high tan.

MR. AND MRS. TOM BAILLIEU are receiving congratulations on the birth of their second daughter. Their station, "Tonkey" Cassilis, has for its neighboring station, "Dalketh," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred McMaster.

WHEN THE REGIMENT MAKES MERRY

SOFTLY colored lights played over a glittering assembly at David Jones' on Saturday, when "The Colonel's Lady" was completely eclipsed by the dashing uniform of her escort. The occasion was the eighth annual ball of the Officers' mess of the Second Division, the only complete division in New South Wales. The scarlet jackets of the infantry rubbed shoulders with the blue of the artillery, while the cherry and blue of the A.M.C. mingled with the yellow stripes of the cavalry.

Major-General Sir C. and Lady Rosenthal received the guests, and, shortly after ten o'clock, a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street.

A picturesque ceremony ensued. The matron of honor, Mrs. Maurice Keatinge, in soft ice-blue velvet, carrying a posy of pink carnations, traversed the long aisle of the ballroom with stately grace, followed by three dainty debutantes—Jean Munro, in white crinkle crepe, Barbara Hendrie, in old-world taffeta, and Joan Lindsay, in pin-spot muslin, who were presented with due decorum.

Balmoral Beach Club's 13th

MOSMAN folk looked askance when Mrs. S. McNaughton, wife of the president of Balmoral Beach Club, announced that she intended to make the club's thirteenth annual ball, held in Warringah Hall, Neutral Bay, last Thursday night, "the best yet."

But this capable lady defied hoodoos and superstition and all of that sort of thing, and went along with the arrangements. She decorated the big hall herself, and then set to work on the official table. The hem of the tablecloth she decorated with heads of black cats and witches, and lucky horse-shoes to ward off bad luck, and before each guest she placed a lucky black cat. The ball was the biggest success in the series yet held.



MRS. SAMUEL BAILLIE, formerly Miss Jessie Muriel Grey, and sub-matron of Royal North Shore Hospital, who married Mr. Samuel Baillie, at St. Stephen's, Phillip Street, on June 1.

—Falk.

BOOKED TO travel by the Macdonui, Mr. and Mrs. Annmiller, with their daughters, Margaret and Pam, return to their home at Samara, which is built on the hill in the middle of the little island. Margot and Pam are looking forward to seeing their black nurse, Rahu.



MISS P. PAULING, a popular Manly Associate, whose marriage with Mr. E. C. Burns, of Cammeray, will take place on June 16.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MACKAY, who resigned from his post as Clerk of Faculties at the University to become headmaster of Cranbrook, has instituted compulsory gardening instead of detention for the boys.

Cranbrook will thus be more interested than ever in its new Head. During the last week or two there has been some intrigued gossip about the way in which The Head has turned the recent headmasters' conference to account already. Cranbrook boys this term will pay three-pence a week to attend lessons on correct speech by Lawrence Campbell!

LADY McKELVEY wears a posy, or trail, of exotic blooms for the garniture of her evening gowns, consequently her toilettes always have a finished look, as even in a tailleur she wears a button-hole flower.

GOLDEN-HAIRED June Baillieu is Melbourne's most fascinating recent visitor to Sydney. She has been staying with Jean Anderson at "Overthorpe" in the winding New South Head road.

I caught a glimpse of June shopping in town and envied this beautiful girl her distinguished clothes sense: a crushed brown velvet coat, with a cinnamon fox collar of gigantic proportions. On her golden hair was a black beret.

We are to lose her for she is returning to Melbourne taking Jean with her for a visit to the family home.

MRS. J. W. STEDMAN, patroness of the New South Wales Women Bowlers Association, is still in Melbourne, where she went to bid bon voyage to her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Gibson, who left on June 6 for England, where they will live.

The Social Round.

HISTORY LIVES Again on June 19

WATCH out for June 19. For on that date you will see some of your favorite pictures come to life.

Out of her frame will walk the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire (Mrs. A. Hordern), wearing the hat and plumes made famous by Gainsborough.

Nothing could be more modern than Mrs. John Fairfax's Girl of 1933.

The robes in which Cleopatra enthralled Antony will cling round the form of Irene Anderson.

To the other extreme goes Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, who, as Mary Pickford, will be "everybody's sweetheart." The vision of Haddon Hall will be invoked when Dinah Hordern wears the riding dress of that period. This is a fitting choice, for Dinah Hordern is well known for her fearless riding.

Others taking part include Ruth Cowan, a recent debutante. Mrs. Colin Chisholm's personality exactly fits that of Dolly Varden, and Dinah Downes has chosen to be a lady of the period when good Queen Victoria came to the throne.

THE JOHN SCOTTS, of Gordon, with their kiddies, are holidaying at Wallendbeen, on the far southern line.

COMMANDER AND Mrs. Lionel Robinson, of Kew, Melbourne, are staying in Sydney with Mrs. Robinson's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Septimus Hinder, whose new home is at No. 9, Hampstead, New South Head Road. After a brief stay here the visitors intend going to Brisbane for ten days, or so before their vacation is over.

LAST WEEK Miss Sholegh Foy was hostess at a delightful bridge party at the Pickwick Club. Her guests included Mrs. Don Foy, Mrs. Granville Waddy, Mrs. Dan Kelly, Mrs. Kathleen Seaman, Miss Vera Hickey, Miss Betty Ann Hill, Misses Jean and Gwen Mark, Joan Rayner and Alisa Hartland (Geoffrey Foy's fiancée).

A Record!

Perhaps one of the most practical and effective charities is that of the Lady Mayores' Clothing Fund. Every year hundreds of garments are distributed to families who are in genuine distress. Each successive year the Lady Mayores arranges a bridge party at the Town Hall to augment the funds of this charity. Mrs. Hagon's guests on Thursday night reached the amazing total of over 1200 players, and the proceeds constitute a record. To date the amount to hand has exceeded £450!

MRS. EWAN LOXTON, of Brisbane, is at present in London, where she was presented. She will present her daughter, Alice, at the next Court.

MRS. E. K. MCGREGOR, honorary secretary of Roseville P.A.C. Association, and her committee are elated over Lady Isaacs having promised to open the fête organized by the association, to be held in the school ground on June 24. Proceeds will go towards providing better equipment for the school and carrying out an extensive landscape gardening scheme.



MISS BARBARA HART, of Indooroopilly, Brisbane, came to Sydney when she was the guest of her aunt, Miss B. Abbott, of Woollahra. She has now left for Raymond Terrace, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Windeyer, of "Kinross."

THE GILLESPIE girls, of Warrawee, are missing none of the sights in their visit to Europe. Word comes of a fine time sightseeing in Cairo and Naples, and, after giving London the once-over, they will start out to see Scotland, thence crossing to Scandinavia.

MRS. W. CRESSWELL O'REILLY, with husband Ald. Cresswell O'Reilly and daughter Sylvia, has been on a visit to relatives in the Holbrook district. The family returned to their home on the North Shore line at the week-end, after staying with other relations at Harefield and Canberra.

THE L. A. ROBBS (he is president of the State Returned Soldiers and Sailors' League) were only a few days out on their voyage to England on the Ormonde when word came through that Mr. Robb had been included in the list of birthday honors recipients. Many cables followed them conveying congratulations from friends and neighbors on the North Shore line.

A VISITOR from Hobart, who is enjoying a round of introductions along the North Shore line is Miss Josephine Bjelke-Petersen, of Hobart, who is paying a long visit to the R. G. Bartlett, of Roseville. Miss Bjelke-Petersen recently announced her engagement to their son, Scoutmaster J. Bartlett.

IT SEEMS to be a point of honor at the annual ball of the Donnelly Old Girls' Union for some lass to announce her engagement. This year Madeline Elmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmore, of Randwick, hon. treasurer of the union, had a large party, and during the evening announced her engagement to Gerald Mitchell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Leichhardt. Others at the dance, which took place on Wednesday, May 31, threw confetti over the newly-engageds.

MRS. C. R. GISSING, of Roseville, who left by the Ormonde for a visit to her people in England, took along with her her baby, John, to introduce him to the other members of the clan.

MRS. J. N. TAIT has returned to her home, "Fairhaven," Koyong Road, Camfield. Her daughter, Betty, is visiting friends at Killara. Mrs. Tait is the sister of Mrs. Lyell Scott, of "Altona," Berry Street, North Sydney.



BETH BUCKNELL left her home at Yass to come to town, as she is one of Phyl Haley's bridesmaids.

HEATHER SUTHERLAND and Leonie Bond entertained at Leonie's home in Cremorne on Thursday in honor of Gwen Ward, who leaves on June 24 for Perth, where she will marry Andrew Banks. Among those present were Mrs. W. Roberts, Mrs. Ivor Stokes (Olive Anglinetta), May Forsythe, Win-some Jennings, and Eleanor Icton-Smith.

MISS SOADY, winner of the George Taylor Prize of £25, awarded by the Society of Women Painters, for her sculpture, "Harmony," explained to members of the Arts Club on June 6 the significance of her works of symbolism. Each of the four figures represents, she said, some ideal towards which we all strive—Love, Art, Truth, and Knowledge. Mrs. Florence Taylor also spoke upon "The Work of Women." There was a musical programme.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER and Mrs. Mortimer Durand, who arrived recently from England, have left 44 Macleay Street. They have taken a flat at Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Durand was formerly Beatrice Sheridan, the daughter of Judge John Sheridan, who is never weary of playing with his year-old grandchild, Elizabeth.

MR. AND MRS. Murray Angus, who have spent some time in Brisbane, have now decided to make their home in Sydney. Wahroonga is the suburb of their choice, as the air there is considered good for children, and twin babies are quite an important part of the Murray Angus household. "Malvern," Burns Road, Wahroonga, will find the Murray Angus family.

A TALE OF TWO WASHING DAYS — by Matt Moore

WHAT A FOOL I AM—
SCRUBBING MY
YOUTH AND STRENGTH
AWAY LIKE THIS

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A
LAUNDRESS IN ON
MONDAYS. I JUST CAN'T
STAND SCRUBBING
ANY MORE

ALL RIGHT, DEAR.
I NEVER LIKED
TO SEE YOU
SCRUB CLOTHES
ANYWAY

THAT AFTERNOON
BUT, ANNA, IT'S A SHAME
TO PAY MONEY FOR
A LAUNDRESS WHEN
YOU CAN GET CLOTHES
SNOW-WHITE SO EASILY

EASILY? SCRUBBING
CLOTHES JUST
ABOUT KILLS ME

WHO SCRUBS NOWADAYS?
GET SOME RINSO.
IT GETS CLOTHES
CLEAN JUST BY
SOAKING

NEXT WASHING DAY
I THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU WERE GOING TO
GET A LAUNDRESS,
ANNA

I'M GOING TO BUY
THAT NEW FROCK.
I NEED INSTEAD—
RINSO SAVES
SCRUBBING
AND IT SAVES THE
HANDS, TOO

**No need to rub and scrub
—with these extra-creamy suds**

ONE look at the thick, extra-creamy Rinso lather tells you why it makes such a difference on washing day. They almost *soak* the clothes clean. Colours wash just as bright as new. Whites come out snowy white, with no scrubbing or boiling. There's no hard work about the Rinso way of washing!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Rinso
FOR THE FAMILY WASH

Creamier lather... more washing power

COUNTRY COCKTAILS

Boecardis at Bowral Dance & Party

"WHAT a whirl!" said Gloria Terry, who came down from Bowral to purchase egg whisks and curtains for the new home her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Terry, have built at Bowral.

"Burnham" will be the scene of a bright cocktail party and dance to celebrate Gloria's majority on Saturday night.

Log fires will greet their visitors, who are motoring up from Sydney. The house party includes Mrs. Lurline Pulton, Misses Ann Bevan, Marcia Cordeaux, Cherry and Audrey Connell, Messrs. R. E. G. Faveaux, Hugh Luscombe Newman, Len

Armitage, Douglas Terry, John Cordeaux, Neville Anderson, Sir George and Lady Fuller, with Mrs. Gwen Wharton, will motor together.

Among other guests are Marjorie Scarvell, Jack Antill, Mrs. Herbert Marks, and her son, John, Peggy McIntyre, Marcia Cordeaux, Doreen Gale of Melbourne and many others.

The Terrys belong to the Pioneer Club and from their home at Eastwood, in more spacious days, were wont to drive four-in-hand to races in Sydney.

TOPCOATS AND FURS COME OUT

RANDWICK were a wintry aspect on the King's Birthday, and most women were wrapped either in furs or topcoats, with high collars. Check is very chic, and quite a number of tones were used.

Mrs. Alan Macgregor's check was in fawn and white, her hat and bag being of the same material as the toilette.

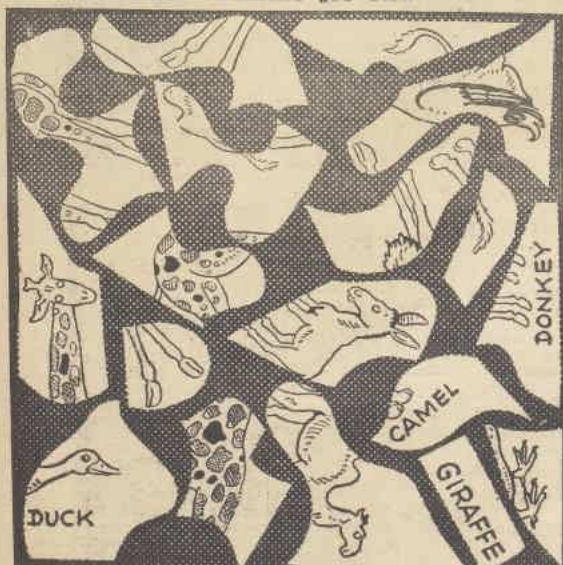
Mrs. S. Hardy's black and white check was worn with a small black velvet hat. Mrs. W. H. Hull was smart in cornelian red tulle, with a small black hat.

Mrs. Victor White brought her daughter, Suzanne, who wore a smart cravat with her brown tulle. Rust red was the choice of Mrs. Oscar Ireland.

Miss Beatrice Meeks was warmly wrapped in a squirrel coat, and wore a black hat. She was accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Friend.

RETURNING TO the station home at Molong is Mrs. Francis Shillington, of Roseville. She will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Gasson, and her little son, David.

OUR WEEKLY JIG SAW



A. W. NUGENT, the world's champion Puzzle-maker, has prepared this Jigsaw for you. It is the first of an interesting series secured by The Australian Women's Weekly. Cut out on this cardboard, and piece together—if you can.

A DREAM for one: REALITY for the OTHER

IN the front row at the Town Hall on Saturday night, at Philip Hargrave's concert, was a small boy of six years old who was brought by his teacher, Miss Shadforth Hooper, to listen to the boy of ten who held the large audience enraptured. The boy is even now a master. When he took his encores, he announced the name of his numbers with a clear and decided voice.

Little David Maddison had asked to sit in the front, so that he might watch the musician's hands. Occasionally the eyes of the small performer strayed to the other little boy with critical interest.

Philip is a nuggety youngster. His well tailored short white pants, white socks and pumps, worn with a silk shirt and black tie, emphasised his youthful appearance. A lock of his hair kept falling; in true artistic fashion he brushed it aside as he energetically bowed.

David is a little Sydney boy, and his teacher has hopes that he, too, will fill the Town Hall in another four years or so.

Among those present were Mrs. Spencer Brunton, who wore a handsome gown of black embroidered with large velvet flowers, and an ermine wrap. With her was Mrs. C. H. Marsden, gowned in haze grey. Mrs. John Brownlee wore an interesting gown of haze blue marlette; Miss Rita Miller chose white satin. A long mink coat covered Mrs. A. E. Grace's black lace gown. Mrs. Hugh Ward, who was accompanied by Mrs. Hugh Ward senior, wore a gown of black and gold. Russet lace, covered with a fur coat, was worn by Mrs. Eva Wunderlich. Miss Irene Carter's lame golden gown had a small cap made to match.

The Charm of Silver Shingles

THE first night of a new "talkie" with Noel Coward's name to it brought a number of the smart set to the Prince Edward to see "To-night Is Ours." Nearly every woman was well coiffured. A waved, lengthy shingle was very popular. One of the few exceptions was a blonde, who wound her plait around her head in the style of the 'nineties. The platinum blonde and graceful grey heads were in the majority.

Among those noticed in the large audience were—

Mrs. Oliver Osborne, whose mist grey georgette gown was worn with a long coat of costly grey squirrel. Mrs. Frank Albert's dress was covered by a long patterned squirrel coat, with a collar of grey fox. Mrs. Sam Hardy wore a chic small black velvet hat, which showed her platinum hair beneath the becoming angle at which it was worn. A diamante ornament was just the right note. Mrs. J. McCarthy looked slim and graceful and very much in the vogue, with an ermine wrap finished with Arctic fox fur. Mrs. J. J. House (whose husband is still abroad with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Crane) was gowned in black lace, with a nosegay of red roses showing beneath her delightful mole wrap. Mrs. Alec Joske looked distinguished in sweeping black georgette. She also wore damask red roses. Mrs. Crawford Robinson, whose silver culture looks always distinctive, wore sables over a flowered georgette. Mrs. J. Hancock was a symphony in cinnamon tones. Her Titian hair went well with her furs. She wore a black velvet gown. Mrs. Cambion came with her daughter, Norah, who wore a hip length coat of Chamberlain red. Mrs. J. O. Meeks' diamond earrings showed to advantage with her black toilette. Mrs. Hugh Ward was wrapped in a black velvet coat with grey fox revers. Mrs. Mel Ward, her son's wife, was with her. Valmai Hammy's leopard skin furs looked most attractive. Mrs. Bryan Wigley wore rose pink and grey georgette. Mrs. Edward Lloyd chose black velvet, which suited her divinely.

How will your face face the WINTER?



Good-bye summer! Enter wintry winds and icy air! How will you protect your skin so that it does not tighten to cracking point; so that it does not chap; so that tiny red veins do not appear? Wintry weather can be very cruel to sensitive skins, but I have developed a simple, inexpensive method for keeping the face pliable, soft, smooth and all the more irresistible in that so many other faces will be showing the ravages of the harsher weather. Loveliness means so much!

PERSONAL HOME METHOD OF WINTER CARE—

Each night wash with Paris Soap and warm water, dry quickly; apply a little Facial Youth Cleansing Cream; wipe off and apply my Night Cream. Massage this into the skin for a minute or so and leave the skin thus treated during sleep. Next morning simply rinse the face in tepid water, apply a little Cleansing Cream; wipe off. Now, if your face is not extremely dry, apply Facial Youth Day Cream. If the skin is drawn tight, and is "thin", before applying Facial Youth use first a trace of my Cold Cream, which may also be used to keep the hands

lovely. To complete the facial treatment, use Golden Youth or Rare Tulip face powder, selecting one of the lighter shades, like Rachel. These two powders are winter-weather-proof and are extremely protective, as well as glamorously flattering. For a touch of colour, either Rose Petal or Paris Rouge.

CONCERNING YOUR HAIR . . .

During winter, many women have trouble with hair and scalp. You can't afford to risk losing the beauty of your hair, so do this—Once a week, wash the hair with Hennafomax rinses; dry, and apply Glendol Scalp Stimulant. Then your hair will not fade or fall; your scalp will not irritate; your tresses will give you no cause for regret when glorious summer returns . . .

My Youth-Giving Preparations are Priced to Suit Present Needs . . . Paris Facial Treatment Soap, 7d.; Kathleen Court Night Cream, tin 2/-, jar 2/4; Facial Youth Day Cream, tubes 1/3 and 2/-, jar 2/4; Cleansing Cream, 2/4; Kathleen Court Cold Cream, 2/-; Golden Youth Face Powder, handbag boxes 1/-, large boxes 2/-; Rare Tulip Face Powder, in jewelled bowl, 2/4; Rose Petal Rouge, 1/6; Paris Moist Rouge, 2/-; Hennafomax Shampoo, powder form 3d., liquid form 2/3; Glendol Scalp Stimulant, 2/- ALL GOOD CHEMISTS AND STORES.



Kathleen Court



I STRONGLY RECOMMEND GAS FIRES Says a leading Medical Expert

Harley Street district (London), the practising centre for many of the world's foremost medical authorities, has more gas fires to the acre than any other residential area in Great Britain Three out of every four doctors in England use gas fires Ninety per cent. of hospitals and nursing homes, etc., in London use gas fires Sydney Hospital uses gas fires. What finer testimony could there be to the health and hygiene of these up-to-date room warmers!

Modern gas fires are more hygienic than other room heaters because they provide a perfect system of ventilation and they are more healthful and health giving than other room heaters because they give off sunlike radiant heat—heat which warms your body and not merely the air in the room.

Special Offer

20/- for fixing

If house pipes are suitable.

Free fitting

If gas is suitably laid on to fireplace.

One deposit only for fire and fixing cost.

Come and see these modern fires

They are so cosy that they make ordinary room heaters seem lukewarm and they are so economical that you can keep an average size room snug and inviting for as little as 1d. an hour.

Prices range from £2/10/- upwards. Deposits as low as 10/-.

Models for every fireplace. Color finishes to harmonise with room furnishings.

At your service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

Showrooms: Pitt and Barlow Streets, Sydney

Follow the lead of medical experts—warm your rooms with GAS

ARE YOU BRAINY?



£500 CASH FREE!

FOR SOLVING THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION

Tangled Letters	Clue	Solution
1 SEIRALO	A seaman.	SAILOR
2 GURM	A kind of strong liquor.	
3 GERIN	A hoop.	
4 FLOCO	A stupid fellow.	
5 GUBELO	Round like a ball.	
6 KOREE	Smoke.	
7 GOBYEL	A goblin.	
8 PLATS	To strike lightly.	
9 DTMSU	A spot of dirt.	
10 NIKAG	Ruler of a nation.	
11 THOBREP	To perplex.	
12 PROLETT	To flounder about.	
13 BEUSEP	A small bag for money.	
14 EVBIN	Slender stem of a climbing plant.	
15 KINCT	A moment.	
16 FLEATLY	Loyalty.	
17 TREBS	Most excellent.	
18 WASTE	To surfelt.	
19 REPEF	Companion, equal.	
20 DUDLEHM	Confusion.	
21 POGUDY	Fat and short.	
22 MURALA	Noise giving notice of danger.	
23 FFUPH	To swell.	PUFF
24 RALFEG	To glitter.	
25 PANEL	A narrow street.	

MAIL QUICKLY

If you post immediately you may win the Special £2/2/- prize for the first correct solution received from this paper!

The tangled letters when arranged in their right order make a word, the meaning of which is given in the centre column, but in each case there is one letter left over, e.g., with No. 1 SEIRALO; if you drop the E you could arrange the other six letters to form the word SAILOR, meaning "A SEAMAN"; in the same way No. 23 is "Puff." Treat all the words in this way and attach the solution to the coupon given below. Words and clues taken from Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

CASH PRIZES FOR YOU!

1st	£250
2nd	75
3rd	25
5 at £10	50
10 at £5	50
25 at £1	25
50 at 10/-	25
Total Prizes	£500

CONDITIONS:

The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the solution with the most words correct. A second prize of £75, third £25, and the other 50 Cash Prizes will be given to those with the next nearest correct solutions.

In the event of more than one having the correct solution, the Judges (who will be the Managing Director of The Goldberg Advertising Agency Ltd., the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and a representative from the New South Wales Community Hospital) will make an award, and may add the first, second and third prize money together, and divide it between those with the correct solution.

Each entry must be accompanied by a 1/- Postal Note and a stamped, addressed envelope.

The Judges' decision will be final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into and no interview granted, either during or after the Competition. The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit in the vaults of the Bank of New South Wales, and will be opened in the presence of the Judges. Entries from this paper must be received by July 5, 1933. Results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly on July 29. Full list of winners will be posted to all competitors. NEATNESS WILL NOT BE TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION IN THIS COMPETITION.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TANGLED WORDS COMPETITION

THE PROFITS FROM THIS COMPETITION WILL BE DONATED BY "THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY" TO THE NEW SOUTH WALES (COMMUNITY) HOSPITAL.

MAIL QUICKLY

Your 1/- buys you a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest—and may win you prizes with a guaranteed cash value of £4,000—and 6 consecutive copies of the "Australian Women's Weekly," too!

Don't Delay—
Mail to-day!
You may win £4,000

Mail This For a Fortune!

The Competition Editor,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
Desk WW. 1,
Box 4985 W., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I want to share in the £250 cash and win prizes valued at £4000 in the Golden Chest.
Here is my entry for the Tangled Letters Puzzle, with a postal note for 1/- and a stamped, addressed envelope. I agree to accept the Judges' decision as final and legally binding.
I understand that I am entitled to a ticket in the Golden Chest (which can win prizes with a guaranteed cash value of £4000), and also 6 consecutive copies of The Australian Women's Weekly, which you are offering. Please send these to me.

NAME
STREET
TOWN STATE

NEW ANGLES IN YOUR HOME

Move your pictures and furniture around



By A HOME DECORATOR

Wanderlust, the urge to travel, are words we are all prone to employ on the faintest provocation. The sight of an overseas boat, or even a mail train, immediately evokes a longing for a change—change of air and change of scene; after which we return to our homes, park the wraps in the accustomed spot, eat our dinner facing the same old wall, and eventually retire to a bed in its time-honored corner.

Isn't there an old adage to the effect that women and inconsistency were synonymous terms? On this subject of change, many of us are apt to prove the truth of the assertion, for while we sigh for new vistas, we take our homes for granted, and year after year the appurtenances of our rooms greet us from their customary corner.

Infinite pleasure, a definite mental stimulus, and an antidote to that longing to wander can be achieved by the simple expedient of effecting simple changes throughout the home.

The visualising of new effects, the replacing of old scenes with new, will prove a very pleasurable pastime, and one that need not be marred by the bogey of expense. Let us marshal our forces, order general in an oeuvre, and, finally, as each detachment stands at ease, the new aspect presented will afford a pleasant mental stimulus to every member of the household.

During the winter months the fireplace will be the central point of the lounge. Try the effect of bringing the Chesterfield out from the wall and place it at a cosy distance from the fender.

Not only will it offer a comfortable spot on which to curl with your favorite novel, but its back will disclose a surface unutilized either by wear or by time.

In the space thus presented along the wall or in a corner place a small table,

a bowl of flowers, and possibly a book or two. Two chairs standing more or less conventionally, one on either side of the table, will present a cordial invitation to the unexpected—or the invited—guest.

Then, of course, the additional wall-space calls for a reshuffle of pictures, and (lowly be it murmured) an opportunity to discard those white elephants to which one is so often forced to give prominence in deference to the donor.

In carrying the campaign to the bedrooms, one must do so in a very practical frame of mind, for though conditions may necessitate the closing of windows, fresh air is essential. When you move your bed it should be to that corner where it will glean all possible ventilation.

Your dressing-table mirror will present an equally pleasant reflection from a fresh viewpoint. But he is sure to take advantage of the light.

Again, the pictures can be re-arranged, and new covers for the bed and bolster offer charming possibilities. Your carpet and wall-paper will certainly respond to at least two color schemes. Why not choose one for the winter and one for the summer months?

A complete set of covers, not forgetting the chair cushions, for each season is not an additional expense, for each will last twice as long.

Finally, let us consider the kitchen. During the summer you have sought to avoid the heat from the stove and have welcomed a strong breeze through the window. But for the ensuing season you can deal firmly with the piercing winds and will not be strongly inclined to keep the stove at a distance.

One other factor must govern your activities in this domain, and that is the distance from cupboards to table and from table to stove. Kitchen work is a wearying business, and whenever possible, extra steps should be eliminated from the day's round.



TURN OFF the shower before you move the bath!

CLEVER IDEAS — HINTS FROM READERS

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/- will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

IF THE seat of a wicker chair has begun to sag, it can be tightened by first soaking it in hot water, then turning it upside down to dry, in the sun if possible.—"Em."

A USEFUL economy tip when darning in silk stockings show above the heel of the shoe is to put a small tapered tack in the lower part of the heel of the stocking; this does not rub or cause any inconvenience, and the stocking looks as good as new.—"Marion."

ALUMINIUM saucepans that have lost their handles make good cake tins.—"Cookie."

TO REMOVE the "blooms" from mahogany, go over the surface with a soft cloth wrung out of hot water, to which has been added a tablespoonful each of linseed oil and turpentine. Polish with a soft chamois leather.—"Klm."

REMOVE coffee stains by rubbing gently with a little glycerine, then rinse in tepid water. Iron with moderate iron on the wrong side till dry.—"M.K."

IF A LITTLE common salt is added to the petrol used for removing spots on thin and delicate materials it will not leave a disfiguring ring.—Mrs. J. Northbridge.

PATTERN SERVICE

... One Pattern Is FREE Each Week

All inquiries and letters regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney

WX17.—Frock of velvet with Dolman sleeves, also contrasting sleeves and front trimming. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36-inch, and three-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX18.—Frock with lap-over skirt. The fur trimming on this frock of wool-de-chene gives it a smart and cozy appearance. Material required, five and five-eighths yard 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX19.—Smart frock of the new figured velvet, with contrasting vest. Material required, four yards 36-inch, and half a yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX20.—Cape of silk with contrasting collar. Material required, five-eighths yard 36-inch and half a yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 9/10d.

WX21.—Boy's knickerbocker suit of tweed. Material required, two and a half yards 54-inch. To fit size 10-12 years. Other sizes, 6-8, 8-10, and 12-14 years. Sizes, 6-8, 8-10, and 10-12 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/10d. Sizes, 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Patterns of these charming frocks may be obtained at the prices shown. Send your orders to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney, and be sure to state the size required. Give full name and address.



This is Our FREE Pattern

High necks are very popular this winter, and the free pattern shows an attractive style with cross-over bodice, fastening with buttons. The slim-fitting sleeves are also trimmed with rows of buttons up the back. Gored skirts enable one to have a slim-fitting line over the hips and a slight flare at the hem.

You will require three and three-quarter yards 36in. material.

The free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust. All seams and hems must be allowed for when cutting.

Patterns of this smart frock are available to readers while supplies last. Fill in the coupon below, enclose 1d stamp for postage, and send to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney. Mark your envelope, "Pattern." Be sure to give your full name and address.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the frock illustrated above. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

Name

Address

Pattern Coupon, 10/6/1933.

Only a Rose, Butt—

I WONDER if you would be interested to hear of an incident which has lived in my memory for many years, as typical of the simple kindness of the truly great.

I was sitting in the front row of the stalls at one of Dame Clara Butt's concerts in His Majesty's Theatre, Brisbane. So great was the attendance on this particular night that the management had placed rows of chairs on the stage, allowing only a restricted passage-way for the prima donna between the first row and the organ.

On one of these chairs sat a little, old woman, spell-bound. She was shabbily dressed, and one could picture the careful economy that had been the cost of her evening's delicious entertainment. As the great singer made her entrance for the second time the little old woman leaned forward in her eagerness. Alas! the narrow space left only room for Dame Butt to pass through, and she tripped

over the little, old woman's feet. The poor old face was transformed from ecstasy to abject misery.

Recovering her poise, the prima donna turned, walked back to the organ where her floral tributes lay, and, choosing a glorious red rose, placed it in the trembling old fingers.

For the remainder of the evening—I can see her now—the little, old soul hugged that rose to her breast, and I rather fancy that that rose is somewhere to-day carefully pressed in the leaves of an old family Bible.

The scene was brought to my mind the other day during a conversation with a man who was at one time a well-known critic.

"Clara Butt," he said, with a sneer; "she can think only of babies."

To reach the pinnacle of her profession and yet retain a simple kindness that finds expression toward old women and babies—could one pay her a finer tribute?—Ajax.

—AND HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE "STEVE"



LATER

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A FELLOW! CLAIRE HAS TURNED ME DOWN THREE TIMES NOW ABOUT ANOTHER DATE

NEXT DAY

TOO BUSY TO SEE ME AGAIN. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY. I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF I DON'T GET MORE ORDERS

THE SALESMANAGER SPEAKS

I'LL BE FRANK. YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD UNTIL YOU END "B.O."

—AND LIFEBOUY WILL DO IT!



THREE MONTHS LATER

CLAIRE, GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'VE WON FIRST PLACE IN THE SALES CONTEST. LET'S GET MARRIED SOON

DARLING, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU



It's folly to take chances with "B.O." (Body Odour)

EVEN in cool weather pores give off odour-causing waste. We never know the moment when others may notice this odour! Play safe—use Lifebuoy. Its creamy, germ-removing lather purifies pores—ends all danger of "B.O." (Body Odour). Its pleasant, hygienic scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Be sure you do get LIFEBOUY

No substitute can give you real protection. A LEVER PRODUCT



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PRINCE EDWARD

At Last Real Romance Comes Back to the Screen!

The gayest, most sparkling, and human romance of the season. A story of a young Queen who has tossed aside the responsibilities of a kingdom for a fling in gay Paris, and a wealthy, good-looking young Parisian who wins her heart in the process, only to have their romance smashed by the demands of her people. Audacious situations, sparkling dialogue, gay surroundings, and an excellent cast make this the outstanding picture of the year.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"TONIGHT IS OURS"

Noel Coward's
a Paramount Picture
FREDRIC MARCH

On the Stage:
A Mel. G. Lawton
Presentation,
"ART IN TAPS,"
with Moon and Ray, Richard White Middle, Angela Parselles, Prince Edward Corps de Ballet.

Albert CAZABON
Chief
Prince Edward Concert Orchestra
"PIQUE DAME"
(Cappe)
with Les Waldron at
the Concert Organ.

Attend Motion Picture Industry Masquerade Ball, Blaxland Galleries, 20th June.

Paris's Folies Bergeres in Sydney

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IAN HAY'S VERY DELIGHTFUL AND MOST HILARIOUS PLAY

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This year's finest drama—watch for it!

THE BEAUTY OF THEIR
LOVE

Redeemed Them From The
Crucible Of War!

The supreme story of a
beautiful girl's love for a
light-hearted and light-loving
soldier—a love that was so
great, so honest and sincere,
that it triumphed over a
world of hate.



A FAREWELL TO ARMS

with
Helen HAYES
Gary COOPER
Adolphe MENJOU



Watch Also for these Paramount Pictures:

“KING OF THE JUNGLE,” with The
Lion Man (Butzer Crabbe) and Frances Dee.

“THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY,”
with Jean Hersholt, Wynne Gibson, Stuart
Erwin, and Frances Dee.

“A LADY'S PROFESSION,” with Alison
Shipworth, Roland Young, Sari Maritza.

“A BEDTIME STORY,” starring Maurice
Chevalier, with Helen Twelvetrees, Edward
Everett Horton, Adrienne Ames, and Baby
Leroy.

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1, & 2—These
MAJORS for 2p.
seats. Seats 11/1
4.30 1/1 to 2/7;
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“THOSE
WE
LOVE”

MARY ASTOR
LILYAN TASHMAN
KENNETH MACKENNA

In a drama that pulses with
life, thrills and romance.

NEXT SAT. — “THE SIGN OF THE CROSS”

MOVIE HALL — BLAXLAND GALLERIES, JUNE 20

A Few STOLEN MOMENTS with "The Squatter's Daughter": Behind the Scenes with our New Screen Beauty



This is Jocelyn Howarth, the Sydney girl who was discovered on the amateur stage and engaged to star in Cinesound's "The Squatter's Daughter."

She's Got Troubles But She Loves Them

THE energy and will-to-win fostered in Jocelyn Howarth, star of "The Squatter's Daughter" during the many years that she was captain of tennis at her school (St. Gabriel's) is needed now she is in talkies. For there is no more misguided impression of a film star than that which makes her a languid, spoilt beauty.

Although only 26 miles away from Sydney and its beauty parlors, Jocelyn has visited the city once only; it was a wet day, and no photographs could be taken in two months. So her hair, manicuring, and so on, have all to be done by herself.

That this is no small task can be seen from the fact that during one scene, she had to cover herself, even her hair, with cotton oil, to avoid sparks from a bush fire. For the fires, floods, bolting horse, and other exciting incidents of "The Squatter's Daughter" are no fakes, and the star has no double.

In one scene, she and the hero engage the villain in combat in the middle of a river. Although a board was laid on the mud of the river bed, the heroine had to stand in water up to her neck while the fight was taken and retaken until the director was satisfied. Almost as bad was the time when Jocelyn had to be heavily covered in bed for some hours, gaily humming a tune, on a "heat wave" day under Kleig lights. And yet, she is simply mad about her work!

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT"

UNFORTUNATELY the producers have jumped at the opportunity to pile on the agony given by Clemence Dane's "Bill of Divorcement," but this production is well worth seeing. In its cast are John Barrymore, as the shell-shocked husband who returns to his former wife (played by Billie Burke), to discover that she is about to re-marry, and Paul Cavanagh, who, as usual, is a fascinating lover.

The supporting feature is, in contrast, a cheerful comedy, bright and amusing, and practically plotless, including Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Victor Jory, and Sammy Cohen.

—Regent, at end of week.

"42nd STREET"

IT was Warner Bros. who sponsored Al. Johnson's "Jazz Singer," following with numerous musical films until the public taste was awakened. But "42nd Street," opening at the State Theatre at the end of the week, is a new type of musical show, and most attractive. Based on a story of theatrical life by Bradford Ropes, the cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Una Merkel, and Al. Johnson's wife, Ruby Keeler. One hundred and fifty girls make up the chorus, and forty men, so that if you like that sort of thing, here it is.

—State, at end of week.

There would appear to be an underlying motive of no mean order on the part of votaries of cycling, for Irene Dunn, Betty Furness, and Joel McCrae have foreworn the luxury of limousines in favor of push-bikes—sometimes!



Grant Lyndsay, the juvenile male lead in the new talkie was last seen in Sydney in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



Miss Howarth in a very modern riding hat.

Owen Ainley and Cath. Esler also appear in the new Australian talkie. Some of the most magnificent photography yet seen in any film characterises this new production.

EVERY PICTURE and EVERY THEATRE

"TO-DAY WE LIVE"

JOAN CRAWFORD, Franckot Tone, and Robert Young are particularly well cast as a sister, brother, and sister's fiancé (out of kindness, as a fiancé is a lifelong playmate and brother's best friend), respectively, and Gary Cooper, as the sister's real love, has no particular faults. So that, if one doesn't think that war stories are out-of-date, and is not bored by a plot which stands still for long periods, "To-day We Live" is a more-than-average show. The air and sea battles, although unnecessarily long, are really quite enthralling. Joan Crawford has the usual tragic role, but is unlike herself in that most of the time she wears uniform instead of exotic fashions.

The playing of the "March Militaire" on the concert grand by Isidor Goodman during the interval is sufficient reason alone for visiting St. James.

—St. James.



EYES of youth, and wine, and beauty. "To-night Is Ours" is Fredric March's and Claudette Colbert's new talkie at the Prince Edward.

"CAVALCADE"

"COME with me to 'Cavalcade' and have a good cry," said one woman soon after this picture's release. "Well, I went yesterday, but I will come again if you like," answered her friend. Evidently everybody is doing it, for this inspiring film, which combines perfection of Hollywood production with perfection in English acting, has now moved to the Plaza, and is still attracting crowds.

—Plaza

CHARM OF "HONI SOIT"

FROM the opening scene in "Honi Soit," which commenced its Sydney season at the Theatre Royal on Saturday last, the atmosphere and the spirit of Paris pervades the whole production.

It was Ernest C. Rolfe's ambition to produce a real Folies Bergeres show in Sydney, and he has succeeded. The scrappy girls who have been popular for so long are succeeded by ones who are truly beautiful and one hopes that curves are really "in."

One of the most spectacular scenes, entitled "Cocktail Souvenir," depicts a bachelor's last party, and is particularly well staged.

Charles Norman and Renie Riano do excellent work of the humorous variety. L'Etoile and Laurence are delightful adagio dancers, and Chic Arnold, Byrl Walky, Colin Crane, Rae Fischer (remembered for her excellent work in "The Sentimental Bloke"), and Cecil Scott, also do fine work.

—Royal

"TO-NIGHT IS OURS"

FREDRIC MARCH has small eyes for a movie star, yet even the least susceptible of women could hardly remain quite calm and collected after the close-ups of him in this adaptation of Noel Coward's "The Queen Was in the Parlor." Claudette Colbert is an attractive partner for his love-making. Beautiful photography shows us Paris, with Claudette, widowed from an impossible husband, falling madly in love with a chance acquaintance. Later we pass to scenes in the mythical kingdom to which she succeeds, where, after the opportunity for working on the audience's feelings is fully exploited, she finally gets Fredric, and doesn't even have to give up her kingdom.

Allison Skipworth and Paul Cavanagh relieve the bleakness of the later scenes, and on the whole "To-night Is Ours" is an excellent show. An added attraction is Mel Lawton's bright presentation, which includes Angela Perselles, Moon and Ray, and dancers from Richard White's studio.

—Prince Edward.

THE English Charles Farrell lives a life of the Jekyll-Hyde persuasion. On the silver screen he is the bold, bad villain. Over the air—with the B.B.C.—he weaves fascinating fairy stories that hold the infant British mind spell-

"MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS"

AS it was an Australian (Oscar Asche) who gave "The Maid of the Mountains" its first public appearance, it is appropriate that this play, which on its first production ran for three years (a record for a musical show) should see the end of one of Australia's leading theatres. It was Asche who changed the name of the play from "Teresa" to its present one, for Lonsdale, the author, was not then well established, and agreed to all suggestions. Also the settings, which so greatly help in its success, were to a great extent arranged by Asche, who changed the first scene from the exterior of a hut to the exterior of the bandits' encampment, with a stockade and a mountain pass in the background and a chasm in front.

As it is becoming rather a surprise nowadays to find a musical play whose leading lady has a voice, it is no wonder one can almost hear a pin drop when Gladys Moncrieff, whose personality and dramatic artistry are as compelling as when she introduced "The Maid" to Her Majesty's, is on the stage.

—Her Majesty's.

"THE MIDDLE WATCH"

ONE had in mind two excellent reasons for pleasurable anticipation of the Hansen-Seiler production of "Middle Watch," opening at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday night. The first was Nicholas Hansen's own personality, the second was the popularity of any work that bears the signature of Ian Hay.

Unlike so many novelists, Ian Hay does not belie his literary work in his own personality. Tall, dark and debonaire, with a gravity of demeanour that is belied by a humorous twinkle, he is the typical English Army officer. "The Middle Watch," itself, is imbued throughout with that dry humor so characteristic of this author. It was originally written and produced by Admiral King-Hall on board the Repulse. The script was subsequently brought to London, where Ian Hay revised it to such good effect that it stands as a striking illustration of his uncanny gift of knowing just what line of humor will grip an audience.

And, in order that no misunderstandings of a painful nature may occur, officers from the Australian Navy have cast a critical eye at the rehearsals and solved such knotty problems as the doffing or the wearing of a cap.

—Criterion

Little Theatres

DORIS FITTON once again shows her flair for perfect casting and production in the June presentation of the Independent Theatre, Van Druten's "London Wall," and Mr. Don Finley's settings are drab and uninspiring in the traditional manner of the law. The play, which deals with the private lives of the staff, mainly their love affairs, is extremely entertaining throughout, even if the office girls are obviously the creations of a man, and, although one or two incidents are rather improbable—as when the typist who is disapproving, not in love, and no fool, says she has lived for three years with the man she had hoped to marry, or when the upright young hero takes an almost unknown woman's money with hardly a thank you.

No particularly "star" parts have been allowed, and each actor does such excellent work that it is almost invidious to single out anyone in particular. Clarence Murphy is a charming philanthropist, John Stacey is a born comedian, and would be a ray of sunshine, if rather a disturbing one, in any office. Lorraine Smith, the third of Dr. S. A. Smith's pretty daughters to take to the footlights, has the same charming voice as her sisters, and, although Gertrude Johns is quiet-



HONORS for warriors fallen; love for those who live—as Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper see it in "To-day We Live," at St. James.

voiced and gentle, she can be heard all over the house.

Also excellent are Allan Davis, Joyce Smith, Alfred Race, Estelle Macken, and Jean Lawson.

SOME of the finest work among the amateur societies in Sydney is done by the Sydney Players' Club, which will present on successive Saturdays—June 17 and 24 and July 1—"A Social Convenience." H. M. Harwood's "Eternal Triangle" play, Mr. S. Irving, the producer, will also play the part of Prothero, the "doctor for social ailments," and Sybil Reimer will be Millicent Hanny, who, with Wilfred Blackett (playing Denis LeStrange) consults the doctor about a divorce from her husband (played by William Wines). Millicent's niece will be played by Marjorie Cumberland.

ALIX LAMB, who has done such good work with the Independent Theatre players, is very excited at the prospect of visiting Suva at the end of the month. She will accompany the hockey team and will sail in the Mariposa.

The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 14)

"I—I THOUGHT you'd never get here!" she cried huskily. "What's happened?" he demanded. "Mr. Merriton—Stewart Merriton! He—he's been stabbed to death!"

For a stunned second Dan Cory could not stir.

He heard Harrison Berkely gasp in a hoarse, incredulous outcry: "Good Lord! . . . How? . . . Wh—who did it?"

"We—we don't know who did it," whispered Katherine Lacombe in an unrecognisable voice. "Dr. Kyne found him there—in his room upstairs—on the floor—"

Then Cory recaptured his senses. Without a word he plunged past the girl and went up the steps, three at a bound. The others followed him. As he ran he thought confusedly of the strange screams and this tragic aftermath, and wondered if the two had any kind of connection.

His nerves were quivering. On the upper floor he saw the gaunt Professor Lacombe and the bearded Dr. Kyne staring into an open door. Both were fully dressed and both appeared paralysed by horror.

Behind them, gaping over their shoulders, were two kimono-clad women—the cook and the housekeeper. They turned and retreated a little, fearfully, when Cory came striding down the corridor.

"Dead!" Professor Lacombe was dazedly mumbling, again and again, as if he could not conceive so monstrous a thing. "Dead! He's—dead!"

CORY's first glance into the room froze him—left him feeling a little sick and dizzy.

He saw the half-dressed body of Stewart Merriton sprawling on its back. The arms were outstretched; one knee was raised. The man had not worn a shirt, and his underwear was soaked hideously with blood that had spilled over on the floor. His eyes were wide open, glazed, staring with horrible fixity at the ceiling.

"Dead!" Professor Lacombe continued to mumble in that stupefied way. "Merriton is dead!"

Cory stepped past him into the room. White of face, he quite forgot his loosely buttoned overcoat, and his tugged-down hat. He knelt beside the body and his heart was thundering, pounding, with crazy violence.

He had to force himself to peer straight at the wound. To this sort of thing he was not at all accustomed. He had come to investigate ghastly screams, not brutal murder. . . . But fiercely he told himself:

"I've got to handle this intelligently! With Dead III, I'm all the law there is! This is my job!"

That realisation lent him strength, and he achieved a better grip on his nerves. His fingers were stiff as he lifted Merriton's undershirt far enough to disclose the wound.

It was a thin gash, like a knife-cut, perhaps an inch and a quarter long. And directly over the heart.

Cory dropped the shirt. Without otherwise moving he peered about the floor, under chairs, under the bed, under a bureau, everywhere. Of a weapon, however, there was no sign. The killer had evidently taken it away with him.

Grimly Dan Cory rose and faced the group in the door.

"Will you please telephone Dr. Westfield for me?" he said to Harrison Berkely, in a hard, quiet voice. Dr. Westfield was the local doctor who also acted as police-surgeon when required. "The number is Point Harbor 107. Ask him to come immediately!"

And as the stunned Berkely hurried away, Dan turned to Professor Lacombe.

"I'm Dan Cory," he said. "My father, the police-sergeant, has deputised me to represent him here. So I suppose it's up to me to take charge of this."

Professor Lacombe nodded dully, as if he had not quite heard, his gaze still fastened on the body.

"Suppose you tell me," Cory began, "just what you know about this thing."

"It—it's unbelievable!" muttered the professor. "We don't know how it happened at all! There was no sound of any kind. No cry. Nothing!"

Cory glanced at the pale face of Dr. Henry Aldrich Kyne.

"You were the one who found the body?" he inquired.

"Yes!" whispered the bearded man, huskily. "Yes! I was the one who found him!"

"As he is now?"

"Exactly as he is, yes!"

"You mean you came here, to this room?"

"I did! To—to call for him."

"For what?"

"Why," faltered Dr. Kyne, "he didn't come down to the library, and we were wondering what was delaying him. And so I—"

(Continued on Page 35)

PROBLEMS of LIFE

Everyone who lives meets much the same problems. Many readers of this fascinating column of *Life's Problems* will find them hauntingly familiar. And yet—how did yours end? Every reader of *The Australian Women's Weekly* who has a problem to face and solve is invited to submit it to us for helpful, frank advice. While *The Australian Women's Weekly* will help with the utmost sincerity and good faith, it cannot, of course, accept any responsibility. This week I am giving copies of answers which I have given to people who have personally sought my advice on various matters recently.

By
"The
Matron"

meet her. If the young man wants to get married quickly, marry him. Your job in life is to make him happy—and he's not happy at home.

Daughter's Friends

MY 17-YEAR-OLD daughter has a friend whose manners are abominable. I have tried every way to break the friendship, but have been unsuccessful. What am I to do?—Anxious Mother.

Withdraw all objection. Ask the girl to the house for meals, and when there is a party, if the manners are an affliction, she will soon drop them when among well-behaved people. If she does not, then your girl will soon drop her, as her friend's vulgarity will make her blush and squirm inwardly.

Enjoy Declining Years

I HAVE BEEN living with my married son and his wife since my husband died. At first I didn't want to go out, but now I resent being quietly, but surely, relegated to the position of children's nurse. I don't want to stay, but if I leave the family will miss my financial help.

Probably the whole situation has arisen through want of thought, your daughter-in-law having got in the habit of thinking you do not wish to see people. Start your new life. Don't wait for her to include you in her parties. Make arrangements with old friends to go to bridge, to dinner, and the theatre. Then tell her that you want to enjoy what is left of your life. Very likely she'll see your viewpoint, and there will be lots of happy family parties.

Old Flame Returns

TEN YEARS AGO the man to whom I was engaged left Sydney without a word to me. He has returned, and has written reminding me of the old friendship, and asking me to see him. He makes no mention of his wife and child who are in England. I am bound to meet him sooner or later. How shall I act? I don't want to renew the friendship.—"Troubled."

Tear up the letter. When you meet him, as you say you must, treat him casually. Don't look self-conscious. Greet him as a person whom you knew long ago, but whose return means nothing to you. Your aloofness will give a knock to his vanity, and it's not likely that he will mention the letter.

Mother or Sweetheart

I AM IN LOVE with a young man, but his mother is so jealous, she makes life unbearable for him, and for me. He wants me to marry him, but how



can I when she even resents his coming to see me twice a week. He says if I don't he'll leave home, so the thing his mother wants to prevent will happen in any case.—Phyllis.

You have my sympathy, and so has your young man. But you have your own lives to think of. I certainly wouldn't break it off. I would be as nice as possible to his mother when you

SHE TOLD IT TO Sweeney!



"Where did you ever get that silly looking rubber doll? I've never seen it round the nursery before. Oh, so that grouchy Sweeney boy gave it to you, did he? First time I ever saw him give anybody anything! Lemme look at it!"



"Funniest looking doll I ever saw! Why, it's got that same cross-patch look to its face that Sweeney's got—see? There must be something pretty bad the matter with him. He acts as crabby as you did the day Granny put the wrong baby powder on you!"



"Well, you make me laugh! So you asked him questions till you found out what ailed him, did you? What a girl! And you told him our Johnson's Baby Powder was wonderful for chafing? Lucky Sweeney! He'll be so good from now on his own Mother won't know him!"

Mothers! . . . Did you ever stop to think that you may be using the wrong kind of powder on your baby? You can't be too careful, you know, and baby powders are not all alike.

The best way to find out the truth about baby powders is to rub some of each kind between thumb and finger. You'll find that some powders are surprisingly harsh and gritty. But feel how velvety Johnson's is—

how silky, how superlatively fine! That is because it is made from the finest talc—much softer than ordinary talcs.

Two extra comforts for your baby. . . . Johnson's Baby Soap lathers richly, cleanses gently, and rinses away swiftly. . . . made specially for babies. Johnson's Baby Cream is bland and soothing. It quickly relieves all minor skin irritations.



Johnson's Baby Powder

"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU."

A product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Zo Adhesive Plasters, Etc.

P 15-31

MOTHERS and Young WIVES



By a
DOCTOR

Every mother or mother-to-be should read this column weekly. It will contain invaluable medical advice, written by a well-known doctor, upon every phase of baby welfare.

A HEALTH HINT

IT is for the young wife to realise that the food she has, while pregnant, goes to build up the precious life she is shortly to present to the world. If the mother's diet is wrong and is deficient in proper vitamin supply, the child will probably suffer.

Every mother-to-be should have about a pint of milk a day and partake liberally of fresh fruits, salads, butter, cheese and similar foods. This does not mean that a vegetarian diet is best, for fresh meat once a day is both appetising and useful. Eggs, too, are a valuable food, rich in essential properties.

THAT SCHOOL LUNCH

THE question of what the school-child should have for lunch is of interest to mothers, and it has come up for discussion in medical journals within recent months. Writers have said that it is definitely bad for a child to run home from school, gobble up a hurried lunch, hurry back again, and play with the other children till the bell rings for afternoon school.

Such a meal does not digest properly, and is of much less advantage to a child than it would otherwise be.

It has also been said that the usual packet of sandwiches possesses certain disadvantages, especially in summer time, when they tend to get squashed and unappetising. Neither is a pie and a sugary cake very substantial fare containing many necessary vitamins for growing children.

The ideal food for the school-child (according to someone who was talking on the subject to a London medical audience the other day) is a hot mid-day meal, prepared according to modern dietetic knowledge. Schools should be able to cater for a large number of boys at a very moderate rate.

Australia has a great preponderance of day-scholars, and the question of a suitable and cheap mid-day meal might well be investigated further in many schools.



Rushing home from school for lunch and then back again is thoroughly bad.

WINTER COLDS

EVERYONE seems to have a cold at this time of the year. Children are always easily affected, and mothers are often very worried as to how they can keep them safe. There is no royal road to safety, but a combination of wisdom can be of possible use.

Firstly, colds are spread through infection, and nothing is so helpful to the cold germ as a closed-up heated room. Even on cold nights, it is quite possible to have the windows open at the top and a fire in the grate. Fresh air is our greatest protection against infection by the common cold. Children who "sleep out" are helped considerably to resist the infection.

Recent research has shown us that vitamins have a probable action in warding off colds. This is particularly so in regard to the vitamins found in the liver oil of the deep sea fish (such as the cod and the halibut). Cod-liver oil is valuable when given to the children fairly regularly during the winter.

Clothing should be warm, but not skin-tight. There is no need to wrap up unduly, but warm underwear is very helpful in fighting cold and establishing a comfortable feeling on the part of the wearer.

QUICK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

SINCE The Australian Women's Weekly is printed only a few hours before it is in your hands, it will be possible to answer questions PROMPTLY through this column. The long delayed replies experienced with journals printing three or four weeks in advance will thus be avoided.

Complete and practical answers will be given to all questions relating to the home, business, sport and general matters. More personal and intimate queries will be dealt with under "Problems of Life." Involved questions will, of course, take longer to verify.

Every effort, however, will be made to live up to the policy of "Quick Service." Answers will be sent by post, where a stamped and addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry.

What to eat in WINTER

By KATHLEEN
RICE



COLD winter days mean a replanning of menus in order that the children shall receive extra nourishment, and the workers, leaving home early in the morning and returning often late at night, perhaps thoroughly tired out and not inclined for food, shall be tempted with dishes calculated to please the palate, and supply the carbo-hydrates that form energy for the body to carry on its functions with the ease that we term good health.

The home-maker has so many duties to perform in the home that often in the caring for others she is apt to overlook her own welfare. This is a big mistake, and the first point for her to remember is that when mother is not up to par, everything else in the house suffers accordingly.

With curtailed incomes there are many people whose first thought in cutting down expenses is to economise in the

Tomato Juice Cocktail

Have you heard that tomato juice will make a delightful cocktail? Try it out for yourself. Take 2 cups of tomato juice (from the tinned article) thoroughly chilled, 2 small onions, finely chopped, half a bay leaf, 1 teaspoon of salt, 2 pieces of bruised celery, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 2 teaspoons of chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons of Worcestershire sauce, and 2 teaspoons of chili sauce. Mix all ingredients together, and strain through fine cheesecloth.



kitchen. Such a proceeding is unduly tolerated folly. Food, plenty of it, the right kind, of course, properly cooked, prepared and served, is the basis of health.

If you are one of the mothers who feeds her family well, and satisfies herself with a cup of tea and bread and butter, change your ways before serious illness overtakes you.

There is a fatigue, often attributed to some physical disorder, that is the direct result of an unconscious physical hunger. So when you feel thoroughly tired out, with presumably nothing to account for it, try making some of the recipes that you will find on this page.

WINTER SALADS

HOW OPEN through winter we think we could "just fancy a nice salad," with the accompanying thought that salad vegetables are not very tempting in cold weather. But in sunny N.S.W., we are fortunate that we can procure salad vegetables all the year round, and a dish of nice, crisp lettuce, served in the leaf and garnished with grated cheese, will make a delightful rounding-off to a meal, and where they are eaten with a sauce or similar biscuit, the delicious flavour is greatly enhanced.

SEASONABLE SOUPS

STEAMING, HOT SOUP is probably the favourite of all winter dishes. There is an art in cooking soup, and if a little trouble be taken in the preparation of the stock, it can be used for different varieties of the "soup family."

For the more generally used soups, meat and bones, trimmings from joints, remains of vegetables, sauces and gravies, cloves, peppercorns, can all aid in the production of a tempting brew. It is a wise plan to prepare the stock (or foundation liquid) for the soup a day before it is needed, as it is then easier to remove any surface fat.

In preparing stock it is usual to allow one pint of water for every pound of bones or meat, and 1 pint of water extra is added to allow for evaporation in cooking. Meat and bones should be chopped neatly, so that the juices can escape quickly. Cover the meat and bones with the water, then bring slowly to boiling point. A teaspoon of salt will bring the soup to the top, and the scum can then be removed without difficulty. Keep the lid off the pot until the stock boils, then replace the lid and keep it on while the stock is cooking. After skimming, add the vegetables and other seasonings. After it reaches boiling point let it simmer for about six hours, but do not let it boil again; add a little cold water if necessary.

Pass through a strainer, and remove fat from surface.

PEA SOUP

TAKE 3 quarts of stock (less if desired), 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 pt. split peas, 1 stick of celery, 1/2 teaspoon of pepper, 1 teaspoon of salt. Take the peas, which must have first been well soaked (many cooks prefer to soak them overnight), and add them to the stock with the vegetables cut up finely, and boil until the vegetables are quite soft. Then pass them through a sieve. Return the soup to the pot, season to taste, simmer for about twenty minutes, then serve with sippets of fried bread or toast.

FISH SOUFFLE

TAKE 2 oz. cooked fish, 1 oz. butter, 1/2 oz. flour, 1/2 pint of milk, 1 egg (separate white from yolk), 1 teaspoon of Anchovy sauce, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Flake the fish up finely, then prepare a sauce with the flour, butter and milk. Stir until it thickens, then add the anchovy sauce and the yolk of egg. Place the fish into the sauce, season, and add the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Put a buttered paper round the mould (making sure that the mould is about only three-quarters full), and bake in a quick oven for half-an-hour. Variety can be made by steaming the mixture, and serving with cheese, egg or oyster sauce.

RHUBARB CAKE

DID YOU KNOW that rhubarb would make an unusual and quickly prepared filling for an appetising cake?

Cook a pound of rhubarb (with very little water) until soft. Mix in 8 oz. sugar, two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour beaten smooth with a little water. Keep cooking until the mixture thickens slightly, and then allow to cool.

Line a cake-tin with short pastry, put in the rhubarb, and bake in a moderate oven until the pastry is cooked. Sprinkle with sugar before serving.

ORANGE FRITTERS

WHEN YOU WANT a quick, tasty meal, try this. Make a batter with 1/2 lb. flour, 1/2 oz. butter, 3 eggs, salt to taste, and sufficient milk to make the batter pour into the pan smoothly. Slice and peel the oranges thickly, and fry in the batter to a light brown.

SARDINE CIGARETTES

PREPARE A PASTE, roll out thinly, cut it into pieces about 1 1/2 inches long and about 1/4 inches wide. Then take sardines, place one in each piece of paste and wrap round, wetting the edges with milk, so that the ends will join nicely. Turn over the ends, brush with egg, roll in crumbs and fry in boiling fat. A delicious "cigarette" can be made by dipping the sardines in grated cheese or curry powder, before rolling in the paste.

WELSH RABBIT

FOR A HOT SUPPER, Welsh Rabbit is hard to beat.

For this you will need 3 or 4 oz. cheese, 1 teaspoon of mustard, pepper and salt, 2 tablespoons of butter, 1 tablespoon of milk. Grate the cheese, or cut finely. Stir all the ingredients over the fire or in a ring until well dissolved, and serve on hot buttered toast. This dish will make a delightful addition to pouched eggs.

SAVORY OMELET

MIX 1 dessertspoon of flour with 1/2 teaspoon of milk, beat in 2 eggs, add a pinch of pepper and salt, and a little butter. Melt 1/2 oz. butter in a pan, pour in the mixture, add 1 teaspoon chopped herbs, and 1 teaspoon of shredded onion, and stir until it sets. Fold over in the pan, turn into a warm dish, and serve with savoury sauce.

To Make Your Glass Glitter

CRUSHED eggshells and vinegar are excellent for cleaning stained or clouded glass, and nothing beats a clean chamois leather for giving it a final polish. Cleaning tools and materials are pernickety possessions. Unless they are trained to keep their proper places when not in use they deteriorate quickly, and much of their value is often wasted. Brooms should be hung up; never allowed to stand on their bristles.

VELVET CAKE

Ingredients: 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. flour, 1 cup warm water, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 eggs, essence to taste.

Method: Beat butter and sugar together, add water with soda dissolved, then flour, and cream of tartar, and lastly eggs well beaten; bake in moderate oven about 1 1/2 hours. This mixture with fruit added is very nice.

DOUGHNUTS

Take 2 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg, 2 tablespoons of melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift dry ingredients, add milk to the beaten egg, and combine the mixture, knead lightly. Roll on well-floured board 1/2-inch thick, roll into small balls, or cut with doughnut cutter, and fry in deep, hot fat, and dust with powdered icing sugar when cooked.

Very tempting and well liked.

£5 PRIZE FOR the BEST RECIPE

The Australian Women's Weekly is awarding a prize of £5 for the best recipe submitted.

This amount, which is more than many a full-time job yields nowadays, will come as a welcome surprise to all good housewives who are on the look-out to combine money-making with their natural love of and knowledge of cooking.

Recipes must combine the qualities of originality, economy, and be suited to the season.

If you have a favorite recipe, or one that you think is a prize-winner, send it to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry, and mark your envelopes "Recipe."

Consolation prizes of 5/- are also to be won. It must be clearly understood that the Editor's decision will be final.

POT-LUCK

WHEN you want to fry bacon you warm the frying pan first, because if you did not the rashers would be soft and flabby.

* * *

WHEN you are going to roast a joint you see that the oven is really hot first in order to seal the juices, otherwise they would escape and a great deal of the flavor and goodness would vanish.

* * *

WHEN you are going to grill meat you see that the grill is hot first for the same reason; and you take care that the meat is not more than two inches thick; otherwise the outside would be charred before the inside was cooked.

* * *

STEW some prunes in the ordinary way, and serve as an unusual addition to mutton. The idea is the same as that of serving blackcurrant jelly with hare or fried apple slices with bacon, and when the family comments have died down it will be found pleasant accompaniment.

CAN MEAT BE COOKED BY COLD?

THE generally-accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat, but a well-known Continental doctor has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by the exposure of animal flesh to extreme cold.

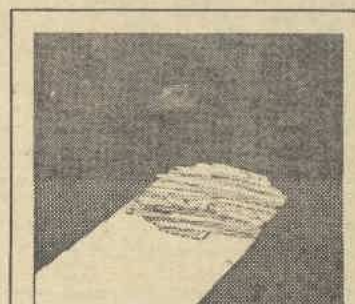
Indeed, the sensation experienced by touching freezing mercury is very much that of severe burn. The experimenter referred to applied his method to the preservation of meats, first by subjecting them to a temperature of 33 below zero, Fahrenheit, and then sealing them up hermetically in tin vessels.

Animals and substances which had been so treated and for some time kept in these boxes, on examination proved to be extremely palatable, and, being partially cooked, required very little heat to prepare them for the table.

An establishment in Hungary is now engaged in the preparation of meats by this method on an extensive scale.

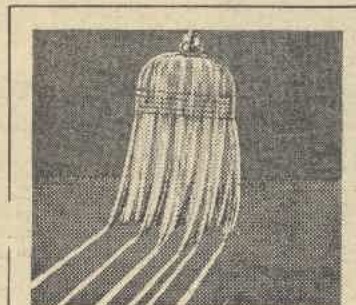


YOU USE A BROOM THAT
SWEEPS LIKE THIS

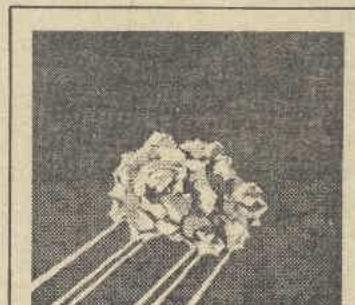


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THAT SWEEPS LIKE THIS



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MADE IN AUSTRALIA SINCE 1915

"No, I don't know what Valerie buys all these fox-trots and jazz things for. A good operatic record now—"

Sterling laughed easily. "All opera and no jazz makes life a dull game," he said, looking at Valerie.

"Better than all jazz and no opera," growled Craven.

Valerie said a little bitterly, "I'm afraid you're getting old, John."

He answered, "Perhaps I am. I'll leave you two to your jazz. I'm going to have a whisky. I'll be in the library if you want me."

He sauntered out, leaving behind him an aroma of Corona.

Valerie swung round from the gramophone. Sterling said, maliciously, "You'd better put on 'When my Sweetie Went Away.'"

Valerie laughed. But something in her hurt, too. She did not, then, know quite what it was.

"I knew you'd be able to dance," said Sterling, as they followed up a tango with a Charleston. "You're so slim—and when you move—"

He broke off, flushing slightly. Valerie said, "Don't be absurd! Do you swim?"

"I love it!"

"There's a river at the bottom of the garden—I swim there often. It was

GLAMOUR (Continued from Page 5)

lovely there this morning. John comes sometimes. We have that in common." Sterling said quickly, "Let's go and swim there to-morrow morning—early—by ourselves."

Valerie did not answer immediately. He said, urgently, "You will come? Before all the mists have gone off the fields?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

But she knew in her heart that she would go. That all the summer in the world and all the youth in her heart—and his—would call her out.

To-night, with the slim moon swinging up over the darkening trees, and the gramophone rattling out its jazz melodies like the half-plaintive, half-strident voice of the modern age, she was young. And youth called to youth in the magic of the world; called, and would not be denied.

All her life Valerie Craven remembered that early morning swim through the mists with Leslie Sterling. That and the walk back across the dewy grass of the orchard that was a

short cut to the garden and the house. A rosy haze of faint scent in the mist, a clean smell of earth and wet grass, and a shimmer in the air that was the essence of summer.

This morning stood out because it was the first and rarest. But there were other dawns, each with its separate exhilarations and swift, delicate loveliness. They were dawns wrought of pearly mists and dewy grass; they had in them the song of birds, the crowing of cocks, the smell of haystacks.

And there were days of youthful laughter and talk in fields where the moon-daisies were so white and thick that they were like the snow of summer; drifts and drifts of daisy snow, and in the near distance, the blue-green hills where the gorse broke into bloom and the grass warmed with the sun.

They were gay, swift, happy days, and Valerie was younger than she had ever been. So young that she lost

count of time, and responsibility was an unknown word to her.

When Leslie was away at the office with John she would sit in the garden exquisitely happy with the realisation that he would be with her before sundown and that they would dance and talk and walk and laugh together.

The week-ends were the most precious of all, for John went off to the links and left them to amuse themselves. Then it was the hills knew them and the white fields.

And then suddenly the spell was broken. Leslie's rooms were ready in town. Valerie had forgotten that the arrangement had been that Leslie should be their guest for the month during which he could not get into his rooms in town. But now the golden month was spent; his rooms were vacant and ready for him. He had no excuse for staying.

Valerie had completely forgotten that this day must come. The realisation that it was already upon her was a shock. It was like receiving a blow suddenly whilst one walked in the fields in the midst of sunshine and peace and fragrance.

It was on a Saturday afternoon, when she and Leslie were sitting in the orchard, while John was away

LUCK!

SIR ARTHUR M. SAMUEL stated at the annual dinner of the Knapall Horticultural Society that since he was a boy he had eaten five apples a day, and that he estimated his total consumption to date to be 80,000.

He had acted upon the old wives' saying, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

But when he went home after the dinner he fell ill with bronchitis.

at the links, that he told her that he must return to town on the Monday. She felt suddenly numb-stricken.

"I had forgotten that it had to end," she said dully.

He was silent a moment, then he said: "It's hard for me, too. Perhaps harder. You see, Valerie, I love you." She stared at him, then, with wide, frightened eyes. She said, suddenly, "No."

"But yes. It's not very extraordinary, is it?"

"But I—I never thought of you like that. I—I was just happy."

"Yes, I know. I was happy, too—in an aching sort of way."

"I—I suppose I should have thought. You see—it was just that you were so young and glad to be alive, and I was so tired of feeling old. I am selfish. Oh, I'm so sorry."

He laid his hand over hers in the grass and looked away.

"You don't need to be, my dear. It's been wonderful. It's all the better that you don't love me. It makes it easier—I was a fool to tell you."

"Come, don't think about it any more. Let's go for a tramp—walk it off." He laughed ruefully and made a movement as though to rise. "I'll go to-morrow—early."

But Valerie did not move. She said in a queer, light voice:

"I can't let you go, Leslie. I—I'm frightened. I can't go back to the old life."

SWIFTLY he was down in the grass beside her, holding her hands, drawing her towards him.

"Come away then, Valerie. Come away and be happy. You can't stop here and waste your youth. I love you—and John will divorce you. People say that we haven't played the game. That I've betrayed my host's hospitality. All sorts of things."

"What does it matter what they say? I love you—and you can't let me go. Oh, Valerie, Valerie, don't turn your face away. Kiss me! I love you so, Valerie!"

She thrust him away from her with a hard, fierce gesture and stumbled to her feet. The tears were streaming down her face.

"You're mad, Leslie! You don't know what you're asking!"

He said, passionately: "I know that I love you."

He took a step towards her. She pressed her hand to her throat with a gesture of frenzy and looked from side to side like a hunted thing at bay, yet still seeking for an avenue of escape.

"Oh, don't tempt me, Leslie, don't tempt me! Do you suppose I want to stay on here when you're gone, wasting my youth with a husband who lives for business and golf and expects me to be happy keeping house and paying county calls?"

"Do you think I don't want to dance and sing and joke and be made love to? I want it with all my soul! But I can't go away with you. He's my husband, you see; there was a time when I loved him as only youth can love."

Her voice broke. She said, with sudden weariness, "You have to be married to understand, Leslie. To understand the ties."

He said, happily: "It doesn't alter the fact that you will be unhappy when I'm gone, and that we could be happy together—as happy as we have been all these wonderful weeks. Youth calls to youth, Valerie, and youth will have youth."

They walked back to the house in silence through the long flower-spangled grass.

"It must be all or nothing, Valerie," Leslie said in a low voice.

Valerie said: "I know."

She went straight up to her room and sat down and tried to think. With every nerve and fibre of her young body and her eager soul she wanted to go away—to be gay, in love; to go laughing, through the white and green, and gold and blue, of the fields. They were on the threshold of August—dry August and warm. Oh, they had been so happy dreaming of August in the daisy white fields where the wind was sweet in the long grass.

It had scarcely needed Leslie's well-thumbed copy of the "Earthly Paradise" to guide them to their Elysian fields. They had forgotten the real world that stood between them and that sweet desired August. They had forgotten everything, even the possibility of falling in love with each other.

(Continued on Page 48)

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The "HIDDEN HELPER"

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Collect only 10 large or 25 small Pearl Soap wrappers; cut off the inside bottom panels bearing the "Pure Food Act" Guarantee (as illustrated) and take them to LINTAS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED, Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney. If you cannot call or send for your towel, write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper, attach it to the panels and post in a sealed envelope to "TOWEL DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney. To avoid delay in receiving your free towel make sure that correct postage is put on the envelope.

Offer closes

31st OCTOBER, 1933



Piano PRODIGY is human LITTLE BOY

(Being an interview by our
Music Editor.)

Philip Hargrave, the 10-year-old boy pianist, who is delighting Sydney audiences with his performances, possesses an overwhelming love of a scooter. Not just any old scooter, mind you, but his own tried and trusted friend, "Skipper."

Philip and "Skipper" have had many adventures together down the footpaths, and pathways of parks, and so inseparable are they that "Skipper" was carefully packed with the luggage when Philip started on his tour.

Philip is a charmingly self-possessed boy, absolutely free from the annoying sophistication that spoils many a youthful prodigy.

Lessons, conducted under private tuition, are a pleasure to the lad, and his especial delight is the studying of the French language. His first commenced music lessons at the age of 5 years, from Madame Henriette Marie Garnaut, who has been his only music teacher, and who is his guardian on the tour.

The very first piece that the child remembers playing was a boat-song, and he explained enthusiastically that he was very fond of boats, "especially sailing boats."

WHEN HE WAS VERY YOUNG

The question, "Do you believe in fairies?" was put to him rather diffidently, and his interviewer rather expected a scornful repudiation of such fanciful beliefs.

But Philip answered gravely that when he was little (alas, for the crushing weight of 10 long years) he believed in fairies. And to substantiate his belief told the story of his first teeth. As they came out he carefully placed them on the back verandah of his home in Adelaide, and waited for the fairies to do their work. He was never disappointed for on each occasion a silver sixpence was substituted for the tooth. Philip retained his belief in Santa Claus until about a year ago, when a school friend robbed him of his cherished illusion. When he first heard the news, the lad was frankly incredulous, then indignant, and, finally, downright ill with disappointment.

It was unfortunate that the information was imparted to him a few hours before he was due to give a big concert. Much tact and diplomacy were needed to restore him to his usual composure.

He said he was fond of reading Shakespearean plays, and books of adventure, and had been thrilled by the story of "Robinson Crusoe."

Cricket and football appeal to him as games. In the matter of food, Philip is very easy to please. He has no whims at all, and would cheerfully eat bread-and-butter if it were served to him. Blue, the color of his eyes, is his favorite color, and he is also very partial to white, and insists on being nicely dressed in strictly boyish fashions.

Philip is fortunate in that his interpretations of the great musical works are not merely feats of memory and execution, but they supply him with vivid mental pictures. If he were playing a descriptive piece about a storm he would see a "music" picture of a storm.



PHILIP HARGRAVE is an Adelaide boy who has been acclaimed "the ten-year-old musical sensation of Australia," and for whom is predicted a world career among the greatest musicians of the day.



JOHN BROWNLEE, his wife, and daughter. His daughter is also a god-daughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba. Brownlee himself was a protege of Melba. He will broadcast from Station 2FC on Thursday, June 8.

SHORT WAVES

AT SYDNEY Town Hall on next Sunday afternoon the Professional Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Camahon, will present a varied musical programme which will be broadcast through Station 2UW.

2GB is the only station putting AL Hammett and his famous dance band on the air. Every member of his merry band has exceptional qualities, and can play at least two instruments. This famous combination is broadcast exclusively from 2GB every Monday evening.

A SHORT programme of songs from the works of Youmans, Priml, and Bingham was heard on Monday from Station 2UW with recorded items by Gladys Moncrieff, Miss Moncrieff is at present enjoying an outstanding success at Her Majesty's Theatre, in a revival of "The Maid of the Mountains."

IT IS not generally known that "President" and "St. Ledger," of Station 2GB, are in reality Jack Lumsdaine and Len Maurice. They invent a new turn each week which mainly consists of getting into various scrapes and fixes, and weaving songs into a story. Their next appearance will be on Tuesday, June 13, at 7 p.m.

WHY not an AUSTRALIAN CONDUCTOR?

AROUND THE RADIO STATIONS

A versatile person is Dorothea Vautier, the afternoon announcer at 2UE.

Miss Vautier is on the air from 2.30 each Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoon, and during her sessions endeavors to cater for all tastes.

Her schedule for the week is as follows:

Monday: Discussion of Topical Subjects. Questions and Problems (of general interest).

Tuesday: Julia's Letter from Abroad (which deals with the travel of a society lass).

Thursday: Latest books reviewed and discussed. Special book service.

Friday: The theatres in Sydney and Abroad.

Miss Vautier is well known in the little theatre world, and has taken prominent roles with the Pickwick Theatre Group and the new Sydney Repertory Theatre. She has published stories and verse for children, and before coming to Sydney was organiser of the children's sessions at a leading New Zealand station.

Miss Vautier, under the name of "Wendy," is now conducting a kiddies' session at 2UE.

NEXT SUNDAY evening, at 8.45, 2FC will transmit from SLO (Melbourne) an interesting programme, including items by Madame Dorothy Canham, the Australian soprano, who has been attracting large audiences at public appearances in Melbourne.

Radio Commission's Opportunity

By SARABAND

Now that Malcolm Sergeant is not to arrive, it might not do any harm for the Commission to look around our own country and see what is available in the conducting line.

Two names, Howard Carr and Alfred Hill at once rise to the mind. Both are men who have had considerable conducting experience overseas, and who in composition at least are probably Sergeant's equal, if not superior.

One realises that there is big publicity attached to the importation of a "specially engaged musician," but that need not blind our eyes to the worth of those near at hand.

It is the same in opera. People are often brought in who are definitely inferior to Australia's own. What a world-famous cast Australia could produce of its opera stars of the last 10 years.

There would be Melba leading the van with Austral close at hand. Men like Brownlee, Horace Stevens, Harold Williams, Cecil Sherwood, and many others could put up a performance in certain works that would take a good deal of beating. They have already made their reputations in Europe in keen competition with the world's best. In the recent opera company, too, many Australians scored popular ovations that were good to see.

The Commission, supreme in musical engagements, is in a position to stick up for Australian musicians, even at the risk of dispensing with the publicity attendant on importations of equal, or slightly better rank.

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON OF THE AIR

Among many radio voices encountered when fishing in the ether for a programme, there is one that commands instant attention, as much by its smoothly soft and sympathetic quality as by the clarity and culture of its diction. It is a voice unmistakably English in intonation, and yet the English spoken is without any definite accent. It is cosmopolitan; for that voice often slips into perfect colloquial French, German, or Italian. When "story-telling" every conceivable kind of character literally emerges from the loud-speaker—each a clear-cut cameo.

The owner of this "voice" is Captain A. C. C. Stevens, a much-travelled Englishman, who for many years past has made his home in Australia.

He absolutely refuses to be interviewed. Quite nice about it, you know—but the oyster can give him no points! However, one gathers that Captain Stevens has led a most chequered career.



Alfred Hill

The World of MUSIC

AS Sydney possesses the only entirely State subsidised Conservatorium of Music in the Empire, the directors have the policy of including in every programme, if possible, at least one item of new British music, or of new music from any source.

As a result, "Petes," from "Three Nocturnes for Orchestra," by Debussy, had a first appearance in Australia in the third subscription concert of the Conservatorium Orchestra on May 31. The remainder of the programme chiefly consisted of "safe" composers, such as Mozart, Beethoven, Elgar and Weber.

Apart from other considerations, the absence of more experimental works, which is regretted by many, is caused by the expense involved in obtaining the scores, which often are only obtainable by hire from London, and might cost as much as £5 per week for three months.

CONSERVATORIUM ITEMS

The Conservatorium is the scene for recitals by two girls this month. On Tuesday last, Miss Heather Kinnaird (contralto) gave a fine performance, ably assisted by Lloyd Davies (violinist) and Charlotte Mills (pianist). Next Wednesday, Muriel Edsall, from the studio of Miss Bessie Coleman, will give a pianoforte recital, assisted by violinist George White, who will be accompanied by Bessie Coleman.

GIVES INSPIRATION

THAT he finds travel a source for future outpourings of creative work, as he asserted, was ably demonstrated by Mr. Frank Hutchens last week at the meeting of the music circle of the Lyceum Club, where he played several of his recent compositions, which took their origin from his island trip.

"Weeping Mist," calling to mind the mist circling the mountain summits, was slightly sad in character. "The Island" was a short composition written for a child, recording the peace, remoteness, and ethereality of Lord Howe, while "The Bathing Pool" was typified by brightness and vigor, lapsing into quietness as the children desert the pool, with a final splash.

MODERN BALLET

"ROKSANDA" is the title of the modern ballet, composed by the Australian, Roy Maling, which will be performed under the composer's direction, at the Conservatorium for the first time in Australia on June 17, by 40 dancers from the Buriakov-Lightfoot School of the Ballet.

Roksanda, a Royal princess, cannot be obtained in marriage until three tests are successfully passed by her suitor, the story of the ballet being concerned with the winning of the princess by a shepherd, who turns out to be of Royal blood. Based on an old Serbian legend, the work is dramatic, with touches of humor. It is also being performed in Stuttgart, Germany, this season.



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MOTORCHAT

Car Reflects Your Home and Character

The appearance of your car may be taken as an index to your character and home. An untidy, ill-cared-for car is often an indication that the owner or driver has little time in her own life for neatness, order, appearance, and so on. Even if not this, it may tell a story of an abominably lazy husband. But a bright, smiling, well-groomed car, even if it is old, tells a vastly different tale—and how much more pleasant.

THINK of the uncared-for cars you see on the roads, and the impression their occupants make on you.

That radiator with yellow streaks and rain-spots, that dull nickel round the windscreen which only needs a little polish, those scratched mudguards which a touch of black enamel would render respectable, all give a general air of neglect to a car which a few months ago may have been bright and shining.

There is a feeling that the owner's house must present the same untidy, uncared-for appearance.

Cleaning does, of course, take time and trouble, but this is amply paid for by the contrast your car shows against another of the same make and year that has been neglected.

If you value your varnish, never dust your car. Each speck of dust will make a minute scratch. The body of the car is a landing place for millions of specks of dust, and rubbing them over the duco with a duster is certainly not going to enhance the appearance of the bodywork.

When possible, wash the car down before the mud dries, and do not forget the underside of the mudguards, for this will save much work later on.

A hose is the ideal thing for car-washing; but, failing this, a large sponge and plenty of clean water will achieve as good, if not as quick, results.

When all the grit is removed, wring a chamois leather out in fresh water, squeezing it as dry as possible, and

then go over the paintwork, sweeping it down in even streaks. This is all that is needed to take off the surplus water, and the surface will quickly dry.

Use good metal polish for the nickel-work.

Radiator Hints

Do not spend all your time on the outside of your car, but keep it clean under the bonnet as well. Mop up all oil and grit with cotton waste, and keep bright any aluminium or nickel. The inside of the body also requires attention. Brush round the buttons of the upholstery, and keep the floor-mat and the boards under it brushed.



"I wish somebody would tell my husband a shocking yarn."
"Why?"
"To take his breath away."

PRUNE THE ROSES CAREFULLY

For Prize Blooms In the Spring

By a ROSARIAN

A PART from their showy character, roses have to be carefully pruned if a symmetrical appearance and the maximum of beautiful blooms are to be obtained. It is a job that the woman gardener may tackle with confidence, however.

AN unpruned dwarf or standard rose at the present time contains a number of rather untidy growths of various lengths. The upper half of these shoots looks straggly and old, while the lower half, particularly near the base, is bare of new growth, but dormant buds are to be seen.

The object of pruning is to shorten the old shoots, so as to leave sufficient dormant buds at the base to develop into young shoots and provide the blooms in the next flush of flowers.

In the pruning, individual plants may have to be treated differently, in the light of past experience. Many gardeners, however, cut the branches back to within two or three inches of their base, leaving only three or four buds to grow in the spring, but improving the prospect of obtaining quality flowers. Always cut just above an outgrowing bud to give a clear centre.

If lighter pruning is done, there will, of course, be more buds left to grow, but the roses will be smaller and inferior. It is not good practice to be too kind to roses, especially the dwarfs.

The different habits of growth and flowering peculiar to the respective types of roses, and the varying conditions under which they may be grown make it difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule regarding pruning. In fact, any attempt to do so would be misleading.

Briefly, the pruning assists the plant in producing better blooms, preserves its shapeliness, generally maintains a vigorous and symmetrical appearance, and helps to prolong the life of the plant.

WHAT YOU SHOULD DO

Generally, the first step is to remove entirely all weak growths. In the case of rather old bushes, thin out some of the old wood, then cut back the remaining branches to within two, three or four inches of their base.

Hard pruning gives stronger growth,



DAPPLIED SUNLIGHT

THIS FINE old oak tree, with its autumnal tones, throws its shadow over the crazy pavement that gives character to Mrs. David Cohen's home in Darling Point Road. Mrs. Cohen, who is the daughter of the Governor-General, Sir Isaac Isaacs, is an enthusiastic worker for "Kartane" mothercraft, and is arranging the many works of art to be shown for the benefit of the Kindergarten Union at Dymock's building. Mrs. Cohen, with Mrs. Langer Owen, will arrange this interesting exhibition, culled from all parts of New South Wales.

and strong growth gives high-class roses.

THE STANDARDS

Standard roses, although they may be of the same variety as the dwarf, should not be pruned so hard. After removing the weak growths, shorten back the remaining branches to within four to seven or eight inches of their base, pruning the thin shoots harder than the strong ones.

Too little pruning on these will leave the head a mass of weak and tangled growth, and if they are pruned too hard they resemble nobbly growths on the top of the stem.

Climbing roses really require little pruning. It is only necessary to cut out all the older dead wood and cut the laterals and long canes to make the growth conform to the space to be covered.

The canes that are retained should be firmly tied to the supports allotted to them, and distributed so as to give the best possible display of blooms.

Follow each pruning operation with a spraying to safeguard the new growth against insects and disease. The annual application of manures should be administered after pruning. Plants that are sickly or showing no progress should be destroyed and replaced by more robust roses.

DOUBLE USE FOR VEGETABLE GARDEN

There are two ways of regarding the kitchen or vegetable garden. One is to exclude rigorously everything of a floral nature, the other is to intermingle flowers with the vegetables.

The latter idea may sound incongruous, but it can be done so judiciously that the result is quite harmonious. In the smaller city dwellings, where gardening space is at a premium, this scheme has its advantages.

In some gardens the part reserved for kitchen use is completely isolated from the flower garden, whereas there are other gardens in which the two seem to meet, without any distinct division, and both may be well in view from the house.

Yet, even if the kitchen garden is quite apart from the house, flowers may be cultivated for cutting. It is a sensible plan to grow special flowers entirely for this purpose, where one can deplete them of bloom without considering that the garden will look bare.

Don't Forget the RHUBARB

Rhubarb culture is receiving more attention nowadays. Perhaps the parlous condition of many family exchequers is responsible for the greater interest in this easily-grown and palatable vegetable, which lends itself to many attractive recipes.

With good drainage, rich soil and water in sufficient quantities in warm weather, successful culture is assured. Dig the ground deeply, and see that plenty of old animal manure or some fertiliser is incorporated with the lower layers of the soil. Remember, however, that rhubarb dislikes new manure.

Roots are available for planting, and should be set in rows three feet apart each way.

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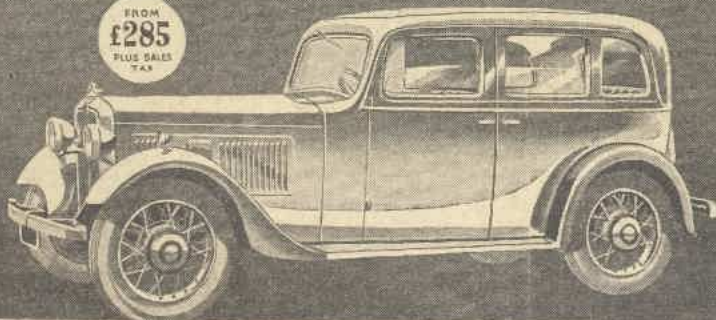
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The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 34)

"WED better explain everything to Mr. Cory!" suddenly put in Katherine Lacombe, her eyes unnaturally bright and determined. She spoke to Cory himself now, quickly, as if to supersede the others.

"After I telephoned you," she said, "we all agreed to wait up to tell you what we knew about the screams. Nobody could sleep, anyhow, with those devilish shrieks out there!"

"It was cold, and Uncle Phil decided to get dressed. The rest of us did, too. We all went to our rooms. About fifteen minutes later we met again in the library. That is, Dr. Kyne, Uncle Phil, and I."

"Mr. Merriton didn't come down. We began to wonder about him; and finally, after another ten minutes, Dr. Kyne volunteered to see what was detaining him. You see, we'd had coffee served by the housekeeper, and we wanted Mr. Merriton to join us."

"Dr. Kyne went upstairs, and—and then we heard him cry out. Uncle Phil and I ran up at once and saw—saw this!"

She finished with an anguished little wave of her hand towards the room.

Cory nodded. He drew off his hat to reveal a mass of dishevelled brown hair. He began to unbutton his coat with the air of a man who has a difficult task to perform and intends to remain until the thing is done.

"No weapon about?" he asked.

"I didn't see any," said Dr. Kyne.

"You say," Cory pressed, "there was no sound in the house to indicate when Merriton was killed?"

"None at all!"—from Dr. Kyne.

Dan Cory glanced back at the body on the floor. Unfortunately, he realised, he had no personal experience in the investigation of murder mysteries.

THE chamber, he saw, had two windows, and both were closed against the thick fog. Not only closed, but locked. Unless they had been closed after the murder, it was evident the killer had entered and left this bedroom by way of the door.

Did that, Cory asked himself with an uncomfortable frown, mean that the murderer was one of these people in the house?

Another thing he saw was this: The big Stewart Merriton had been dressing at the time of his death. He had already drawn on trousers and shoes, and had apparently been ready to slip into a shirt. And at that moment someone had appeared to drive a knife into his heart.

Cory drew a deep breath. Once more he turned his frown towards Dr. Henry Aldrich Kyne.

"When you came up," he asked, "did you find this door closed?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you opened it yourself?"

"After knocking several times, yes," the bearded man admitted, somewhat stiffly. "I couldn't understand why Merriton didn't answer. So I pushed the door open, and—and there he lay."

"Were the windows as they are now, shut?"

"Certainly. No one has touched them. No one has touched anything."

"Except," coldly corrected Katherine Lacombe, "the body."

At that Dr. Kyne shot a distinctly resentful glance at her; he argued:

"Naturally I touched the body. I had to. When first I saw him there, I couldn't be sure he was dead. I jumped in and picked up his head and felt his pulse. But I put him down again as soon as—as I knew!"

There was a moment of silence while Dan Cory stepped out into the corridor and closed the door of the tragic room behind him.

No use carrying on this inquisition in sight of the body, he decided; to strain the nerves of these people was to confuse them. And he wanted no further confusion now.

He perceived that a very definite hostility existed between Katherine Lacombe and Dr. Kyne. And without pausing to analyse his reaction to this, he felt his sympathy surge towards the girl.

For one thing, her dark-haired loveliness lured his eyes even in this crisis. For another, he saw that her manner towards the bearded man was merely aloof; while his towards her, on the other hand, was angry and harsh.

NEXT WEEK:

AS Cory read these indications of emotional undercurrents, young Harrison Berkely hastily returned to say that Dr. Westfield would come at once. The investigator nodded. But Berkely's reappearance reminded him of someone else; and he asked Professor Lacombe:

"By the way, where is your Arab?"

"Haj Ibn Mayyud?" The professor looked slightly surprised by the query. "Why, he was here a few moments ago. I—I sent him down to the museum."

(Watch for next week's thrilling instalment)

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Brontes Again in "Wild Decembers"

"WILD Decembers" (Heinemann), Clemence Dane's much-talked-of three-act, is an absorbing play written around the Brontes—those blazing torches of genius that would have been blown out and put to naught by the withering winds, the mental and social desolation of the moor on which their personage home was set, but for the driving forces of Charlotte.

With clear and decided stroke the playwright shows us Emily Bronte, practical, but with a wise understanding of her brother's failings, drink and an over-sensitiveness to the blows of fate; Anne, the gentle peace-maker; and Charlotte, vivid (not so sure of herself as she would like the family to think), and hard, even with herself.

Out of such material, Clemence Dane has woven a great play. She shows us the burning up of Anne and Emily, shows us the three sisters in their brief hour of glory reading their reviews. She takes us—this is the brightest bit of the play—with Anne and Charlotte on a visit to their publishers. Here Charlotte utterly confounds the very junior partner—nothing but the head of the firm for the famed, if unrecognised, author of "Jane Eyre." The scene ends on a typical Bronte touch: the two little ladies inform their publishers that they are putting up at "The Chapter Coffee House."

George Smith (staggered): "But that's a tavern in the city!" Anne (gently): "My father used to stay there in his young days." Charlotte (sharply): "Chatterton used to stay there."

And now the end of the tragedy is near. Branwell, Emily, Anne dead, Charlotte warms her desolation at the loving fires of Arthur Nicholls' heart. It is in the arms of her husband, her father's one-time despised curate, that Charlotte, now in the height of her fame, learns that death is on its way to seek her.

BLACKMAIL AND DEATH

ONE of the main things for the making of a good thriller is to have the story going "non-stop" from the first line almost to the last, and Roy Vickers, an accomplished hand at the mystery story, does this very brightly and well in "The Deputy for Cain" (Herbert Jenkins, 7/6).

The characters are on the gallop all the way, and the wise reader gallops stout-heartedly with them, and is rewarded by good entertainment on the journey. Ronald Orme's friend, Cranfield, murders a blackmailer of the nastiest (that is, for mystery stories, the nicest) type in his rooms, and Orme helps Cranfield to escape, on the understanding that Cranfield will always be ready to confess. But Cranfield dies an



Joe: I did not marry beauty, my boy; I did not marry wealth or position; I married for sympathy.

Bill: Well, you have mine.

hour or so later in a motor accident. Thereupon the guileful Orme determines to return all the incriminating papers to the many victims of Weam, the blackmailer, and acts as though he himself had murdered Weam. There is very strong suspicion against Ronald Orme in several quarters, and his dilemma is made considerably worse when he discovers that the prosperous father of his fiancée, Vyvan, possessed another identity—was, indeed, the abominable blackmailer, Weam.

This is a good start, and Roy Vickers does very well with it, to the unalloyed joy and interest of the reader, who will eagerly continue to keep any book by Roy Vickers on his list.

THE COMPLETE STREET SCHOOL Street, Large, Ayrshire, has a police station, a school, a laundry, and a church adjoining each other. It is known locally as Damnation, Education, Purification, and Salvation Street.



H. G. WELLS has written more books than any other living writer.

"PACIFIC PERIL"

MOST books on international affairs are written in a manner that does not especially appeal to women. This is not the case with a new book on the increasing power of Japan, written by E. George Marks.

It is far from the author's purpose to be a war-monger, or to rouse the bogey cry of the yellow peril simply for the sake of sensationalism. The book is a thoughtful essay on what is undoubtedly a grave position, to which too little attention is given by Australians.

Scientific HOME Management

"HOME-MAKING is house-keeping plus," says Lillian Gilbreth, in her book "The Home-maker and Her Job."

Mother of 11 children, author, lecturer, and a host of other things, Mrs. Gilbreth herself certainly lives up to the slogan.

The "plus" is the art, the creative work, she says.

The home-keeping is the science; the universal likeness, necessary activities which must be carried out in order that one may have more time and energy for rest.

And she shows it is just as easy to apply the principles of scientific management to the making of a home as to the running of a factory.

Mrs. Gilbreth, who last year had the degree of Doctor of Science conferred on her by the Russell-Sage College, should know what she is talking about, for her husband was the Frank B. Gilbreth, the industrial engineer, whose name and books are known to all who are interested in the scientific planning and management of a factory.

She not only helped him in his work, but on his death during the war finished the work he was engaged on, namely the standardising of methods of gun-fire for the U.S.A. Government. She then attended the Big Power Congress in London (their cabins had already been booked), gave the papers, and at the request of the delegates, went on to the World's First Management Conference in Czechoslovakia.

On returning to America she filled all her husband's engagements—lectures and technical papers at the various Universities, and lectured on her own account at the Harvard Business School.

Woman a Magic Looking-Glass

VIRGINIA WOOLF, in "A Room of One's Own," has the following striking passage:

Women have served all these centuries as looking-glasses, possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. Without that power, probably the earth would still be swamp and jungle. The glories of all our wars would be unknown.

We should still be scratching the outlines of deer on the remains of mutton bones and bartering flints for sheepskins.

Whatever may be their use in civilised societies, mirrors are essential to all violent and heroic action. That is why Napoleon and Mussolini both insist so emphatically upon the inferiority of women, for if they were not inferior they would cease to enlarge.

That serves to explain in part the necessity that women so often are to men.

And it serves to explain how restless they are under her criticism; how impossible it is for her to say to them, "This book is bad; this picture is feeble," or whatever it may be, without giving far more pain and rousing far more anger than a man would do who gave the same criticism.

For if she begins to tell the truth the figure in the looking-glass shrinks; his fitness for life is diminished.

How is he to go on giving judgment, civilising natives, making laws, writing books, dressing up and speechifying at banquets, unless he can see himself at breakfast and at dinner at least twice the size he really is?



Atlantic is refined from the heart of the costliest crude—pure paraffin base. Yet it sells at regular price. At 760 F., twice the temperature reached by the parts of your engine which require lubrication, Atlantic shows no evaporation loss.

FROM THE HEART OF SINCE 1867

ATLANTIC MOTOR OIL

TO Valerie, at least, the thought of love in connection with Leslie Sterling had never occurred. She felt years older than he; she loved him, but she was not in love with him.

She loved him for his eagerness and youth; all the supreme, splendid, magnetic youth of his young lithe body and responsive soul. But he loved her.

She remembered that they had never kissed or spoken of love. She had so completely overlooked the possibility of his loving her like that!

Her head ached. To choose—to choose. To walk out into the golden day with Leslie or to stay behind and let the long years, that are yet swift, pass over her, washing away her youth, her dreams, drowning her with their flood of domesticity and staidness and uneventfulness?

She pressed her hands to her head. One must think; try to reason; not get carried away by hunger and dreams and restlessness. All the summers that must pass by leaving her behind; all the long light summer evenings with their vague, irrefragable melancholy, their impalpable restlessness. She shuddered suddenly.

She could not face them here in this house with a husband who took her for granted and who, in his most affectionate moments, called her "Old Girl"; a husband whose soul was steeped in golf and business; who was growing perceptibly stouter as his prosperity increased.

A husband whose hair was already going thin on top; a husband who never looked at a summer mist without thinking of its effect on his throat. "Got to speak at a sales managers' meeting, my dear; mustn't get a bad throat."

All her life she must listen to her husband talking about his golf handicap and what he said at the last

GLAMOUR (Continued from Page 36)

board meeting he addressed, and what dividend Messrs. So-and-So were paying now, and whether he should put up as Conservative candidate for the next election.

There was this, pitted against the sparkling youth and gaiety of Leslie Sterling—Leslie with his magnificent enthusiasms and his splendidly impossible ideals. Leslie who would never be prosperous, probably never make any kind of success of anything—except the art of living supremely.

It must be Leslie. She was young. Youth was her heritage. Youth will have youth—wasn't that what he said? She could not revert to feeling old and tired and spent; as she must do if she let him go away, out of her life.

Leslie, Leslie! She would choose him—she had chosen him. Leslie—and youth. She would tell him to-night, after dinner. And to-morrow, to-morrow—in the dawn, before the mists had gone from the fields or the light touched the pearly river, they would go out together and seek a newer, younger world!

She dressed for dinner with a kind of nervous gaiety, selecting a whimsical blue and yellow dress with a suggestion of Columbine or Punchinello about it. She hummed a little song under her breath. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright.

She turned to run downstairs to the dining-room in the hope of catching Leslie there alone before her husband came in, when she heard a sound in the next room. She bit her lip. John was home already. She heard him moving about.

Perhaps if she hurried—but even as the thought came to her the com-

municating door between his room and hers opened and he came in. He looked more than usually old and tired, she thought. There was a suggestion of aggressiveness under his eyes.

"Hello, Valerie! You're dressed early. I came in for my tie-pin." He moved across to her jewel-case where he kept his links and pins and other items of masculine adornment.

She said, perfunctorily, "You look tired."

"Do I? I feel unwell. Beastly unwell! It's been pretty strenuous at the office lately. And I may as well tell you we've dropped a few thousand on that oil business."

She did not understand. She took little interest in his business transactions. She said, mechanically, "Is it serious—for your business, I mean?"

"I don't know." His voice was weary. "I feel so sick, Val."

He sat down suddenly on the edge of her bed, his hand hanging limply between his knees. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his hair was unbrushed. He looked old and rather repulsive—but he looked ill.

She gazed at him anxiously. He smiled up at her.

"I'm getting an old man, I'm afraid, Val. Too old for a little thing like you."

She did not answer, and he went on: "I've been noticing you and young Sterling—what a pair you make! Why didn't you marry a young chap like him, eh, Val? Some nice young Johnny that'd take you round to dances and theatres galore—someone you could play tennis with and jazz with, not an old fogey like me?"

HE reached out and touched her hand where it rested on the end

The Wrong Anthem

WHEN a British cruiser sailed into Las Palmas recently the crew in a Spanish gunboat in port lined up to take the usual salute. The British cruiser band burst into the old Spanish royalist national anthem. At once the crew of the Spanish gunboat dispersed.

Spain has been a republic for two years. The Civil Governor of Las Palmas put in a protest to the commander of the British cruiser, who apologised for playing the old royalist national anthem, so there will not be a war after all.

of the bed. He leaned his face against it.

"You're so pretty, Val—and oh, Lord, I do feel queer. Got any aspirin?"

"Yes." She turned and pulled open a drawer of her dressing-table and handed him a bottle.

He swallowed a couple of tablets and went on: "What was I driving at, Val—I mean—I'm having heavy business losses. I don't know that we'll be able to keep this house on—and I'm getting old—and useless, sort of."

"I was wondering if maybe you were happy like—I mean—I haven't anything to offer—neither youth nor money now—and I can't seem to keep pace with the sort of things you like—"

His voice faltered and broke off. Valerie was suddenly very white.

"I suppose you're trying to tell me that you're tired of me?" she said in a curiously hard tone.

He looked up sharply. She saw the flash of hurt in his sunken eyes.

"Good Lord, no, Valerie! Oh, you don't understand! I love you to madness!"

He stood up and pulled her into his arms. "I don't know what would hap-

pen to me if I lost you. It's only that I've been noticing how much you seem to like going about with young Sterling and doing the things he does, and all that. And I've felt so miserable, wondering if you wanted to be rid of me, and sort of not blaming you if you did."

THE sharp hurt that assailed her on Sterling's first night in the house, when John had gone out and left them to dance, came back now. Her eyes were suddenly wet.

This man who was sick and tired, and a little old, was her husband. They had loved; he had taught her all she knew of life; her very womanhood came to her through him.

It was because he loved her that he had perceived what she had not dreamed he would perceive—her discontent, the call of youth in her blood.

The gate of freedom was open to her—and it was her husband who held it open, held it open with hurt in his eyes, hurt so deep and vital that it cut through all her dreams and hungers and discontents, and struck at the woman heart of her.

If she did not love him now with the passion that had made her marry him, yet still she loved him. Though much is taken, much abides. He was her husband. He was in her blood as she was in his.

The chains that held them could not be so lightly broken, though all the breezes of summer might blow and all the music of youth cry out with plaintive sweetness.

She sat down beside him and put her arms about him and drew his tired head down on to her breast. He sighed contentedly.

Suddenly he said, in that way he had of intruding outside things upon their rarest moments: "Sterling leaves this week-end, doesn't he?"

She answered steadily: "Yes—to-morrow." And somehow she could no longer make it matter.

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FOR QUALITY

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Just split **Goldo Puff** Biscuits and insert sweet or savoury items.

SAO Biscuits—delicious with butter, cheese, fruit or savouries.

Thin Captain Biscuits, ideal with savoury items.

CRISP, Rich, Delicious, and Tempting!

Packed in airtight tins of most convenient size.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERS

Manufactured by
WILLIAM ARNOTT LTD.,
The Biscuit Specialists
of sixty-four years' experience.



Made in Australia, Financed by
Australians and produced by
highly trained Australian
Workers.

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—

Here we are in our new playground, where we will enjoy all sorts of fun! A wonderful thing about our playground is that everybody can join in the merri-ment—nobody is left out. I want you all to write to me and to feel that this page belongs to you. Join in the Pals' Game, which is to be happy and spread sunshine.

Each week £2 will be given in prizes. If you can sketch, write stories, or poems—send in your efforts and see if you can win any of the prizes which are offered each week. Remember, if your story is the best you will get 10/-, if second best 5/-. For the best sketch submitted the lucky artist will get 5/-, and for the best poem sent in a prize of 10/- is given. Those clever people who can do crossword puzzles are not forgotten, as each week a prize of 5/- is given for the neatest and correct solution.

Take up your pen or pencil this very minute and write to me. I want to hear from you all. Tell me about yourselves and the things you like most. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best letter, and many Prize Cards will be given for the next best. Do write to-day. I am so anxious to hear from all my pals.

Cheerio,

Your Pal,
CONNIE.

A Very Sad Teddy

Once in a beautiful toy shop in a big street was a beautiful teddy bear. He was ever so happy, until one-day he saw a sad-faced little girl staring at him through the glass window.

"Oh, you wonderful Teddy!" she said. "How I wish you belonged to me. But I am too poor. My mummy and daddy could never buy you for me. Oh, how I wish you were mine." Tears came into Teddy's eyes. She was just the kind of little girl he would like to know.

He wished the little girl was rich so that she could buy him. The little girl went away weeping, and the Teddy looked dismally around him. Could he escape and run after the little girl? Would a fairy help him? Or would some kind person give the little girl enough money to buy him.

Can you finish this story? A prize of 10/- will be given for the best entry. Send your entry before Thursday next.



PAINT THIS PICTURE



CAN YOU paint this picture? If so, send your entries in before next Thursday. Win a prize of 5/-.

WHAT IS IT?

My first I may in truth declare—
Its name and nature both mean air.
My second likes to always rove,
'Tis often found beside a stove.
My whole in many a crowded street
Lies in its bed beneath your feet.
Answer: Gas Pipe.

What Does Your Name Mean?

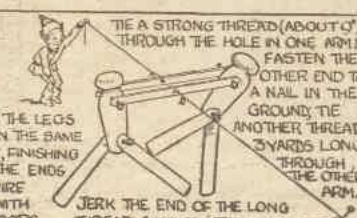
Pamela means "all sweetness." It is derived from the two Latin words "Pan" (all) and "Mellis" (honey-sweet).

Each week the meaning of a name will be published, so be sure to look out for yours.

Small Boy's Mother: "I only wish your father would stay at home one day to see how you behave when he's out!"

Tiny Tot: What does a "mean man" mean?

Father: A mean man is generally a man with means, who means to keep them.



Our Imps show how to make two wrestlers.

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE

TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



CROSSWORD



7. Give it to —
9. A preposition
10. What you write with
12. Halts

DOWN

2. Not off
3. Something farmers sow
4. A measurement (pl.)
5. Used for drinking
6. To be ready
11. Not yes

- ACROSS
1. What we read from
8. Short for grandmother

A prize of 5/- is given for the neatest and correct solution.

FOR FUN AND FANCY

One Sunday afternoon a crowd of boys were playing cricket, when a stern old gentleman called to one of the boys: "Well, I am ashamed to see you playing cricket on a Sunday! I'll certainly tell your father."

"If you want him," replied the boy, "he is over there—running after the ball."

Send in your contributions to CONNIE, The Australian Women's Weekly, Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.



JULIANNE WORTH of "Dunyoora" Gilbert Street, Manly.

—Dorothy Weidling.

"You won't believe it," said Bill, "but I fell off a fifty foot ladder this morning, and didn't get a scratch!"

"Don't kid me!" said Bob. "Tell me another one."

"I did fall off the ladder—from the bottom rung!"

AN AESOP FABLE

A LION was once very ill in his den, and could not get about to find his food. So one day, when his friend the fox visited him, he said, "Will you go into the wood and persuade the big stag to come here, for I am hungry, and would like some brains?" So the fox went to the stag, and said, "You are in luck, my friend, because the lion our king is on his death-bed, and wants you to go to him. He has appointed you his successor."

The stag was highly flattered, and went as quickly as he could to the home of the lion. No sooner had he got inside the door than the lion pounced on him, but the lion misjudged the distance, and made only a scratch on the stag's ear. The stag fled back to the forest, terrified. The next day the lion persuaded the fox to go again to the stag. So the fox set out once more to find the stag. He came across him resting under a tree, and said, "Surely you don't think the lion meant any harm; he was only trying to whisper royal secrets into your ear."

The foolish stag was flattered once more, and went to the lion's den. He was immediately sprung on as he came into the den. The lion looked for the brains, but found none.

Moral: Never trust those who have once played false.

JUST CHATTER

Here is a game which some of you may not know how to play.

Two children hold either end of a rope, and the others playing have to walk under it without bending their necks. This is very funny when the rope is held low, and the children struggle to get under it. Of course, anyone bending their neck is out.

Here you see a kookaburra sitting on a branch. Now I want you all to send me a little story about a kookaburra for the next issue. If your story is published, you will receive a beautiful Prize Card.

Here is a little trick to show your friends:—

Put a handkerchief on a table, and ask someone to pick it up by the both ends, and without letting go, tie a knot. This is quite simple to do when you know how.

The secret is to fold your arms and then pick up the handkerchief by the ends. When unfolding, the handkerchief ties itself into a knot.

Did you know that some kangaroos have lived in captivity for 25 years. It is not known how long they live in their natural surroundings, as no one yet has made a thorough test. Red and grey kangaroos grow to a height of 6ft.



Country Tennis Players Visit Sydney

ABOUT twenty representatives from the Orange Catholic Tennis Association were in Sydney over the week-end as the guests of the N.S.W. Catholic Lawn Tennis Association.

On Saturday night they were tendered a "Welcome" dance at the Arts Club. These arrangements were in the capable hands of Miss Ford, hon. secretary, and Miss O'Connor, assistant-secretary. Large parties were arranged by the affiliated clubs from Woolahra, Parramatta, Bondi, Paddington, Hurstville, Park, Ashfield, Lane Cove, and Randwick.

On Sunday matches were played between the two associations, and the N.S.W. women were victorious in the capable hands of Miss Ford, hon. secretary, and Miss O'Connor, assistant-secretary. Large parties were arranged by the affiliated clubs from Woolahra, Parramatta, Bondi, Paddington, Hurstville, Park, Ashfield, Lane Cove, and Randwick.

Country tournaments were played at Muswellbrook and Wagga over the week-end. Allison Hattersley, Nell Hall, and Joan Hartigan went to Wagga, where they met Patty Mcneaney, now Mrs. Paffin, and a resident of that district. Ula Valkenburg and Dorothy Dingle also took part in the Muswellbrook tourney.

BADGE MATCHES

With such excellent players as Mrs. Buttsworth, Nell Hall, Joan Hartigan and Dorothy Dingle, the Ground Members

Career Began At Seven Years

Miss Margaret Scriven, who, in partnership with Jack Crawford, won the mixed doubles championship of France at Paris last week, is just twenty-one years of age. She began her tennis career at the early age of seven, and, ten years afterwards, annexed the English junior championship. In 1931 she was among the last eight in the Wimbledon championships. Her most effective strokes are her drive and her volley. Winning the mixed doubles is the more meritorious for this pair when one remembers that all matches in Paris are played on hard-courts.

first team seem certain of winning the "A" Grade Badge Matches this year.

Mrs. Gardyne and Allison Hattersley are the mainstays for the Neutral Bay team, which is running second. Killara I. is leading in the second section of the "A" Grade, and their third team is leading in the first section of "B" Grade, while their fourth team is running second to Ground Members III. In the second section of "B" Grade, Warrigulla, unbeaten, is first in the third section of "A" Grade, and another unbeaten team, Waverley, is winning the third section of "B" Grade, with the A.W.R.A. team running them a close second.

It's easy to keep well
If you drink
Sheaf Stout
regularly

SHEAF STOUT
it's TOOTH'S

She Plays Like a COMING Champion!

17-year-old Girl's Big Chance

By DOROTHY KEARNEY

THE junior and schoolgirls' championship of N.S.W. played at Kensington last week, over 36 holes stroke, resulted in a meritorious win for 17-year-old Miss Barbara Donkin, of Moss Vale.

The weather conditions were boisterous, and it speaks volumes for this youngster's play that she had a clear lead of five strokes from the rest of the field, which included Sydney's two leading juniors, Miss Irene Morgan, of Penrith Hills, and Miss Florrie Keane, of Roseville.

It is a big step from the obscurity of a small country golf club to the limelight of a State champion, who bids fair to perhaps becoming a national champion. Barbara is still a pupil at Koyung school, and has only been playing two years. Her early tuition was received from Geo. Kay, the Moss Vale professional.

She is the holder of the Corlette Cup at Moss Vale, which is easily the most difficult trophy to hold in her club, the holder having to defend the title each week against allsterns.

Her style is the admiration of all who have seen this young girl in action. She hits a beautiful ball from the tees, and to-day she is undoubtedly at the 17th championship associate golfer on the southern highlands.

One prominent player watching her remarked: "A Sute Toihurst in the making," with which remark I am in thorough accord.

ONE OF Bonnie Doon's principal events, the Ashdown Cup, a 36 holes stroke handicap, provided a thrilling finish. Mrs. Caldwell, a new member, winning by one stroke. In the morning round the winner reduced her handicap from 32 to 28, but despite the loss of four strokes, played splendidly in the afternoon and thoroughly deserved her win. Mrs. Brown Smith, a competitor in the event, recorded a remarkable shot at the 18th hole, when her approach shot from the far side of the drain found the "pot." Many players effected reductions in their handicaps during the day, including Miss Nora Palmes, who reduced to 13, Mrs. Hornibrook and Mrs. Furlong to 18, and Mrs. Jackson to 19.

FORMERLY of Hunter's Hill club, Mrs. Bevan is very much to the fore at Pymble. During the past fortnight she has entered the silver division, reducing from 20 to 18. A trophy for a par handicap came her way with a card of 5 up. Mrs. Bevan was also successful in winning the final of the knock-out competition, defeating club champion, Mrs. Prosper Ellis. The latter was conceding the winner 3 strokes.



Miss Barbara Donkin in character-istic pose.

Golf TESTS With England ... Why Not?

IN ORDER that Australia might have the benefit of seeing and playing with some of their best golfers, the English Ladies' Union suggested and approved, some two or three years ago, to send a team. Unfortunately, however, since then the economic conditions in England have not improved, and the visit is as far off as ever.

It is a pity, because a tour of the leading British women players, headed by the present champion, Miss Enid Wilson, would be helpful in raising the standard of play here, and would create much good feeling and friendliness between the two countries.

FORMER State champion, Miss Odette Lefebvre, who recently returned from the south of France, has actively commenced competition play at her club—Killara—again qualifying well in the club championship last week. She has not yet reached the form that marked her play two seasons ago. Enthusiasts are looking forward to a thrilling battle between Miss Lefebvre and Miss Joan Hammond for this year's title event.

WITH a brilliant effort of 76 off the stick, Miss Joyce Warden, 1931 club champion of Mosman, broke the course record of 77 held by Miss E. Buckle. This excellent round of Miss Warden's was made in the second round of the club handicap last week, the card reading as follows:—Out: 4, 6, 3, 4, 6, 4, 4, 2—37. In: 4, 6, 3, 3, 5, 4, 6, 4, 4—39. The only blemishes on an otherwise perfect card occurred at the 15th, 16th and 18th holes, where 3 putts were required on each occasion. The new course record holder is a determined match player, and occupies No. 1 position in the club's grade team.

News of the Clubs

LOOKING FIT and well, Mrs. T. A. Daly, of Oatlands, returned to town this week, after an enjoyable seven weeks at "Momalong" Station, Berrigan, the beautiful country home of her sister, Mrs. John Gorman. Both Mrs. Daly and her medico husband are enthusiastic members of the increasingly popular Oatlands club. Dr. Daly, as a committee-man, is lending a valuable hand in guiding its destiny, now that the club members have assumed full control of the course.

THE BONNIE DOON club-house presented a gay appearance one evening last week, when the annual dance attracted 248 members and their friends. The evening was a huge success in every way, and the floral decorations were a special feature.

Credit for the success of the function is due to two prominent associates, Mrs. Sam Wayland and Mrs. C. A. Shepherd.

GOLF COURSES on the Blue Mountains are attracting many Sydney visitors these days. Last week many were noticed enjoying a pleasurable round, including Mr. and Mrs. John Challand, of Avondale, who made the Carrington their headquarters, and were accompanied by Mrs. A. E. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. E. Macfarlane, of Pymble, showed a preference for Blackheath, while Colonel and Mrs. Charles Thane, of Ryde, put in most of their walking hours on the picturesque Katoomba links. Sunny days in the exhilarating mountain atmosphere are ideal from the golfers' viewpoint.

Personalities In GOLF

NEWS CAME to hand last week that Mrs. J. Holt, captain and handicapper of Narooma Golf Club, had won the championship of the Far South Coast and Southern Tablelands. Sydneysiders will remember her better as Miss Audrey Benson, who, prior to her marriage a few months back, was club champion, captain and associate secretary of Ryde Club.

ASSOCIATE captain of Pymble, Mrs. O. J. C. Moore is playing good golf at present; her L.G.U. handicap is 19, but she plays off two less at her club. One of the most promising young asso-



QUICK ACTION. An incident in one of the final practice games of the N.S.W. Hockey team that will visit Suva.

ciates, Miss McLeod, playing with associate secretary, Mrs. Mathison, last week reduced her handicap by five strokes, quite a big slice in one round, denoting a vast improvement. Miss McLeod will now play off twenty.

CONGRATULATIONS are being received by Mrs. Harry Samuels on the birth of a son last week. Mrs. Samuels is a prominent associate of Dee Why club, and prior to that, at the seaside course at Mona Vale. The proud "Papa," who lends a hand keeping the "Bulletin" on the map, is also an ardent golfer.

Suva Hockey Players Are Full of Pep

GREAT interest is centred on the N.S.W. hockey team, which will leave for Suva at the end of this month.

International players Tory Wicks and McRae coached the team last Saturday, and again on Tuesday. They are working up an excellent combination.

Nancy Wicks, whose name is a by-word with hockey players, and who, with her sister, Tory, is the centre of activities in the Gumnut Club, will be captain of the team. She has represented New South Wales in every State except Queensland, and was a member of the State team that played England. With all this experience she will prove a most capable and popular captain.

To help her she has Johnson as vice-captain. Johnson has also played in numerous Interstate games. She has been secretary of the Kookaburra Club for nine years, and this season is their captain. Crowley, one of the full-backs, was the originator of the Commonwealth Bank Club.

O'Brien and Burrell both played at Woodcourt School before they joined the Neels Club. The Kookaburra Club is also represented by Locke, Whyte, and Lamb. The last-named started her hockey career at Presham. The team also includes Baldwin (Telephones), Pepper and Moriarty (Gumnuts). Moriarty will be goalie for the team, a position which she has held with her own team for the last three years. She is an ex-Redlands girl. Stubbs (Bowral) and Louis (Wauchope) are the country representatives.

The team sails by the Monterey on June 23, with Mrs. F. J. Davy as manager and chaperon.

Members of the Revellers' Tennis Club (United Associations) held a hike through the Lady Carrington Drive, National Park, under the leadership of their assistant secretary, Belle Milne.

Hockey Army Prepares For Big BATTLE

Sydney will be invaded by an army of enthusiastic hockey players this week, when over 140 girls from all parts of the State will gather for the Country Week Hockey Carnival, commencing next Saturday.

WHAT a galaxy of hockey Sydney women followers of the game will have.

F. Tamsott, the popular Goulburn forward and Interstate player, has gained fresh honors since her visit here last year. She is now one of eleven entitled to wear the Australian women cricketers' blazer.

Miss M. Wansley is the hon. secretary for Country Week and has drawn up a most interesting programme for the coming week.

PROGRAMME FOR HOCKEY WEEK

FRIDAY, JUNE 16.
Wauchope v. New England (Umpires: Johnson and Redfern).
Smithtown v. Newcastle (Umpires: Merrivale and Land).
Goulburn v. Central Western (Umpires: Hector and Dunner).
Hawarra v. Kempsey (Umpires: Merrivale and Fielding).

Combined Sports

Hiking Party

Cricketers and baseballers held a combined hiking party last week-end, walking from Bundena (Port Hacking) to Marlee, where they spent two days trying out their skill as fisherwomen. The party included the following well-known players: Edna and Hazel Prichard, Nell Bourke, Peggy Knight (who has quite recovered from the injury which she received on the cricket field in Brisbane), Norma Saunders, Esde and Rene Shovell, Fernie Blado, Doreen Blake, Hazel Benson and Edna Lyde.

Mrs. Alan Kippax, a member of the Lakes Golf Club, is at present staying at "Craigieburn," Bowral.

The Y.W.C.A. tennis players are eagerly looking forward to their competitions, which will commence at Moore Park on June 17.

Canberra and Kempsey, a bye.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

Wauchope v. Canberra (Umpires: Rooney and Johnston).
Smithtown v. Kempsey (Umpires: Humphries and Patrick).
New England v. Central West (Umpires: Johnston and Hawe).
Newcastle v. Crookwell (Umpires: Merrivale and Williams).
Goulburn and Hawarra, a bye.

TUESDAY, JUNE 13.

Wauchope v. Central Western (Umpires: Rooney and Cox).
Smithtown v. Crookwell (Umpires: Baldwin and Friend).
Goulburn v. Canberra (Umpires: Hellingworth and Johnston).
Hawarra v. Kempsey (Umpires: Merrivale and Burrell).
New England and Newcastle, a bye.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14.

New England v. Goulburn (Umpires: Rooney and Johnston).
Hawarra v. Newcastle (Umpires: Cooney and Lamb).
Canberra v. Central Western (Umpires: Cooney and Johnston).
Kempsey v. Crookwell (Umpires: Merrivale and Hawe).

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

Wauchope v. Goulburn (Umpires: Rooney and Johnston).
Smithtown v. Hawarra (Umpires: Cooney and Cox).
New England v. Canberra (Umpires: Hellingworth and Johnston).
Newcastle v. Kempsey (Umpires: Merrivale and Cox).
Central Western and Crookwell, a bye.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

Finals (Umpires: Rooney and Cooney).

SATURDAY, JUNE 17.

Combined Country Team No. 1 v. N.S.W. Touring Team.
Combined Country Team No. 2 v. Woolahra Park Section.

Saturday's matches will be played at Woolahra Park; week-day matches at Rushcutters Bay.

SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

Monday, June 12: Welcome to Country Teams and Afternoon Tea at Anthony Hordern's (Country Women's Room), followed by a lecture.
Wednesday, June 14: Meeting of Country Players, at Anthony Hordern's.
Saturday, June 17: Farewell Ball, at Anthony Hordern's.

Our SPLENDID GIFT of Trophies for HARCOURT TENNIS

To the Combined Harcourts Tennis Association of N.S.W., the goodwill of The Australian Women's Weekly has been evinced in a practical

and popular manner by the presentation of fifteen handsome cups for annual competition.

Each cup has been suitably engraved. At the close of the season the name of the winner will be added, and the cup will be held by her for the ensuing twelve months, while a replica of the trophy will be presented.

It has not been finally decided as yet in what manner the actual competitions will be conducted.

OPEN TO ALL

The executive committee of the controlling body will arrange the presentation of their cup in such a way as to make it available to every woman member of the association.

In the district association it has been suggested that each trophy be awarded to the woman member who has won the greatest number of sets throughout the current fixtures. But, as each district trophy in no way affects another district, it becomes a matter for the executive committee of the respective districts to decide, independently.

It is expected that a decision will be reached by each executive committee in the near future, when full details will be published.

20,000 MEMBERS

It is twelve years since the various district associations became affiliated to form the Combined Harcourts Tennis Association of N.S.W. Its membership has now passed the 20,000 mark, and covers the entire metropolitan area.

NORTHERN SUBURBS CARNIVAL

The King's Birthday week-end is the occasion of an annual tournament run by the combined executive.

The tournament this year was held at the Northern Suburbs District Association courts at Naremburn. Other courts in the locality were also pressed into service, as there were record entries.

Mr. S. E. Wynne, hon. sec. of combined executive, did valiant service with fixture board, and competitors' names were announced through a loud speaker as each court became vacant.

Mr. Trickett, hon. secretary of the Northern Suburbs D.A., and Mr. Lee, competition secretary, afforded Mr. Wynne valiant support. As play had been abandoned on Sunday owing to the rain, every minute on Monday was put to advantage.

The events included ladies' and men's doubles and singles, mixed doubles and junior events. For the events each district association nominates ten entries. All members of the association are eligible to enter, but, if not nominated by their respective associations, each competitor pays his own entrance fee.



NOT A SOCCER match, but basketballers at practice in the Domain.

The tournament this year was in the nature of a celebration for the Northern Suburbs District Association. It marked the opening of their new club-house. An energetic leader of the committee is planning a campaign with the equipping of the club-house as their objective.

VERY FINE STANDARD

The play throughout the tournament was of a very fine standard, and particular interest attached to the performance of the juniors. Mr. A. Marsh, Organising secretary of the L.T.A., was observed to cast a critical and approving eye on the performance of the 14-year-old H. Lunde, who, it is said, will prove a second McGrath.

Another 14-year-old who is forging ahead is Thelma Coyne.

Joyce Williams and V. Selwyn have both reached the semi-finals of the ladies' singles championship. P. Menzies beat Mrs. A. Murray, and thus reaches the semi-finals, too. Mr. A. Armstrong, the general president of the combined executive, was among the keenly interested spectators.

JUNIOR DOUBLES

In the junior girls' doubles the Misses Butler and Chew played an exciting match against the Misses Farrell and Eldridge. Mrs. Barry, of the Northern Suburbs, gave a fine performance to defeat Mrs. Baker, who ranks No. 2 in the H.C. grading.

In the mixed doubles event, Mrs. Hayes and Harper (Hawarra) defeated Mrs. Anderson and Noble (Hornaby) after a hard-fought set. Play will be continued (weather permitting) next week-end, and the finals of the events will be the occasion of some stirring sets and very fine tennis.

Playing in the Klama District Ladies' Tennis Competition, Klama Church of England team defeated Jamberoo 1. by 7 sets 48 games to 2 sets 36 games.



MISS E. WILLIAMS and Miss R. Moore, keen competitors at the Northern Suburbs courts, Naremburn, on Monday.

Fifteen Trophies are on Exhibition

A window display that is causing considerable interest is that of fifteen handsome silver trophies in Angus and Coote's window in George Street. They have been presented to the Combined Districts Harcourts Tennis Association of N.S.W. by The Australian Women's Weekly, and are open for competition to every woman member of the Association.

BASEBALL HAD THRILLS

A MATCH was played at Petersham Oval on Monday, between David Jones' team, winners, and Sans Souci, runners-up of the Winter Competition.

David Jones won the toss and sent Sans Souci in. T. Howell, of the David Jones' team, showed excellent form as their pitcher, and their fielding was quite up to standard.

They held a lead of eighteen to four, but a marvellous rally by Sans Souci, in the ninth innings, in which they made ten home runs, proved the exciting moment of the day. David Jones won by four.

The teams were: Sans Souci: D. Blake (captain), F. Blade, R. Shevill, H. Benson, H. Prichard, E. Duggan, E. Shevill, K. Meecham, P. Clarke, David Jones: T. Howell, J. Glover, H. Ferguson, R. Wilson, F. White, D. Kelly, D. Catley, E. Smith, N. Cruden, V. Frew.

Polo Carnival Starts

on June 20

Polo is coming to life again. On Saturday there was a practice match in the old town of Cobbitty.

Polo acts as a veritable magnet, and Lady Game, accompanied by her guests, Mrs. and Miss Eden, motored from Sydney. Lady Game also brought her daughter, Rosemary.

Other visitors included Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hordern, and Miss Dinah Hordern, who loves the sport. Mrs. James Ashton is always at polo to see her sons, who are famed near and far for their polo play. Polo begins in Sydney on June 20 at Kensington.

EQUIPMENT FOR NEW CLUB-HOUSE

The ladies' committee of the Northern Suburbs Harcourts Tennis Association is organising a drive with the object of raising funds to equip the newly-opened club-house.

A bridge and euchre party will be held at the Chatswood Town Hall on Thursday, June 8, and on June 19 a tournament will be held on the association courts, Wheatleigh Street, Naremburn, which will be open to all tennis players.

FAREWELL FUNCTION

Mrs. Sutherland, secretary of the Rushcutters Bay hockey section, has announced that the Misses Burrell, O'Brien and Baldwin (the three representatives from that section chosen to go to Suva) will be tendered a send-off at the Carlton on Monday, 26th June. Dr. Hamilton, president of the N.S.W. W.H.A., Mrs. Davy, manager of the team, and the three selectors, Mrs. Holt, Misses Redfern and Tony Wicks, will be present.

Vigoro Teams on PARADE

OVER 1000 spectators were at the St.

George Sports Ground, Kogarah, on the King's Birthday, when the local Vigoro Association held their Sports Day. Officials and members from the Sydneyham to Bankstown and Cumberland Associations were present.

A march past, in which seventeen teams took part, resulted in a win for Arncliffe, with Scarborough second, in the St. George division. The Sydneyham to Bankstown division was won by "Red Rose," with "Iona" in second place. The Cumberland A. Team won their division.

In the sports the well-known Olympic athlete, E. Robinson, was well to the fore, winning both the 75 yards and the 100 yards championships.

A novel tug-o-war took place between eight members of the Hurstville Police Force and thirty Vigoro girls, resulting in a definite inferiority complex for the local constabulary. The girls had a dashing win.

RECORD VIGORO THROW

The relay race was won by the Mangles team, and M. Fox, a B. Grade player, created a record by throwing a Vigoro ball 64 1-3 yards.

Matches were played between the three grades of the Cumberland and St. George Associations. Nancy Bolton, who represented New South Wales at cricket in Brisbane this year, captained the A. Grade St. George team, which won their match by an innings and seven runs. St. George also won the B. Grade match, in which some phenomenal bowling took place, B. Cook capturing five wickets for eleven, and C. Gower three for nine. C. Grade was won by Cumberland by an innings and twenty-four runs.

The trophies will be presented to the winners on the 5th of July at the Palais Strand, Hurstville.

Skating Fashions are Different

AT the opening of the skating season a week or two ago it was hard to realise that skating as indulged in by the English was quite a stately and dignified affair, even in the Edwardian days.

Men skated in tall hats and frock coats, and the ladies (Heaven help them) wore skirts that escaped the ice by a couple of inches. But the English have always skated. Pepps, as far back as 1862, notes the sport in his diary, and those who have read Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" will recall her vivid picture of the fair and skating carnival held on the Thames during the historic frost of 1683-4. Two hundred years later, in 1884, Jackson Haynes, an American, introduced dancing on the ice to England and the Continent.

Now, of course, waltzing couples, and exhibition dancers who might be straight from a Russian ballet are to be met with at all the best rinks.

SPORTS JOTTINGS

A woman cricketer to gain distinction is Miss Thelma Thomas, who was admitted as a solicitor to the Supreme Court last week. Miss Thomas played cricket with the University and Kuring-gai teams, and was at one time treasurer to the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association. She is an old Abbotsleigh girl, and is keenly interested in the Girl Guide movement, being District Commissioner for Chatswood.

Miss Margerie Omeata, breast-stroke champion of New Zealand, who toured with the team to Los Angeles last year, has joined the Women's Telephone Hockey Club, and was seen in action last Saturday at Rushcutters Bay.

The Y.W.C.A. sports girls camped at Greendale Farm, Kurrajong, over the holidays. Mrs. Peatfield, the sports secretary, was in charge. Miss Welch and Miss Greene, of the senior committee, Gladys Fair (president), Gwen Pittard (secretary), and Pat Beveridge (treasurer) of the Sports Council, also joined the party.

Considerable interest attaches to the baseball match to be played next Saturday at Drummoyne between the two leading teams in the Winter Baseball Competition. David Jones, winners of last year's winter competition, and Drummoyne are the two unbeaten teams this season. The former team has such strong players as Ida Dillon, captain of the N.S.W. team that toured Brisbane last March, Nancy Cruden and Doreen Kelly, while the Drummoyne team will rely on Molly Flaherty, their pitcher, Nancy Devonshire, and Nell Bourke, who represented N.S.W. in a match against The Rest.

One of Sydney's most brilliant young golfers, Miss P. Pauling, is to be married on June 18th to E. C. Burns, of Cammeray. The bride-to-be started her golf at the latter club, but now plays "A" grade with Manly. Her fiancé is one of Cammeray's low-markers, and plays No. 2 in the grade team. Miss Pauling is one of the most popular associates playing the game. Her charming personality and cheery disposition have won for her innumerable friends, who will all join in wishing this splendid young player every happiness in the future.

An inter-club match of 11-11 PAGES dimensions was held last week. Ryde invited 27 associates from Hills for a game. The locals, having a knowledge of home conditions, recorded a comfortable win. Speaking of Ryde reminds me that Miss Thelma Barnardie and Miss Brown are both playing better than ever, and it is largely due to their match-winning capabilities that the No. 3 grade team has not yet suffered a defeat.

Avondale Associates are very generous workers on behalf of charity. Last week they staged an open foursomes, the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the Home for Incurables at Ryde. One hundred and forty participated, including a splendid entry of 40 from our club—Moosman.

The results to date of the New South Wales Women's Winter Baseball competition are as follows: Drummoyne, points; David Jones, 2 points; Golds, 1 point; Eagles, 6 points; Nestle's I, 4 points; Vikings, 4 points; Sans Souci, 2 points; Nestle's II, nil; Kudos, nil.

North Brighton golf club-house was the scene of a bright dance and card evening on May 27th. President, T. R. Boyce, and his wife did everything possible for the enjoyment of the visitors. Mrs. Boyce is a daughter of committeeman E. A. Ireland, who divides his leisure moments between owning a string



of racehorses and mastering the finer points of the Royal and Ancient game. Associate Secretary Miss Gladys Hillier, assisted by Miss Estelle Hennessy and Mrs. W. Powell, worked hard for the success of the function.

The New South Wales Women's Swimming Association have planned a hike on the 18th of June. They are walking from Fairfield to the Hollywood picnic grounds. Their customary aquatic activities will be replaced by athletic diversions on "terra firma." For those who are daunted by the distance cars will provide means of transport.



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Page Four
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"Warmth Without Weight or Bulk"

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Shetland-knit Vests, 3/6

Famous "Swisstral" Shetland-knit wool and art. silk Vests! Shaped shoulder and tube strap styles. Pink and white. S.W., 3/6; W. size, 3/9; O.S., 3/11; Extra O.S., 4/3 each.

"Swisstral" Vests, 4/6

Lightweight Shetland Knit all-wool Vests, in pink or white. Tube strap and opera top styles. Wonderfully cosy, form-fitting Vests. S.W., 4/6; W. size, 4/11; O.S., 5/3; E.O.S., 5/6.

All-wool Spencers, 3/6

Splendid value offering in all-wool Shetland Knit Spencers. Pink and white. Short sleeve style. S.W., 3/6; W. size, 3/11. Long sleeved style. S.W. size, 3/11; Women's size, 4/6.

Special Purchase!

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USUALLY 2/3!

Extraordinary offer all-wool Shetland Knit Vests. Tube shoulder shape. Pink, sky, and white. Women's size only. Usually 2/3. Wonderful value at, each ... 1/9

1/9

"Swisstral" Miss, 1/11

USUALLY 2/3!

The popular Vest for Girls and Maids! Lightweight all-wool Shetland-knit, Sleeveless style, in flesh shade or white. Sizes for ages 9 to 14 years. Usually 2/3. Special, each, 1/11

Children's & Maids'

2/3, 2/6 Bloomers, 1/11

Fine weave Shetland-knit all-wool Bloomers. Form-fitting without bulk. In pink or white. For ages 2 to 12 years. Usually priced 2/3, 2/6. Very special offer at ... 1/11

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, THIRD FLOOR



Shetland-Knit Nighties, 3/6

Sydney's leading value in all-wool Shetland-knit Nighties! Beautifully fine, soft weave. Short set-in sleeves, round neck, good length. In White: Women's and O. sizes. Price, 3/6

All-wool Princess Slips, 5/11

Shetland-knit Princess Slips in shaped shoulder style! Form-fitting, and not the least bit bulky. White or pink. Really marvellous values at Women's size, 5/11; and Out sizes, 6/8.

Vests, 2/6; Bloomers, 3/11

Here's a splendid value in I. & R. Morley's all-wool Shetland-knit Vests. Shaped shoulder and opera top styles. Pink only. Women's size, price 3/6; Out size, priced at ... 2/9. Bloomers to match, finely knit Shetland. Elastic waist and knee. W. size, 3/11; O.S. 4/6

Shetland-Knit Nighties, 6/11

Smart Shetland-knit all-wool Nightgowns with long sleeves. In pink with white to contrast or all white. V neck style; cuffed sleeves. W. size, 6/11; O.S. priced at ... 7/6

WOMEN'S UNDIES, THIRD FLOOR

SHETLAND-KNIT PYJAMAS, 11/6

Special value offering in the latest Shetland-knit all-wool Pyjamas! Smart Juniper style, in pink, blue, or lemon trimmed white. Long set-in sleeves, V neck; full trousers. Wonderfully warm and cosy—yet light-weight. Women's and Outsize. Price ... 11/6



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D.J. famous tailor-finish Flannel now available in over 30 smart Winter shades. Fine weave; correct weight for Frocks, Suits, Coats. 28in., Yd. 2/6; 36in., price, yard, 3/6; 54in., yard ... 4/11

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Heavy quality Reversible Molleton Gowning. In over 30 many delightful patterns. 36in. Usd. 5/11. At 4/11

Wool C. de Chine, 4/11

D.J. standard Wool Crepe de Chine, in new grey, fawn, beige, brown, nigger, green, red, wine, light and dark blue, black and cream. 36in. At, yard, .. 4/11

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Delightful Silk and Wool mixture in pretty pastel shades. Excellent for Winter Undies. 2oz ball, price 1/6

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